

# PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST

DORIS  
DAY

20¢

**CHOOSE  
OUR STARS**

**YOUR BALLOT AND  
COLOR PICTURES  
OF YOUR FAVORITE  
NEWCOMERS**

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MRS C SLOSBERG  
7 CLEVELAND RD  
BROOKLINE 46 MASS



**New!** a shampoo that  
**Silken**  
*your hair!*

I love it, I love it—how my hair shines. So-o-o silky to touch, so silky bright. *One* shampoo with the new Drene—that's every last thing I did to make it so silky.

***New magic formula . . . milder than castile!***

There's silkening magic in Drene's *new lightning-quick lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

*Magic . . .* this new lightning-quick lather . . . because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so wonderfully obedient.

Just see how this luxurious new Drene silken your hair! *You have an exciting experience coming!*

**A NEW EXPERIENCE—**

See Drene *silken* your hair! See this new formula flash into lightning-quick lather—milder than castile! No other lather is so *quick*, yet so *thick*!



**New Lightning Lather—** a magic new formula  
that silken your hair . . . **Milder than castile—**  
so mild you could use Drene every day!

**This is a *New* Drene!**  
A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE





Important- especially if you can't brush after every meal!

# New Ipana® Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria



... and scientists proved that regular after-meal brushing with new Ipana reduces mouth bacteria — including bacteria that cause decay and bad breath — by an average of 84%.

Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!\*

Every brushing fights tooth decay!



**Clean sweet breath - even after eating**

\*In tests, new Ipana stopped most cases of unpleasant mouth odor for even 9 hours after brushing. The people tested smoked freely and ate anything they pleased except foods like onions and garlic, which cause odors from the stomach.

Dentists say it's best to brush your teeth after every meal... and we agree. But when this is inconvenient, you can still get wonderful results with new white Ipana.

For instance, when you use Ipana in the morning, you don't have to worry about your breath for up to 9 hours... even after eating or smoking. Tests by an independent laboratory proved it.

What's more, every brushing with new Ipana fights tooth decay. It removes bacteria that form the acids that eat into your teeth and cause cavities. So to fight tooth decay effectively, use

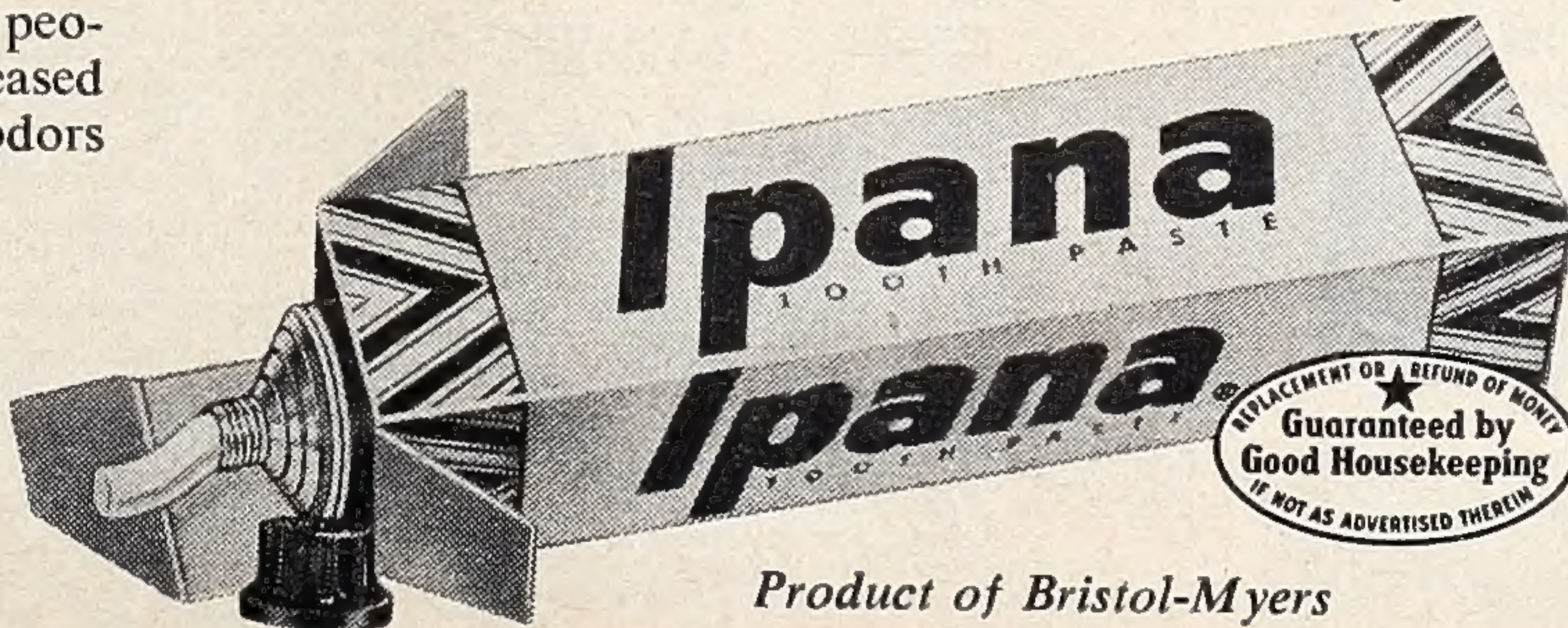
new Ipana regularly—after meals when you can.

And here's how to take care of your gums before gum troubles start. Brushing your teeth with new Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

With all these benefits, Ipana now has a new, more refreshing flavor. Thousands of families who tried new Ipana liked it 2 to 1 for taste.

We're sure you and your children will like it, too. Why not try a tube of new, white Ipana today? Look for the yellow-and-red striped carton.

**New, White—**



Product of Bristol-Myers



Student nurses are needed...  
Inquire at your hospital.



**Mom's Sure Putting  
It On The Line!**



DON'T SOUND OFF FOR  
THE NEIGHBORS, JEAN!  
JUST TELL ME WHAT I DO  
WRONG-AND I'LL FIX IT!

ASK OUR DENTIST HOW  
TO FIX BAD BREATH,  
JACK! I'M SORRY, HONEY,  
BUT THAT'S IT!

JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!



Just one brushing with Colgate's removes up to 85% of decay-causing bacteria! And if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the best home method known—the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating!

**LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream**

JEAN'S ADVICE WAS RIGHT IN LINE  
AND COLGATE CARE FIXED THINGS UP FINE!



**Now! ONE Brushing With  
COLGATE  
DENTAL CREAM  
Removes Up To 85% Of Decay  
and Odor-Causing Bacteria!**

**Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!  
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it  
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and  
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!**



**GIVES YOU A CLEANER,  
FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!**

# PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST, 1953

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Member of The True Story Women's Group



GET ABOARD



*Songs! . . . .*

"That's Entertainment"

"Dancing In The Dark"

"I Love Louisa"

"New Sun In The Sky"

"By Myself"

*and MORE songs!*

"Louisiana Hayride"

"I Guess I'll Have To  
Change My Plan"

"Shine On Your Shoes"

"Triplets"

# THE BAND WAGON

COLOR BY  
**TECHNICOLOR**

**M-G-M'S**

most romantic, most lyrical musical ever . . .  
with the best of the Dietz-Schwartz songs!  
Exciting entertainment in the tradition of  
"An American In Paris" and "Singin' In The Rain"!

STARRING

**FRED ASTAIRE**  **CYD CHARISSE**

**OSCAR LEVANT · NANETTE FABRAY · JACK BUCHANAN**

WITH **JAMES MITCHELL · BETTY COMDEN AND ADOLPH GREEN**

SONGS BY **HOWARD DIETZ AND ARTHUR SCHWARTZ**

DIRECTED BY **VINCENTE MINNELLI** · PRODUCED BY **ARTHUR FREED** · AN M-G-M PICTURE







## New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

### PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.



Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

**Amazingly effective** protection from underarm perspiration odor — just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

**No waste, no drying out.** The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

*A Product of Bristol-Myers*

# Laughing Stock...

BY

ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station)

A movie producer was asked why he never dates the girl who stars in most of his pictures. "Her?" said the producer. "Why, she's only my wife."

Jack Benny was asked to pose for a photograph with Marie Wilson. The shutter clicked but the lenser protested: "Aw, Jack, you dropped your eyes. You looked down."

"Where else are you supposed to look when you're with Marie Wilson?" deadpanned Benny.



*Marie smiles for the birdie*

Someone asked Tommy Noonan how he enjoyed himself working with Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

"Well," quipped Tommy, "I beat up my wife the other night—something I've never done before."

Hollywood hep-cats are claiming Theodore Roosevelt was the biggest hep-cat in history: "He was the guy who dug the Panama Canal, wasn't he?"

Irene Ryan to a night-club heckler: "He thinks a smart spot is a soup speck on a fifteen-dollar tie."

Ed Wynn says that trying to keep a secret in Hollywood is like trying to smuggle dawn past a rooster.

Overheard at the Brown Derby: "Book covers are so sexy these days that it's better to curl up with a good book cover than with a book."

A wolfish Hollywood bachelor approached a movie starlet with, "Pardon me, but I'm writing a telephone directory. May I have your number?"

Sign on a Hollywood restaurant: "Pies like mother used to make before she took up bridge and cigarettes."

(Continued on page 6)



An  
Exciting New Girl  
is coming into  
**GREGORY  
PECK**'s life  
...and yours... she is



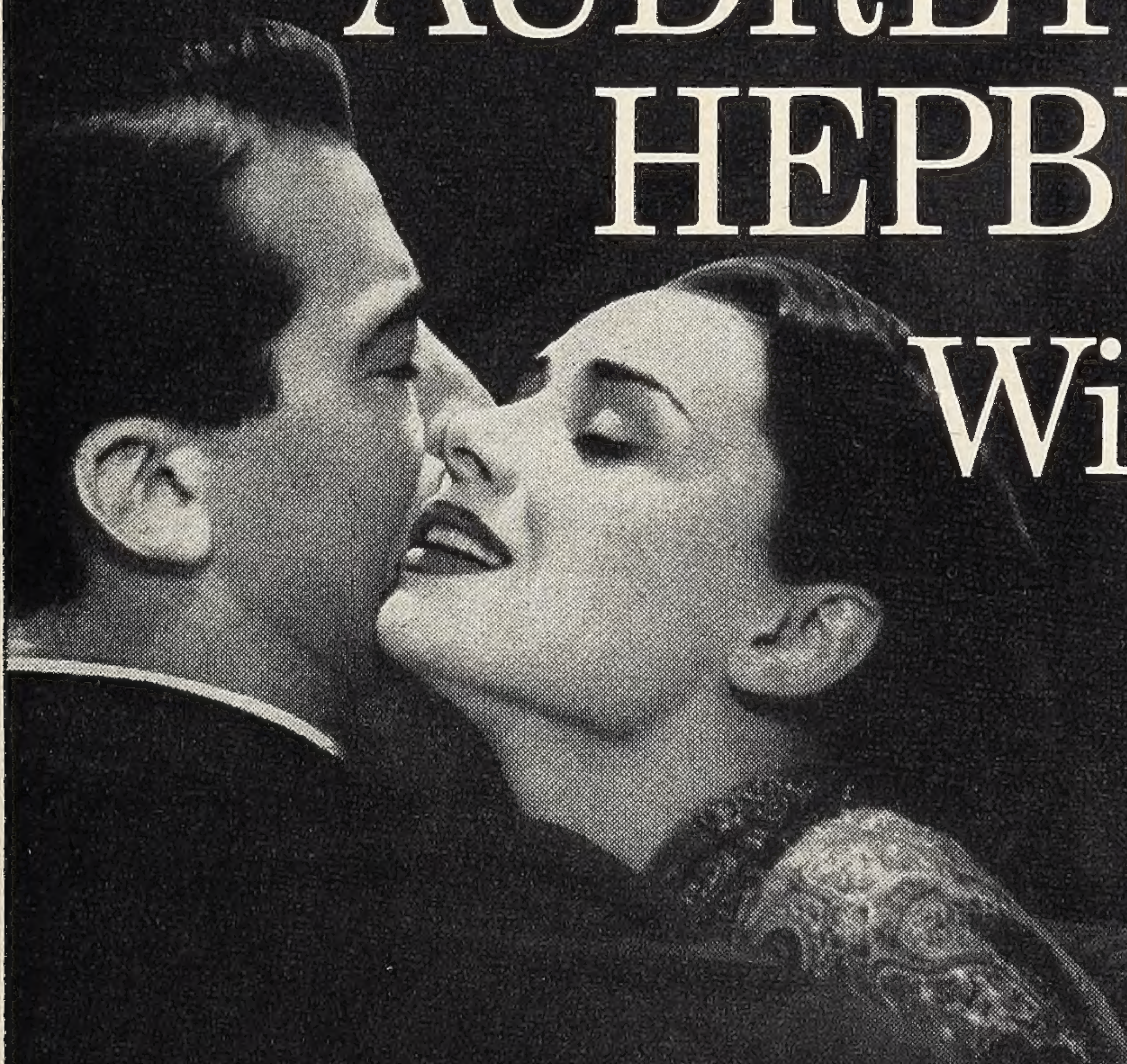
*A princess-on-the-town!  
And when the town's Romantic  
Rome... and the season is Spring...  
there's no limit to the gay times —  
and tender love affair —  
you can share with them.*

**AUDREY  
HEPBURN**

*in*  
**William Wyler's**  
*production of*

**ROMAN  
HOLIDAY**

*with*  
**EDDIE ALBERT**



Produced & Directed by **WILLIAM WYLER** • Screenplay by **IAN McLELLAN HUNTER & JOHN DIGHTON**  
Story by Ian McLellan Hunter • A **PARAMOUNT PICTURE**



# "My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap ...because it's such wholesome skin-care!"



*Says Beauty Director*

**CANDY JONES**

Head of the Famous Conover School in New York

"As a beauty director," says Miss Jones, "I always recommend Cashmere Bouquet Soap, because I consider it the most effective complexion-care. It's *wholesome* for the skin, and it leaves a look of *natural beauty*—the kind that no amount of make-up alone can achieve."

Do as beauty expert Candy Jones advises. Use fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly. Its rich lather is so mild and gentle, leaves your skin with such a *naturally* fresh, radiant look . . . you'll be saying, "my skin *thrives* on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"



"Daily Cashmere Bouquet Care  
Helped These Girls to New Careers"  
—SAYS CANDY

PAULA STEWART  
Television Actress



ELLEN WILLIAMS  
College Secretary

Here Are Candy Jones'  
Personal Beauty Tips For You!

1. Stained or discolored hands clear beautifully if you'll pour 2 teaspoons of fresh lemon juice into your palm, half-filled with Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion. Massage well, repeat every other night for 2 weeks.
2. Complement your daily beauty care with eight hours' sleep . . . and start each new day with a thorough beauty-cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

More later, *Candy*

## Laughing Stock...

*continued*

Sign in the window of a Hollywood furniture store:

"Bedroom Problems Solved Here."

An Irma-brained starlet was invited to see the three-dimensional movie, "Bwana Devil," and replied: "Oh, let's see something else. I'm so tired of those triangle pictures!"

A GI reports that this sign greets high Army brass in Korea:

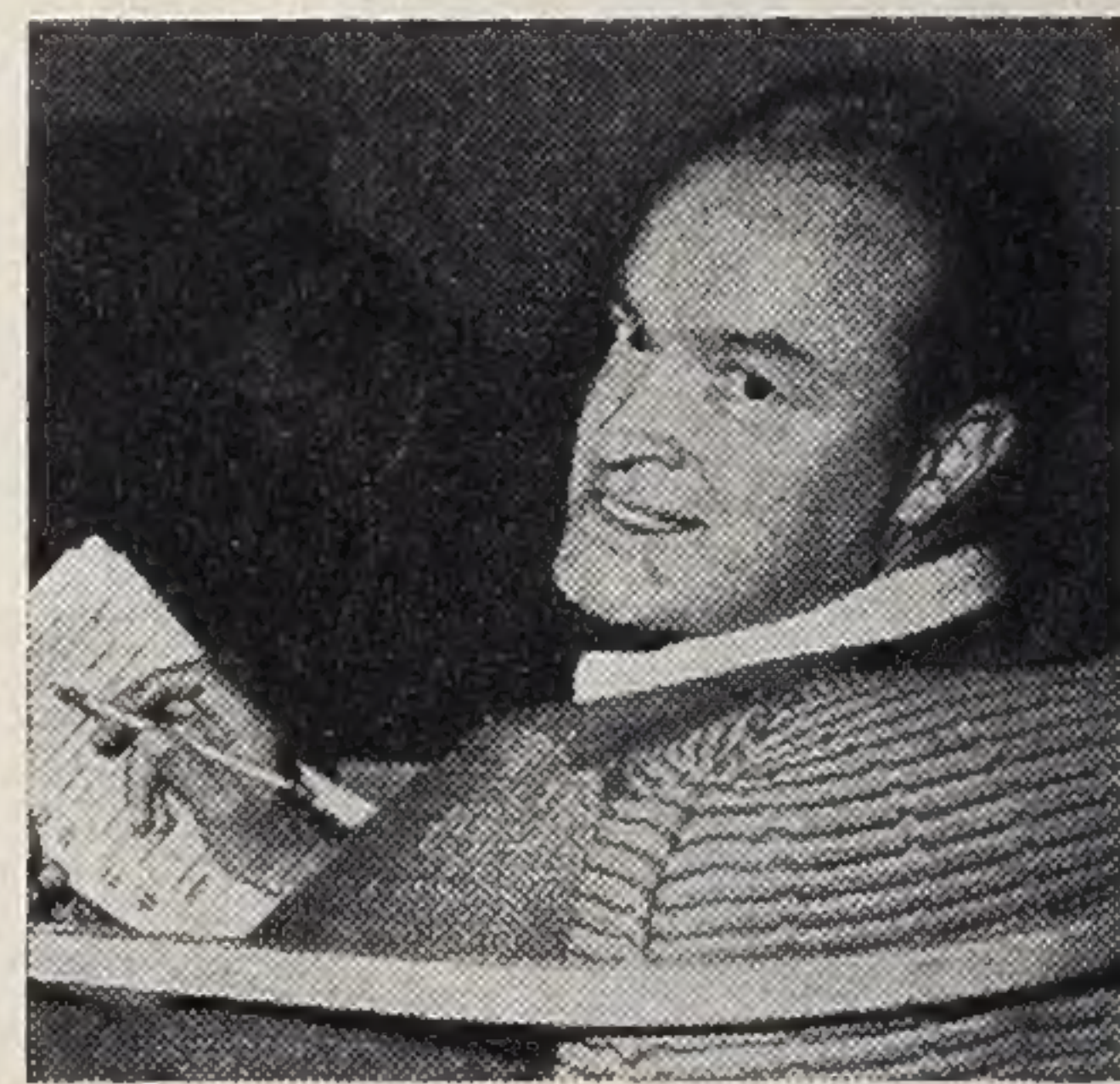
"Off Limits to Everyone—Except Marilyn Monroe."

Gene Nelson's definition of a strip teaser's agent: "A guy who's always trying to uncover new talent."

Overheard at the Mocambo: "There's only one thing that makes a man give a woman a mink coat—a woman."

Oscar for the ad lib howl of the year should go to Chill Wills. Narrating a Francis, the Mule, movie as the voice of the mule, Chill commented over a scene of Wall street: "A lot of my cousins had their assets frozen here in 1929."

Bob Hope was offered \$10,000 if he would appear at a party in New York. Bob wired back: "Sorry but I can't make it. Can't I phone for \$5,000?"



Hope: Cheap at half the price

The villains were giving Bill Williams a rough time on his Kit Carson TV show as he and his family watched the telefilm at home. Finally his five-year-old daughter, Jody, screamed: "They're hurting my Daddy."

"But I'm right here, honey," Bill assured her.

"Get out of here, Daddy," came back Jody. "You're spoiling the show."

Two movie dolls fell into each other's arms in the powder room at a party.

"Dahling, you look sensational," said one. "I've never seen your circles so light before."

At a birthday dinner for Adolph Zukor, Bob Hope introduced Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis with: "Dean and Jerry bring a lot of happiness to a lot of people. Not me, but people. They have one quality that annoys me—talent."

Shoe repair sign on Vine Street: "Harbor For Lost Soles."



"WE MAKE OUR STAND AT THE RIVER...  
AND WE'LL STAND TILL THE RIVER RUNS DRY!"

**O**ut of the West's Indian country of 1869...and right to you!  
The dazzling color, the grandeur, the dauntless courage,  
as close as if you were there...through the miracle of

NATURAL VISION

**3 DIMENSION**



COLOR BY  
**WARNERCOLOR**

# **THE CHARGE AT FEATHER RIVER**

**NEW 3-D THRILL HISTORY FROM WARNER BROS.  
MAKERS OF 'HOUSE OF WAX'!**

WITH THE MAGNIFICENT ENRICHMENT OF  
**WARNERPHONIC SOUND**

STARRING

**GUY MADISON · FRANK LOVEJOY**

HELEN WESTCOTT · VERA MILES · DICK WESSON · JAMES R. WEBB · GORDON DOUGLAS

MUSIC BY MAX STEINER





They Don't Make 'Em Any Bigger or Better!



**JANE RUSSELL** ★ **MARILYN MONROE**

in  
**HOWARD HAWKS'**

**Gentlemen  
Prefer  
Blondes**

20th Century-Fox's Musical With Everything PLUS!

**TECHNICOLOR**

Tres chic! Tres terrifique!  
The Broadway bonanza about  
those "two little girls from  
Little Rock" who set out to  
conquer the world from  
New York to Gay Paree is the  
screen's No. 1 musical extravaganza!

co-starring

**CHARLES  
COBURN**

with ELLIOTT REID • TOMMY NOONAN  
GEORGE WINSLOW • MARCEL DALIO  
TAYLOR HOLMES • NORMA VARDEN  
HOWARD WENDELL • STEVEN GERAY

PRODUCED BY

**SOL C. SIEGEL • HOWARD HAWKS • CHARLES LEDERER**

DIRECTED BY

SCREEN PLAY BY

BASED ON THE MUSICAL COMEDY BY  
JOSEPH FIELDS and ANITA LOOS

Music and Lyrics by JULE STYNE and LEO ROBIN • Presented on the Stage by HERMAN LEVIN and OLIVER SMITH



# Hollywood Party Line



BY  
EDITH  
GWYNN

WELL, WE'D JUST BETTER start this month's party doings by telling you that when it comes to preems and such, a lil ole town called Las Vegas is as much a part of Hollywood from time to time, as Hollywood and Vine! To prove it, three out of the four most exciting cafe debuts—all star studded, took place in Las Vegas, Nevada.



Stars shone bright for the Champions

Joan Crawford, Dan Dailey, the Ricardo Montalban, Nanette Fabray, the Gordon MacRaes, David Wayne were a few who trekked to the Las Vegas Flamingo when Marge and Gower Champion made their deeelightful dancing bow—and Marge wore fourteen gorgeous gowns during their engagement. One was a lovely ballet-length, white net dress, bodice and skirt of the tiniest pleats; a draped apron of the same net embroidered in black covered the voluminous skirt. Tiny black velvet shoulder straps and narrow strips of velvet at the waist were added touches.

If I tried, I couldn't exaggerate the whopping success scored by Van Johnson with his cafe debut. Critics and public alike raved and raved and jammed The Sands Hotel. Among those who flew up for the Johnson jamboree were Janie Wyman and Fred Karger, June Allyson and Dick Powell, Pete Lawford, the Edgar Bergens, Keenan Wynn, Judy Garland and Sid Luft. June Allyson was so thrilled over Van's smash, she busted outcrying at ringside!

*Back in Los Angeles, a real gala was the "opening night" of that so-attractive pair, Anne Jeffreys and Bob Sterling at the Coconut Grove. Anne's gowns, the night I caught the act, were out-of-this-world beautiful and that gal has the shape to wear 'em, too! Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas, Mona Freeman with Vic Damone, the Mickey Rooneys, Dan Dailey with Gwen O'Connor, Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac, Vera-Ellen with Henry Willson, Byron Palmer and Joan Weldon, Alexis Smith again with estranged mate Craig Stevens, and the Danny Kayes were just a few of the applauders.*

Vera-Ellen flitted across the dance-floor in flowing chiffon trimmed with narrow bands of fine black lace; Mona Freeman was a walkin' dream in deep rose starched organza, calf-length skirt out to *there*, tight bodice with wee puffed sleeves, a narrow sash of rose and red grosgrain ribbon at the waistline. And lots of pearl jewelry.

Most of the guys and dolls at the Grove opening had come from the big preem of Cinerama in Hollywood. And that was really something! Our town was the third in the U. S. to get this treat and Hollywood Boulevard looked like "the old days"—with specially built bleachers beside the Warner Theatre and millions of colored bubbles spewing forth from fifteen bubble machines. And, of course, lots of searchlights—plus radio and TV interviews with stars entering the lobby. I must say all the gals at this gala looked glamorous.



Ann and Jeanne: Beauties with a difference

Enjoying the big doings at the Cinerama premiere were the Jeff Chandlers, Kathryn Grayson, Faith Domergue, Irene Dunne, Jane Greer (stunning in white organdy, splashed with navy blue embroidery—her coat, a balloon-sleeved, floor-length navy taffeta), the Ronald Reagans (Nancy in flaming red lace), Jeanne Crain in green, with the lowest-cut bodice in town and a modest jacket to cover it all; beaming bride-to-be Ann Blyth sitting next to Jeanne, a contrast in demureness. I thought Dawn Addams looked particularly well in a lovely vague pink, full-skirted, floor-length evening gown, its color such a compliment to her red hair. But what was Dawn trying to prove a night later wearing white lace evening pants to *Ciro's*?



Susie shenanigans: "How do I look?"

I gave a party too—a most informal one—a few nights before Van and Evie Johnson leaped to Las Vegas, and Frank Sinatra took off for Europe to see Ava and sing his way through Italy. Sinatra, whose film career is zooming again, had Tony Martin, Cyd Charisse, the Johnsons, songwriter Frank Loesser, Joan Caulfield and Frank Rose, and all the others, in stitches for hours. Some of the guests called the next day to say they had no idea F. S. could be so darned funny! Susie Hayward, just back from Italy and points thereabouts, told me that she didn't buy any clothes in Europe but she did splurge seventy dollars for a pair of handmade shoes in Rome!



# LET'S GO TO

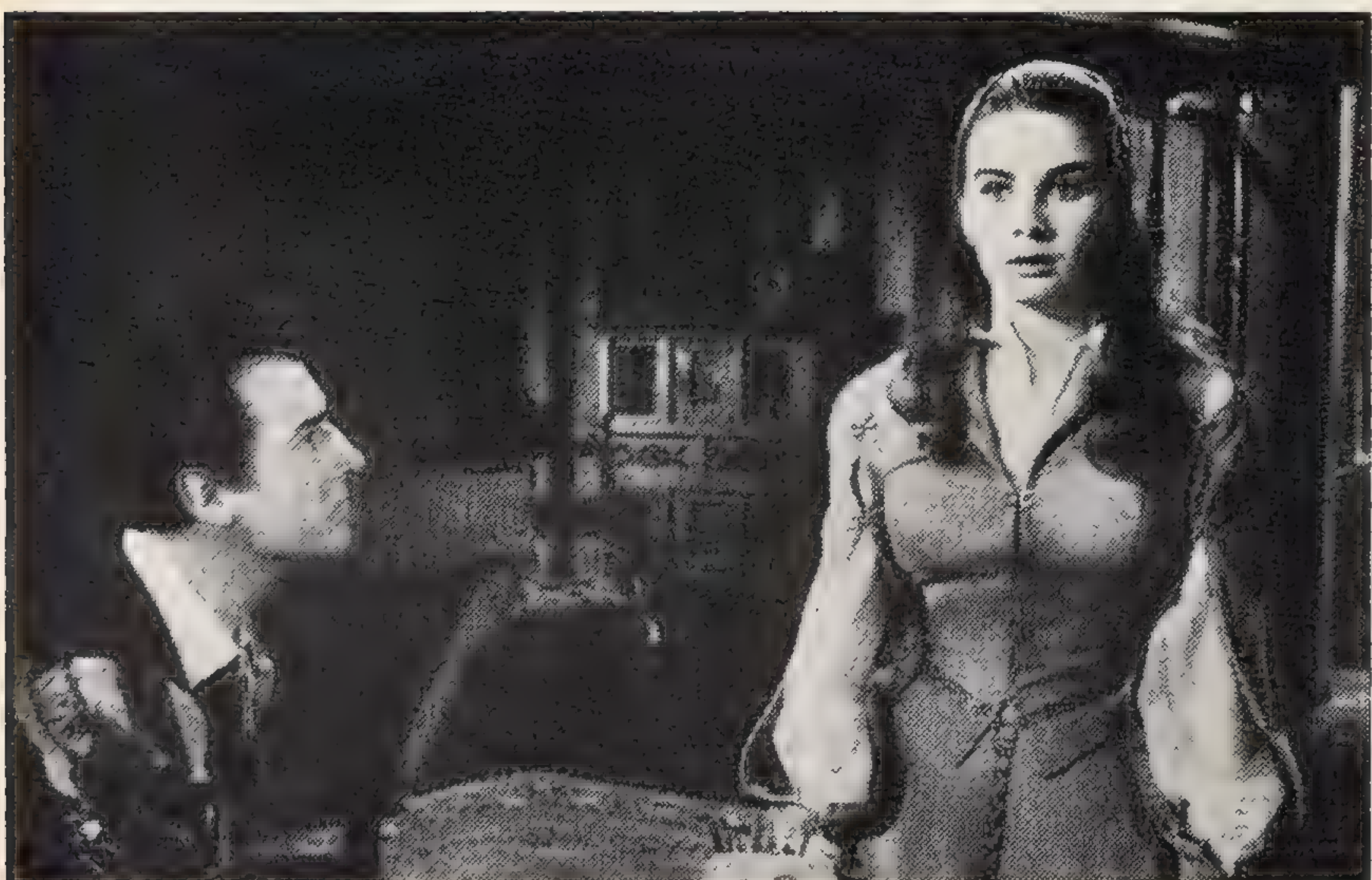


Best Acting: Jane Wyman

Aldo's outraged to find Ray looking quite at home in Jane's apartment



Another startling statement from Maggie McNamara has William baffled



Admiral and princess, Stewart and Jean see England's glorious future

## LET'S DO IT AGAIN

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

Here's an exuberant romantic comedy that can't help going musical now and then. Primarily, it's a show-case for three engaging personalities. Jane Wyman's easily tops, as a former singer whose marriage cracks up because of jealousy. A skilled farceur even before he proved his dramatic talent, Ray Milland plays her husband, a somewhat eccentric composer. In the two months before their divorce decree is to become final, Aldo Ray gets into the act, as an eager but not too naive young Alaskan millionaire. Tow-headed and blue-eyed, in Technicolor he's more appealing than ever before. Tom Helmore's an assistant Other Man; Valerie Bettis and Karin Booth, a couple of Other Women. But the high-jinks center on Jane and Ray, obviously still in love. The scene in which she wrecks his new romance is a climax of hilarity.

*Verdict: Giddy farce in elegant settings*

(Adult)

## THE MOON IS BLUE

U. A.

The stage success reaches the screen almost unchanged; if anything, its wit is sharper and its personality values brighter. Newcomer Maggie McNamara, a sweet little trick from the stage and the modeling field, is the outspoken heroine, a good girl given to parading her status. Thus armored, she doesn't mind striking up an acquaintance with William Holden, an architect she meets atop the Empire State Building. Their plans for a quiet dinner at his home are addled by three visitors: Dawn Addams, his vixen ex-girlfriend; David Niven, her dad, a gentle philanderer; Tom Tully, Maggie's dad, a righteously furious cop. Holden and Niven give Maggie expert competition in the comedy department. Crisp lines, unusually frank by movie standards, have gotten the picture into censorship trouble, but actually it's all in favor of virtue.

*Verdict: Sly, delicious bit of foolery*

(Adult)

## YOUNG BESS

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

Back in the robust Tudor age of England, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger portray two lovers thwarted by circumstance. Soft-faced Jean is oddly cast as the fiery princess who is to become Queen Elizabeth I, but she tackles the role with commendable spirit. From babyhood to girlhood, young Bess is involved in dangerous court intrigues. Daughter of Henry VIII (Charles Laughton—who else?), she finds her fortunes altered by his successive marriages, fliply related. But the core of the film is her passion for an older man (Granger), a nobleman who has long been in love with a woman near his own age (charming Deborah Kerr). Though Granger, overcome by all his furred and silken finery, too often takes to posing, the acting in general is good. Kay Walsh, Cecil Kellaway, Guy Rolfe and even little Rex Thompson give conviction to the highfalutin historical-drama lines.

*Verdict: Stately romance of a colorful era*

(Adult)



# THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves

## THE CRUEL SEA

RANK, U-I

The epic events of the best-selling novel are necessarily telescoped in this splendid British movie, but all its adventurous spirit and human warmth come through in strength. Its plot is familiar business for a war picture: how a miscellaneous group of men, many of them green, becomes a fighting unit as crew of a small convoy escort. And Jack Hawkins, as their captain, covers well-explored ground: the responsibilities and sorrows of leadership. But his work is firm, true, scene by scene more revealing. Similarly, you come to know his men gradually, as they learn to know each other. There are three love stories, notably that of Donald Sinden, as one of Hawkins' young lieutenants. These are related logically to the action, providing hinted motives for survival or death when the ship is torpedoed and the crew set adrift on the winter sea.

*Verdict: Stirring, touching saga of men at war* (Family)

## HOUDINI

PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

The youthful comeliness of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, teamed for the first time on the screen, is the chief asset of an engaging showbusiness story. Inspired by the career and married life of the late Harry Houdini, magician and escape artist, it's as rambling as most movie biographies, but it finds amusing and affecting moments along the way. The pair's courtship is on the comic side; on his first appearance, Tony is fearsomely gotten up as a carnival "wild man." As a newlywed, he tries vainly to earn a living at humdrum trades, but the lure of magic is too much for him. With Janet loyally at his side, he invents one dangerous stunt after another, becoming world-famous. It's strictly a Leigh-Curtis film; only outstanding minor players are Angela Clarke, as Tony's mother, and Torin Thatcher, as his devoted assistant.

*Verdict: Colorful tale of a fabulous trickster* (Family)

## ALL I DESIRE

U-I

Like many earlier Barbara Stanwyck vehicles, this is a conventional "woman's picture." Smoothly produced and shrewdly acted, it begins with a small-time vaudevillian's return to the family she deserted ten years before. Barbara has come back only to see her daughter in a school play, but old emotions revive. The reactions of her family are varied, each reasonable. The school-principal husband (Richard Carlson) is bitter. The older daughter (Marcia Henderson), who has been running the household, is resentful. The stagestruck younger daughter (Lori Nelson) worships her supposedly famous mother. The son (Billy Gray), too young to remember Barbara, greets her matter-of-factly. But the motives assigned to Barbara and to Lyle Bettger, as her one-time lover, are blurred. Wisely, the period-flavor plot is set in 1910.

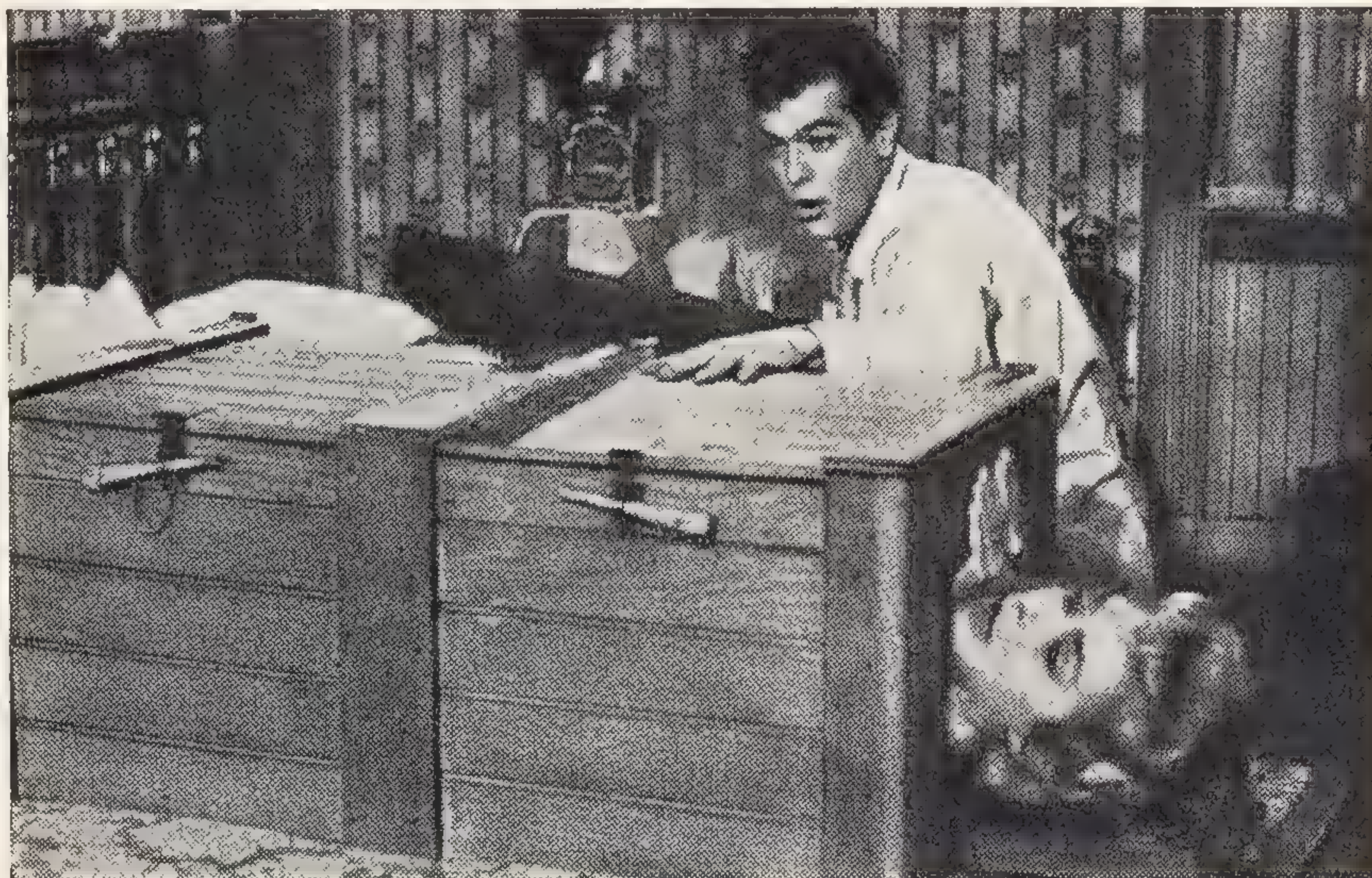
*Verdict: Slick drama of a broken marriage* (Adult)

More reviews on next page



Best Direction: Charles Frend  
Best Acting: Jack Hawkins

*Jack Hawkins alerts his crew to abandon ship, after a torpedo strikes*



*Strange wedding night! Tony drafts Janet to rehearse a daring stunt*



*Barbara and Richard discover that love has survived long estrangement*



**TAKE ME TO TOWN**

(U-I, TECHNICOLOR)

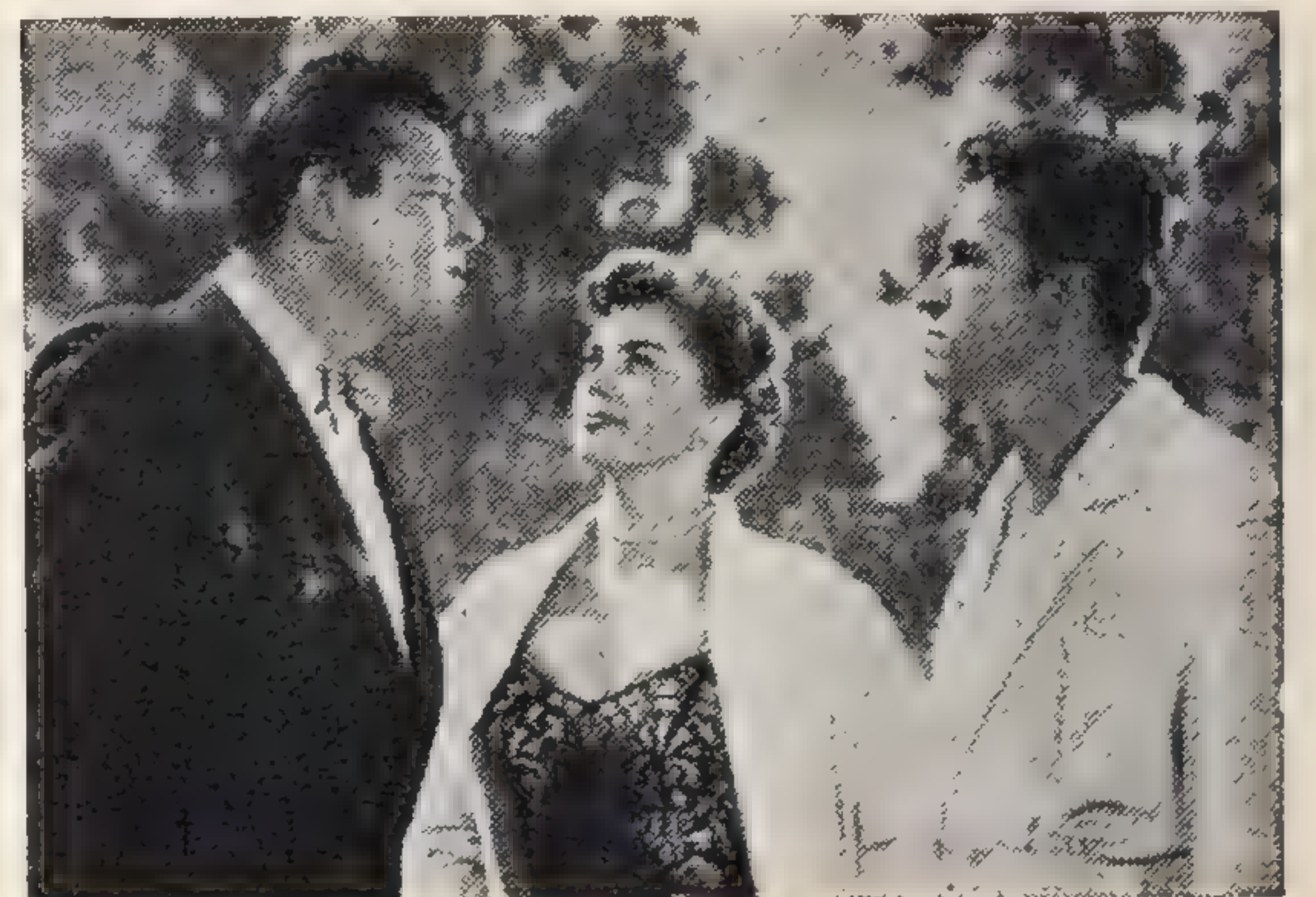
Like the red-headed adventuress of the old West portrayed by Ann Sheridan, this music-trimmed fable is good-natured, free and easy of manner and golden of heart. Ann's an entertainer who's been keeping bad company, though herself no lawbreaker. On the lam, she reaches a small town in logging country. While cavorting in the local dance hall, she's spotted by three motherless small boys, all anxious to save their stalwart dad (Sterling Hayden) from being snared by a prim widow. To these urchins, Ann seems an admirable motherly type, and, still eluding the law, she moves into Hayden's remote cabin to play housekeeper and baby-sitter. The community's reaction and Ann's stratagems provide steady amusement.

*Verdict: Breezy, sentimental comedy with a few lively songs* (Family)

**DANGEROUS WHEN WET**

(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR)

Lighter, gayer, less weighted by spectacle than the average Esther Williams movie, her latest keeps her in a swimsuit for a satisfying amount of footage. She's joined in one pool interlude by Fernando Lamas (in real life a former swim champ). Lamas plays a French champagne salesman whose blandishments lure Esther to break train-



*Jack warns Es to stop partying with Fernando*

ing for her splash across the English Channel. With sisters Barbara Whiting and Donna Corcoran, Es has been raised in super-athletic style by parents William Demarest and Charlotte Greenwood. Promoter Jack Carson persuades the whole family to try the Channel swim, though only Es eventually qualifies. The first third of the picture has a bouncing pace and rhythm; the rest plods a little.

*Verdict: Pleasant, tuneful blend of romance and water sport* (Family)

**STALAG 17**

(PARAMOUNT)

Comedy set in a prison camp might seem in doubtful taste, but this rather literal adaptation of the stage hit keeps to a proper balance. Its heroes are American airmen held captive in Germany in World War II. William Holden's flexible acting



*I dreamed  
I went on a tiger hunt in my  
\*maidenform bra*

I'm the daring young lady from Niger,  
Who smiles as she goes hunting tiger;  
My figure is svelte,  
The best on the veldt . . .  
Or anywhere else, says the tiger!

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Maidenette\*  
in acetate satin and lace; broadcloth  
and lace; or nylon taffeta  
with nylon marquisette . . . from 1.50  
There is a *maidenform*  
for every type of figure.\*  
Send for free style booklet.  
Maidenform, N. Y. 16







**Bobbi is perfect** for this casual "Ingenue" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent *designed* to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.



**Bobbi's soft curls** make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural look of the curls in this new "Capri" style. No "nightly settings."

**NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!**

## These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

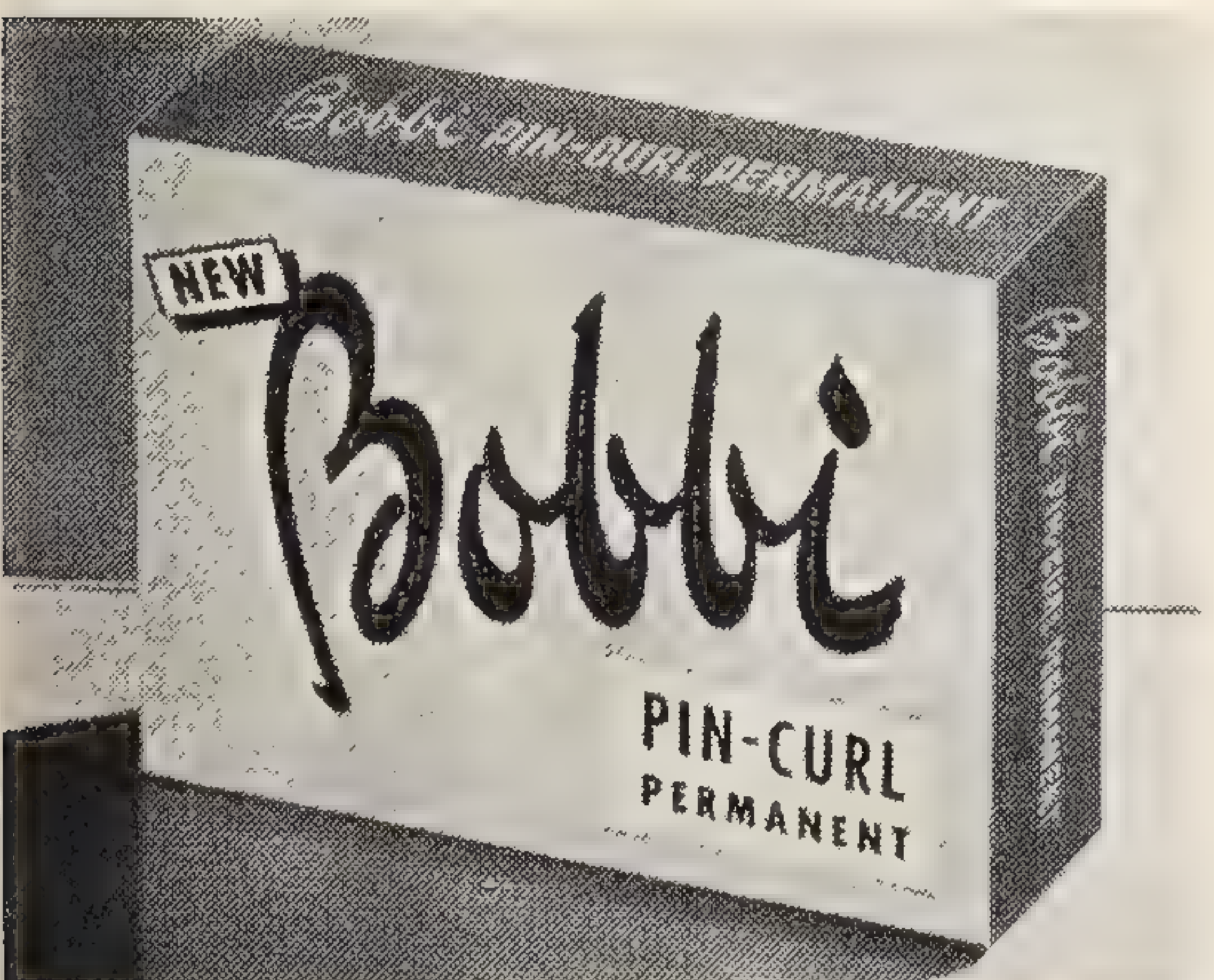


**What a casual, easy livin' look** this "Minx" hairdo has... thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls like these.

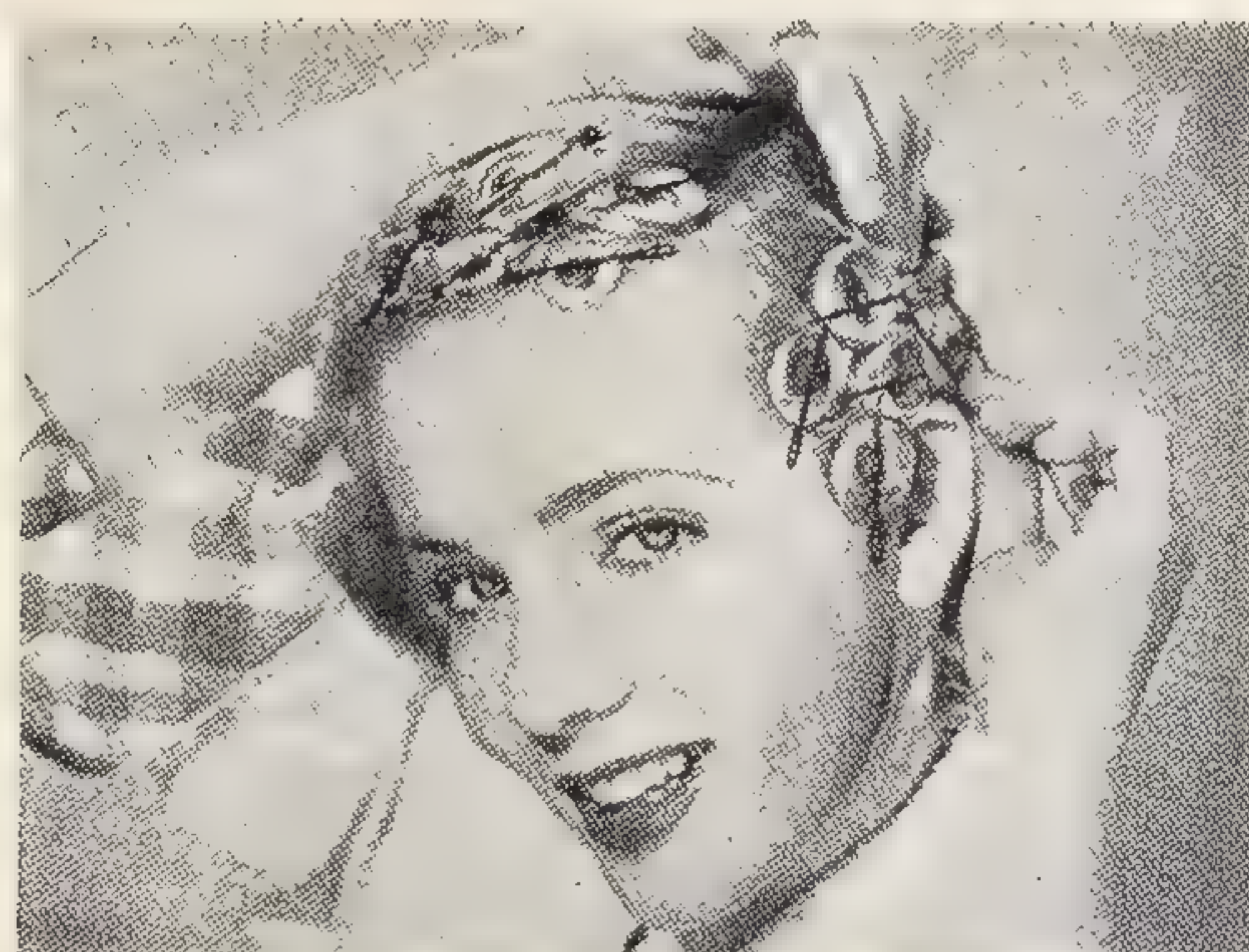
Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way — your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — *and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl — you'll love Bobbi.



**Everything you need!** New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



**Easy! Just simple pin-curls** and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.



# Make your hair obey the new soft way

*No oily after-film... just soft shimmering beauty*

Now... try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey the new *soft way*... With miracle Curtisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily "after-film"! Just a touch "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 7 to 1.

End dry hair worries  
with miracle Curtisol—  
Only **Suave** has it

**Special Offer!**



Your choice of these two  
tremendously popular luxury shampoos

*Helene Curtis* MILKY SHAMPOO

Works miracles for dry hair. So lanolin-rich it leaves hair soft as sable, wondrously radiant—twinkling with exciting new highlights. And so well behaved.

*Helene Curtis* SHAMPOO PLUS EGG

The only shampoo made with homogenized fresh, whole egg! Brings out that "vital" look. Conditions even problem hair! Leaves it manageable, silky.

## MOVIES *continued*

style keeps his character dominant. He's the big operator, with a corner on the camp black market. So he's a prime suspect when the Americans realize there's a spy in their midst, responsible for the death of two escaping prisoners. This part of the story is no laughing matter, and it's treated seriously.

The clowning is done mostly by Harvey Lembeck and Robert Strauss, deliberately keeping up their own and their friends' spirits. As a bumbling German guard, Sig Ruman's a figure of fun, but Otto Preminger makes the camp commander a realistic menace. Handsome Peter Graves stands out among the PW's.

*Verdict: Comic, suspenseful, disjointed study of GI's in captivity* (Family)

### THE JUGGLER (KRAMER, COLUMBIA)

A troupe headed by Kirk Douglas went to Israel to film this story of the new nation, and the backgrounds are its chief point of interest. Kirk gives an earnest performance in the title role, though the character has too many angles. Mentally unbalanced since his wife and children were killed in a Nazi concentration camp, he lives in a dream of the days when he was a famous vaudeville star. He can't believe he's found a true refuge in Israel; when he strikes a policeman whom he takes for a Nazi, he becomes a fugitive. On a community farm, he finds peace, sanity and romance. As the farm girl, Milly Vitale looks lovely, but a shade theatrical. Indeed, all the farmers seem more like summer campers than the rugged pioneers they really are.

*Verdict: Absorbing but slightly formless story of a DP in Israel* (Family)

### SANGAREE (PARAMOUNT. 3-D, TECHNICOLOR)

Arlene Dahl's titian charm and Fernando Lamas' Latin swagger are both enhanced by the third dimension. Except for a couple of brief outdoor scenes, the 3-D process creates an excellent illusion of depth throughout this adventure yarn set in 18th Century Georgia. The film's overloaded with plot, however, leaping from the rivalry between Arlene and Fernando over the management of her family's plantation to the designs her sister-in-law (Patricia Medina) has on Lamas. The threat of a plague is mentioned from time to time, and there's also much to-do over the identity of a pirate who's making off with cargoes of cotton.

*Verdict: Blowzy venture in costumed romance and intrigue* (Family)

### COLUMN SOUTH (U-I, TECHNICOLOR)

With the Civil War in the offing, Audie Murphy tries to forestall an Indian uprising and upholds the Union cause at an Army base in the Southwest. Robert Ster-





Tess came home with a *tan*  
 ... Martha came home with a *man!*



*Two bright girls on vacation. Tess was the one who men ignored . . . Martha the one they adored. So, all Tess got was a tan, but Martha came home with a man . . . and a ring on her finger! Moral: If you want to be popular don't tolerate that insidious thing\* one moment. Listerine Antiseptic not only stops \*halitosis (bad breath) instantly . . . it usually keeps it stopped for hours on end. This superior deodorant effect is due to Listerine's ability to kill germs.*

## LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

### 4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

**No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly**

Isn't it just common sense then to trust to Listerine Antiseptic when you want to be extra-careful not to offend? You see, germs are by far the most common cause of halitosis. Because they start the fermentation of proteins that are always present in your mouth. In fact, *research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in your mouth.* Listerine instantly kills these germs by millions, including the bacteria that cause fer-

mentation. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs. Listerine does.

**Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste**

No wonder that in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll

products, it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against halitosis, no matter what else you may use, use an antiseptic . . . Listerine Antiseptic. Kill those odor bacteria with Listerine. Rinse with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.

**Remember:**

*"Even your best friend won't tell you!"*



**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world**



Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo,  
tonight—tomorrow your hair  
will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in  
softest rain water! This new gentle  
lotion shampoo leaves your hair  
soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine,  
fresh-smelling as a spring breeze.  
And it's so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS  
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

*WHITE RAIN*

Fabulous New  
Lotion Shampoo by Toni



## MOVIES *continued*

ling represents the sincere followers of the Confederacy, but Ray Collins is a general playing his own game and deceiving both sides. Subordinate as girls usually are in action films, Joan Evans accents her character's sulkiness.

*Verdict: Brisk, fast-moving, but undistinguished Western* (Family)

### THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS (WARNERS)

Even fantasy should have a certain degree of consistency, missing in this wild thriller about a prehistoric monster on the loose. The giant reptile has been dormant in a polar deep freeze for millions of years, when an atom-bomb test on Arctic ice sets it free. Scientist Paul Christian sees the monster, but his story only brings him a stay in a psycho ward. Not until the beast, wallowing southward, has created havoc on the Atlantic coast, does Paul succeed in convincing authorities that it exists. He gets help from professor Cecil Kellaway and the prof's pretty assistant, Paula Raymond. The climax finds the monster assaulting lower Manhattan.

*Verdict: Occasionally spectacular, but generally shaky in design* (Family)

### FRANCIS COVERS THE BIG TOWN (U-I)

Donald O'Connor and his sleek, all-wise pal (with the saturnine voice of Chill Wills) still have a winning quality as a team, but the gag about the talking mule is wearing thin this late in the series. Except for the presence of Francis, the plot is just a slightly burlesqued version of the crusading-reporter theme. By gossiping with cops' and peddlers' horses, Francis helps turn the blundering Donald into an ace newsman, always ready with a scoop. The mule has more trouble straightening out the boy's love life, since Donald prefers a sophisticated columnist (Nancy Guild) to the naive little girl next door (Yvette Dugay). All's well after Donald breaks up the crime ring.

*Verdict: Enough laughs, though wrung from a tired formula* (Family)

### THE GREAT SIOUX UPRISING (U-I, TECHNICOLOR)

Indian troubles and the Civil War as it affected the West get a couple of switches here. Usually sympathetic to the South, Hollywood now gives the other side a break. And Jeff Chandler does not play an Indian. Wounded in action as a Union Army doctor, he settles down to serve as a vet in Wyoming. (The troupe actually located at Pendleton, Oregon.) But he finds no peace. Faith Domergue has been trying to persuade the Sioux to sell their ponies for the Union cavalry. Lyle Bettger, strictly out for the cash the Army offers, simply steals a herd, thereby arousing the Indians' ire.

*Verdict: Routine Western* (Family)



# Why Dial Soap protects your complexion even under make-up

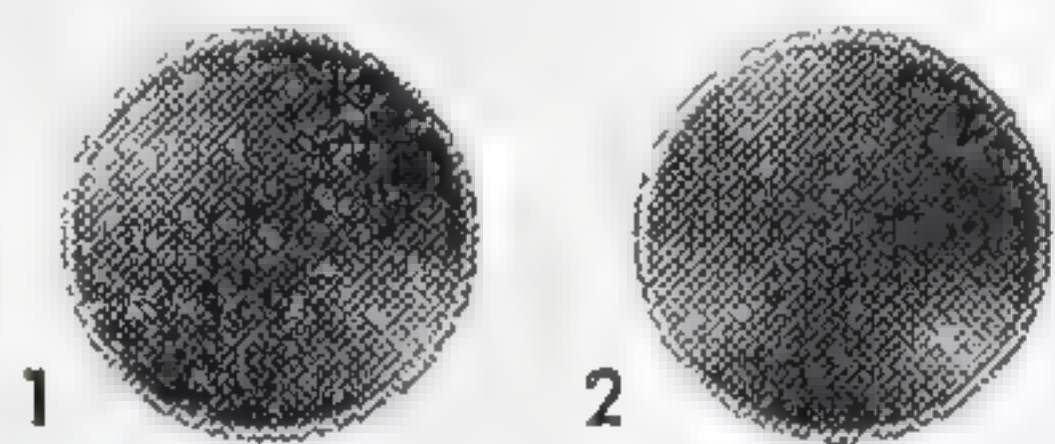
*Dial clears your complexion by removing  
blemish-spreading bacteria  
that other soaps leave on your skin*

No matter how lavishly or how sparingly you normally use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial soap, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected *underneath* your make-up.

For this mild, gentle face soap does a wonderful thing. It washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7 (Hexachlorophene). It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

## *Works in a new way!*

Until Dial came along, there was no way of removing these bacteria safely and effectively. These pictures, taken through a microscope, are proof. No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on the skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they are free to cause trouble underneath.) No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of these blemish-spreading bacteria.



## *And Dial is so mild!*

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it could give you such benefits. It's delicately scented. Dial's mild, creamy lather removes dirt and make-up so gently and completely it helps overcome clogged pores and blackheads.

Skin doctors recommend Dial for adolescent complexions. And with Dial *your* skin will become cleaner and clearer than any other type of soap can get it. Why not let mild, fragrant Dial soap protect *your* complexion — even under make-up?



P.S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try *New DIAL SHAMPOO* in the handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays





# DO

*go near the water*

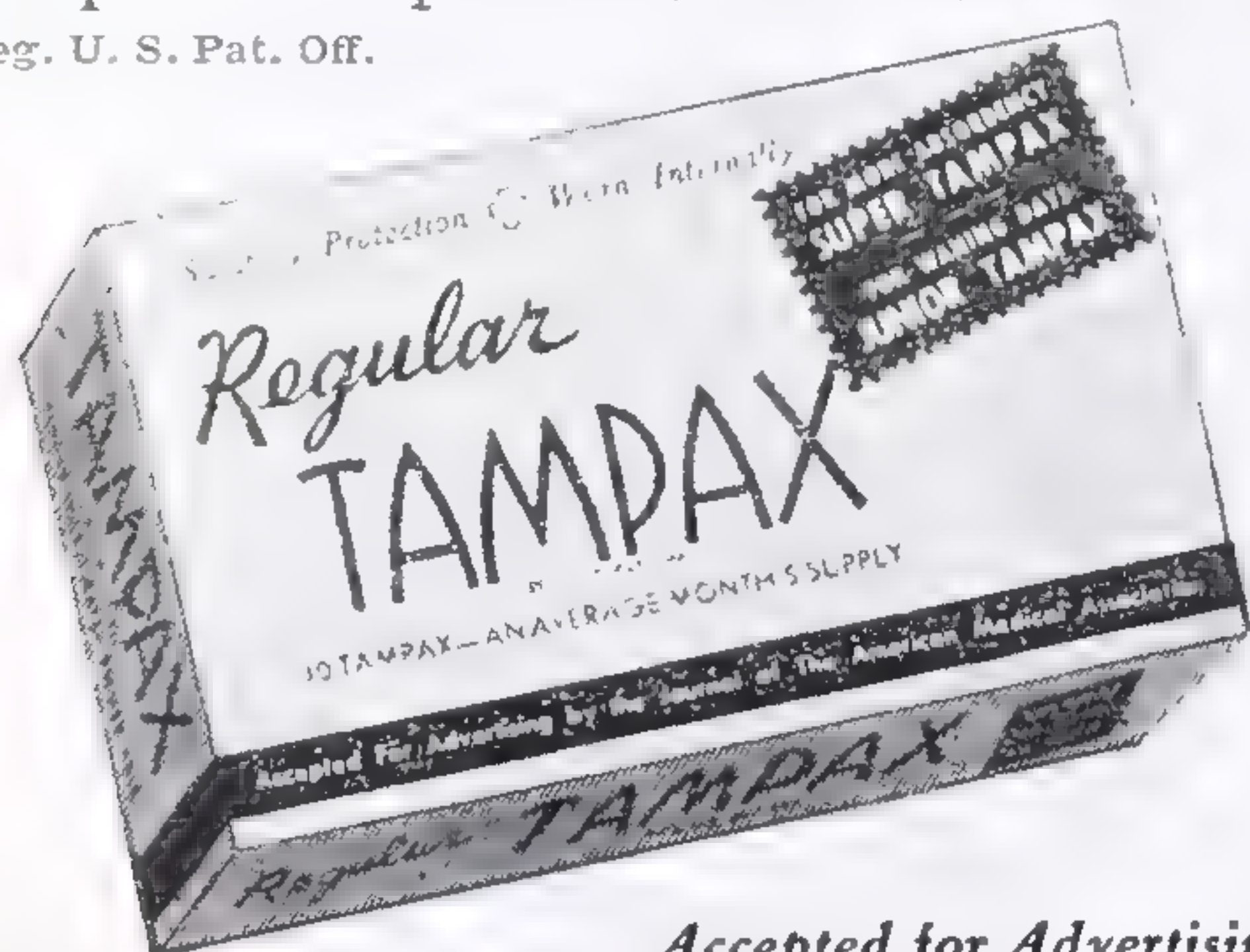


**You can go swimming** wearing Tampax\*. Even when the bathing suit's wet and clinging, internally-worn Tampax is the kind of monthly sanitary protection that doesn't reveal its presence. Doctor-invented Tampax is made of compressed, long-fibered cotton in throwaway applicators. It's so easy to insert that the user's hands need never even touch it. And it's just as easy to dispose of—a boon when you're away from home.

**You can sit on the beach** wearing Tampax. What if you don't want to go in? There's nothing to betray it's one of "those days"—no belts, no pins, no odor. In fact Tampax is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it once it's in place. Worn by millions of women, Tampax is really a "must" to help you get every ounce of enjoyment out of Summer.

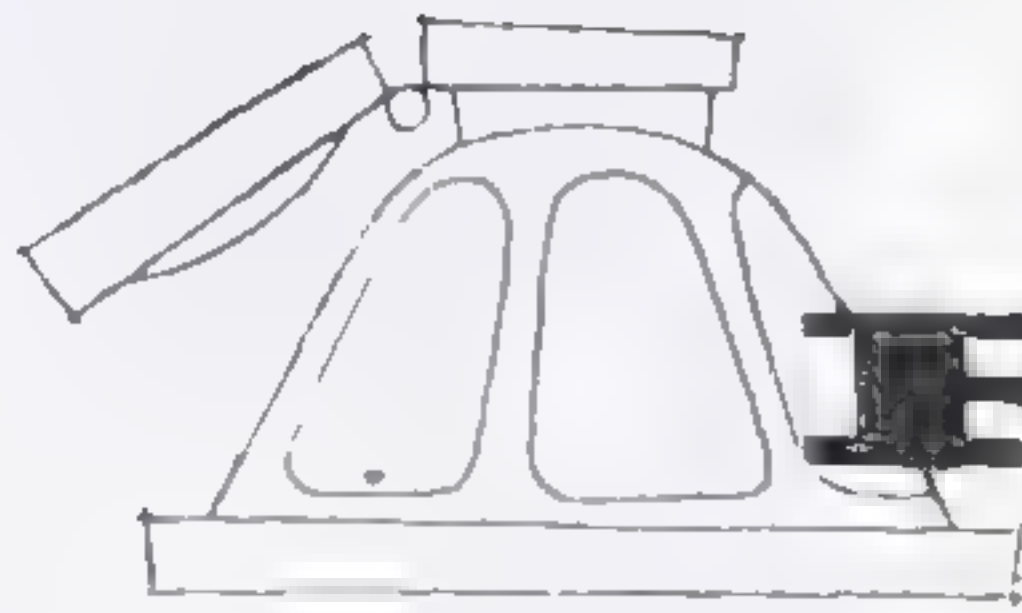
**Buy Tampax this month.** At any drug or notion counter. In your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, or Junior. Month's supply goes in purse: Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Accepted for Advertising  
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Address letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Much as we would like to, we cannot promise to publish, return or reply to all letters



## Readers Inc...

### SOAP BOX:

Will someone *please* tell me what was so wonderful about "The Bad and the Beautiful"? According to the critics, it was a wonderful motion picture. I saw it and I was bitterly disappointed. It was 1) too long; 2) very confusing; 3) artificial, and 4) the ending was unbelievable. As far as I'm concerned, this picture is Bad and there is nothing Beautiful about it. (Except Miss Lana Turner and Miss Gloria Grahame.)...

A Very Disappointed Movie Fan  
Harrison, New York

### OPEN LETTER TO JUNE HAVER:

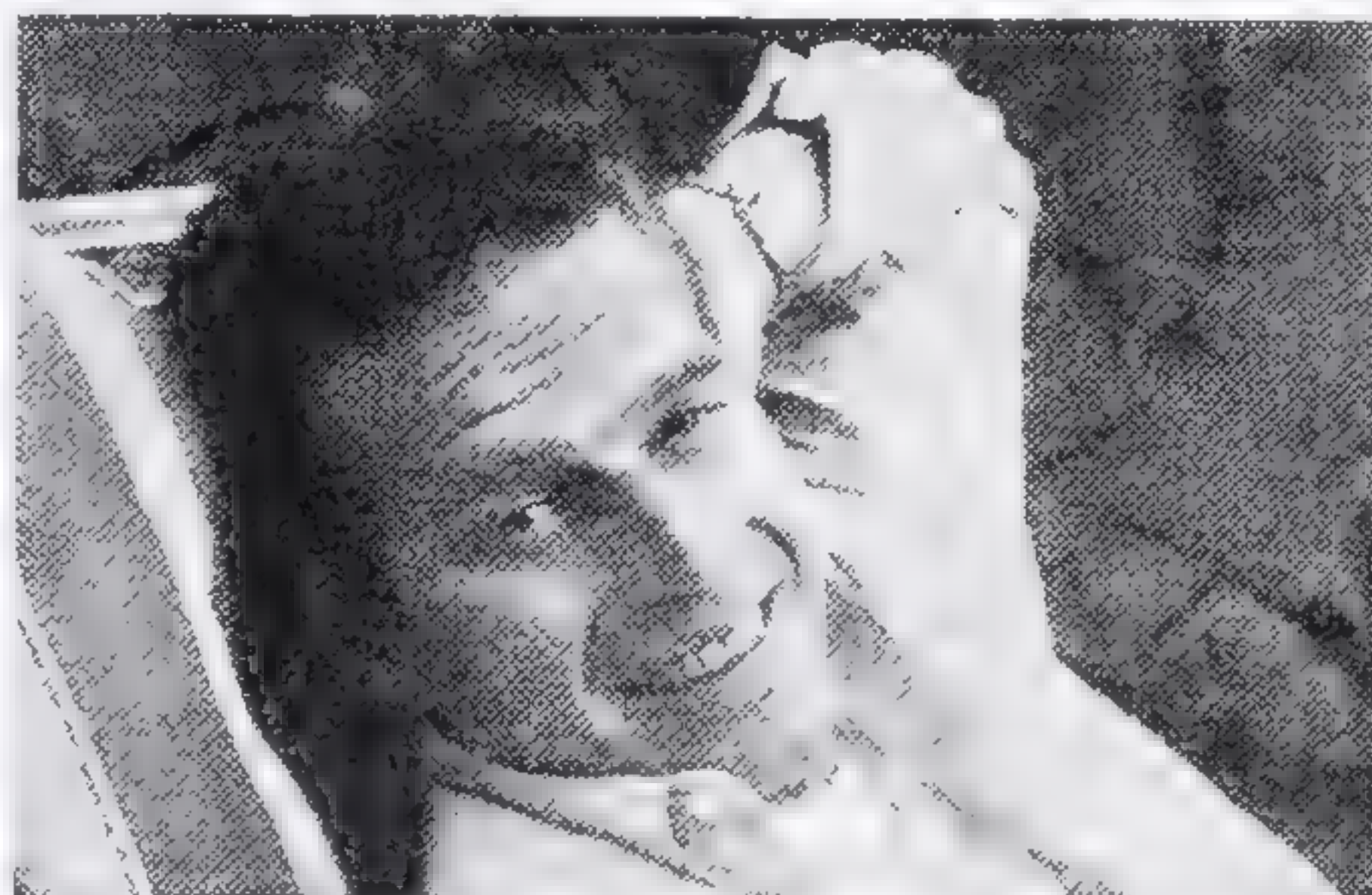
... I am a seventeen-year-old high-school girl who has been interested in dramatics for a good many years. ... Although I love the theatre, I must admit that some of its ways aren't the best. ... Of all the dramatic personalities of our time, I had always considered you among the few who did not "go Hollywood." You were a good actress ... and that's all I ever hope to be. But besides being an actress, you were an influence, a good influence ... your fans and friends admire your courage in taking this great step to serve God. ...

Rose Marie Schweigen  
San Diego, California

The new King of Hollywood has been found at last. Since Clark Gable has reached the age when he should abdicate, I pick Charlton Heston as his successor.

When that wonderful hunk of man walks into a scene, the screen fairly sizzles ... such male magnetism ... out of this world in "Ruby Gentry," but in "The President's Lady," he was sensational ... not only has rugged good looks, a marvelous voice and personality ... also a very good actor ...

Mrs. Roger Meador  
Conway, Arkansas



Charlton Heston: New Filmdom King?

After seeing "Prince of Pirates," I'd like to voice my opinion ... I *do not* think John Derek is convincing as a swash-buckling pirate ... looks too young to be leading a bunch of men.

I'm just one of handsome John Derek's fans who would rather see him playing an ordinary guy in an ordinary situation.

Lucille Zingerman  
Hollis, New York

We want to write a letter in favor of Marilyn Monroe ... we had the pleasure of meeting her on the set of "How to Marry a Millionaire" and we think she is one of the

sweetest persons we've ever met ... if people met her personally, they would change their opinions ...

Judy Reynolds, Michael Thompson,  
Glendale, California

### OPEN LETTER TO LESLIE CARON:

... I don't know where you got the idea you aren't too nice looking (as told in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY). I recall a picture of you in PHOTOPLAY Star Fashions (April issue). I think you looked quite attractive ... Your ... hair also appeared to be fixed nice and neatly. Leslie Caron, I think you are pretty and I know you must have a very nice personality.

Kitty Harper  
Bridgeport, Connecticut



Sure, Leslie Caron's pretty!

The various suggestions, questions, complaints, etc. ... in Readers Inc. ... make your magazine more popular. However, it seems that whenever praise is given, it is ... to some actor or actress. I would like to give my praise to every writer of the May, 1953 issue of PHOTOPLAY ... in particular ... to Jane Wilkie who did a superior job in her article, "Farewell, Hollywood." In this inspiring account of that wonderful person, June Haver, Jane Wilkie not only gives insight into the excellent character of ... Miss Haver, but also explains in a very concise but thorough way ... the work done by the God-loving Sisters of Charity ...

Jeanette Isaf  
Macon, Georgia

Why doesn't Debbie Reynolds act her age? Believe me, people would like her much better if she didn't act so childish ...

Cathy Foster  
Neenah, Virginia

### CASTING:

If any studio ever remakes "Gone With the Wind" (which we hope they do), we think that Glenn Ford would make a wonderful Rhett Butler with Susan Hayward as Scarlett O'Hara. Also, Alan Ladd as Ashley and Ann Blyth as Melanie.

Bette Randall, Arleta Frank  
Little Neck, New York

When are my two favorites, Montgomery Clift and Jean Simmons, going to co-star in  
(Continued on page 20)



*Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you*

*"Instant  
Neutralizing!"*

Amazing  
New Neutralizer  
acts Instantly!  
No waiting!  
No clock watching!



**And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave far softer . . . far more natural than any other home permanent!**

**NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different**

**BRAND NEW**

*Lilt*

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:

A new formula makes the neutralizer act instantly!

A new method makes neutralizing much easier, faster.

A wonderful *wave conditioner* beautifies your hair...makes it softer, more glamorous!

Beauty experts say you can actually *feel the difference!*

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

**No test curls needed, either!** Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave . . . even on the very first day. The best, long-lasting wave too!

Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed . . . plus extra glamour for your hair!

**HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE** —>

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Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand new Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!



when hair loses that  
"vital look"



*Helene Curtis*  
**shampoo  
plus egg\***

brings out natural  
"life" and sparkle...  
conditions even  
problem hair!

The one and only shampoo made  
with homogenized fresh, whole egg  
which contains precious CHOLESTEROL, ALBUMEN and LECITHIN.

See for yourself how this conditioning shampoo enhances the natural "vital look" of your hair—gives it maximum gloss and super-sparkle.

You'll find your hair wonderfully manageable—with the caressable, silky texture that is every woman's dream. Try Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg today. You'll be delighted that you did.



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All Drug Stores,  
Cosmetic Counters  
and Beauty Salons

59¢ and \$1

*Helene Curtis*

The Foremost Name  
In Hair Beauty

\*2%

## Readers Inc...

Continued from page 18

a movie? I'm sure all their fans would flock to a movie in which they were the young lovers.

Kathrine Elvira  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

I would like to see Jane Powell and Stewart Granger in a movie together...

Judy Jackson  
Vancouver, British Columbia

In your May PHOTOPLAY someone suggested starring Dale Robertson and Susan Hayward in "The Sheik." I agree that she would be perfect... but he is not the type at all. Fernando Lamas is the only man who could really bring the *Sheik* to life. What a man!...

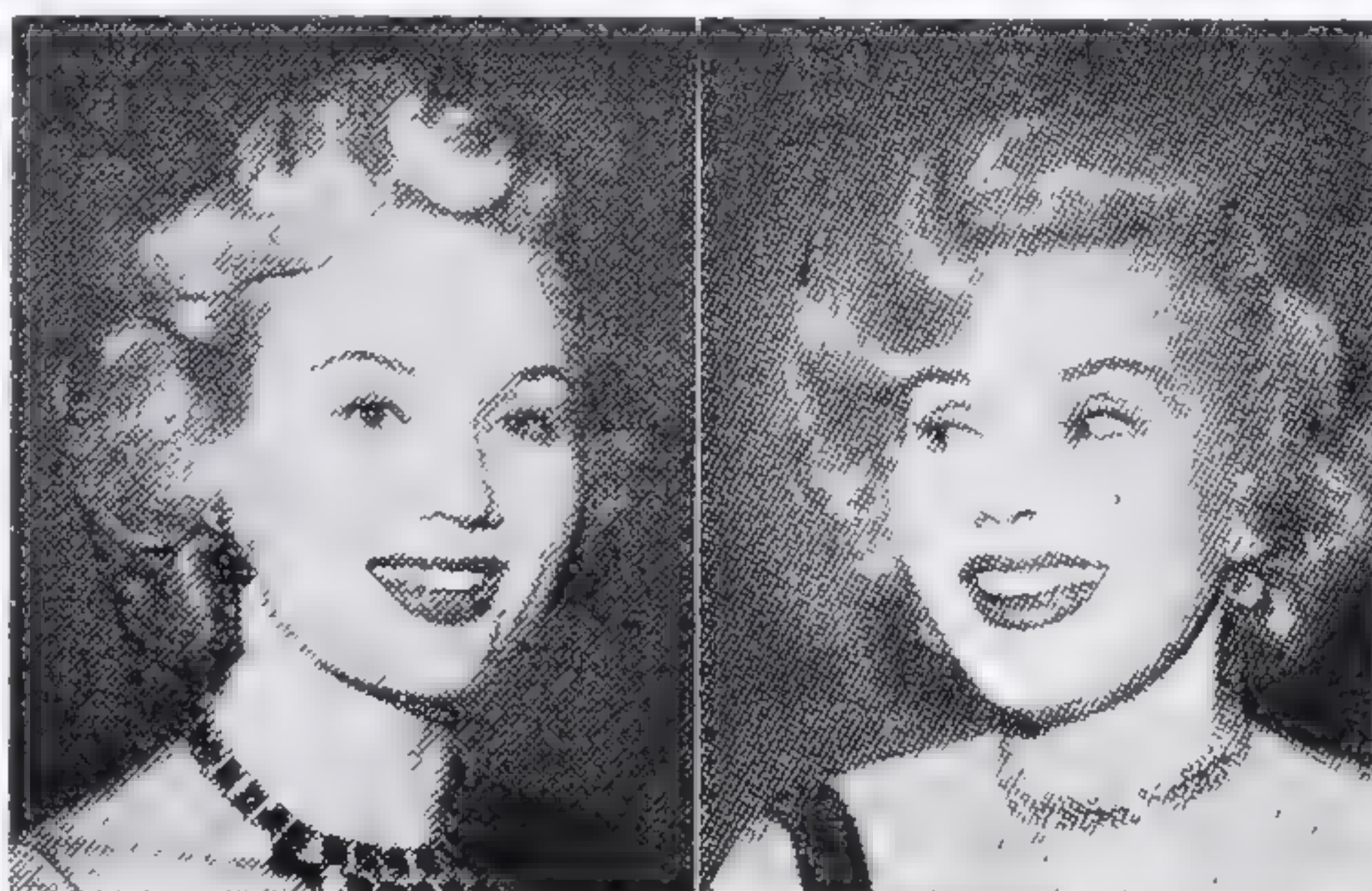
Sherry Stephen  
Jacksonville, Florida

I believe that an outstanding movie could be made from Thames Williamson's novel about Rome under Nero, "The Gladiator," with Jeff Chandler as *Faljen*, the gladiator, Jean Peters as *Lydia*, the Christian girl, and Orson Welles as *Nero*.

Arthur Stockman  
Longmont, Colorado

Why in the world hasn't someone thought of starring Virginia Mayo and Zsa Zsa Gabor in a musical? They look so much like sisters... Just imagine a sister dancing team... in a Broadway musical. I think that it would be a hit just as "Back on Broadway" was...

Hilda Powell  
Nashville, Tennessee



Should Ginnie and Zsa Zsa play a sister team?

We have just read the book "Seventeenth Summer" and we thought it would be a great success as a movie... the leading roles should be played by Debbie Reynolds and Bob Arthur...

Suzie and Chris Gove  
South Paris, Maine

Being a fan of Howard Keel's, I've often wondered why they don't co-star him and Esther Williams again. They were wonderful in "Pagan Love Song"... wish they wouldn't dress him in period costumes and put him in colonial pictures. A mustache and satin vest don't become him at all.

Gloria Hoke  
Wichita, Kansas

I just read "East Side General," the story of a New York hospital and I think the part of Dr. Andrew Gray fits Charlton Heston like a glove...

Ellen J. Waller  
Columbia, Pennsylvania

I read that "The Silver Chalice" is to be made into a movie and the proposed stars are James Mason, Susan Hayward and Jean Simmons. The feminine leads are

ideal, but I don't think James Mason would be a good choice for *Basil*... not because he is incapable of doing the role well, but because he wouldn't seem logical... as a Greek... how about another fine actor, Louis Jourdan...?

Ruth Harford  
Baltimore, Maryland



Louis Jourdan: fine actor!

I think Ethel Merman in "Call Me Madam" is just wonderful! What talent! I wish Hollywood would co-star her with Bing Crosby in a musical...

Natalie Binford  
Seattle, Washington

### QUESTION BOX:

Why aren't there more Science Fiction movies? They are the best... yet.

Kathryn Swank  
Crawfordsville, Indiana

There are. You will soon be seeing "War of the Worlds," "It Came from Outer Space" and "The Magnetic Monster."—Ed.

... What is Fernando Lamas' real name?...

Alyce A. Barone  
New Haven, Connecticut

Fernando Lamas. Surprised?—Ed.

Could you please give me the address of Realart Studios? They are the makers of "Breakdown"...

R. B. S.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Their address is 1968 So. Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, California.—Ed.

I would like to know whether or not that was Zsa Zsa Gabor who sang the theme song "Moulin Rouge" in the picture of the same name?...

Barbara Crbetta  
San Francisco, California

The voice belonged to Muriel Smith who also had a featured role in the film as *Aicha*, a can-can dancer.—Ed.

Will you please tell me if Van Johnson has ever been married before, and to whom?...

Phyllis Kaye  
Chicago, Illinois

Married Eve Wynn in 1947. This is his first marriage.—Ed.

Could you please tell me if Kathryn Grayson has a husband? If so, why do we not hear anything about him?

Betsy King  
Merced, California

She was divorced from Johnny Johnston in 1951. She is not married at the present time.—Ed.

(Continued on page 22)



## *Dramatic*

There's a trace of the exotic in Ruth Roman's dark-eyed beauty . . . in the exciting glow of her skin. She enhances its loveliness every day with the very gentlest of care.

**"My beauty care  
really makes skin  
smoother!"**

*says Ruth Roman*

**And that's what you'll say . . .  
when you try Ruth's daily Lux Soap  
facials. They're a sure way to  
softer, fresher skin!**

Who could give you better beauty advice than this glamorous star . . . whose own complexion is so creamy, so radiantly fresh! Ruth says, "Try my daily Lux facials. They're a perfect way to make skin sparkle . . . look its very smoothest."

Yes, daily Lux Soap care treats your skin to a *vital* beauty benefit—a *wonderful toning action*! It's this gentle stimulation that helps your skin to new softness . . . that fresh, luminous look.

And Ruth tells you, "You'll delight in the mildness of Lux as you cream in the rich lather. Then you just rinse warm, splash cold . . . and right away your skin is lovelier!"

Why don't *you* try Hollywood's favorite Lux Toilet Soap today! See how soon *you* win compliments on your smoother, fresher skin!

"Steak's on!" Ruth's barbecue recipe is a secret . . . but not her beauty care. "How could it be?" she asks. "Everyone knows—in Hollywood, we use Lux for smoother skin!"



**RUTH ROMAN co-starring in "BLOWING WILD"**

**A United States Pictures' Production for Warner Bros.**

"What a difference Lux facials make!" Ruth tells you. "And they work so quickly!" Yes, your skin will be softer, fresher, with just *one* cake of Lux!

**9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap** for complexion care . . . for a bath-time treat! Gentle Lux care is guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company to make a beautiful improvement in any normal skin, or your money refunded.





# Glorify Your Hair

## 3 wonderful ways with

# Nestle

# COLOR



### 1 GLAMOROUS COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS

glorify your hair when you use Nestle COLORINSE. COLORINSE is a "must" after each and every shampoo and whenever your hair looks dull and drab. It adds glorious color-highlights and exciting sheen . . . makes hair so easy to comb and manage. Choose from 10 beautiful shades that rinse in—shampoo out. 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.

## Nestle COLORINSE

### 2 RICHER COLOR TINTS

beautify your hair when you use Nestle COLORTINT. For COLORTINT enhances your natural hair color—adds exciting new color—blends in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. It's more than a rinse but not a permanent dye! Enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair shining soft. Take your choice of 10 glamorous shades. 6 capsules 29¢, 12 capsules 50¢.

## Nestle COLORTINT

### 3 LIGHTER, BRIGHTER COLOR . . .

as much or as little as you wish in ONE application . . . with Nestle LITE. Why fuss and muss with repeated applications when Nestle LITE makes your hair up to 10 shades lighter AT ONCE! Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds golden streaks. Contains no ammonia . . . enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair soft, silky, natural-looking. \$1.50. Retouch size 79¢.

## Nestle LITE HAIR LIGHTENER

Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color



## Readers Inc. . .

Continued from page 20

A friend and I were discussing Jean Harlow the other day . . . and her last picture. I said that Robert Taylor was her co-star in "Saratoga," and my friend thinks it was Clark Gable. Would you please set us straight in this matter? . . .

Maxine Gorman  
Columbia, Ohio

Clark Gable was her co-star.—Ed.

My brother and I had an argument over who the girl was who played in "Duel in the Sun." He said it was Jennifer Jones, and I said it wasn't. Who is right?

Joyce Davis  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Brother's right. It was Jennifer.—Ed.



Jennifer Jones duelled in the sun

. . . have seen "The Man Behind the Gun" . . . My! but that actor who played Captain Roy Giles is too good to ignore. Who is he? . . .

Anne, Sylvia, Connie, Mary and Babs  
Buffalo, New York

That was Philip Carey, currently under contract to Warner Brothers.—Ed.

When Susan Hayward and her husband went to Europe, why did they go on separate planes? The June PHOTOPLAY story said it was to protect their boys.

Mrs. Wm. A. Love  
Yorktown, Indiana

This is not an unusual practice. Parents who consider travel somewhat dangerous separate on journeys so an accident will not rob children of both parents.—Ed.

Could you tell me if Jeff and Tab Hunter are related? If so, how?

Micky Shorr  
Brooklyn, New York

Jeff and Tab are in no way related.—Ed.

Would you please tell me how old Scott Brady is . . . is he married?

Lorraine Erickson  
Unionville, Connecticut

He's twenty-eight and still single.—Ed.

I have just seen "Anna" and would like to know if American actors dubbed in the voices. Also, who played Anna's sister? They really looked like sisters . . .

Jo Ramorino  
San Francisco, California

Yes, American actors dubbed the voices. Silvana Mangano's younger sister, Patrizia, portrayed her sister in the film.—Ed.

My sister and I had a little argument on how long it takes to make an average movie.

I say from two months to a year. How long does it take . . . ?

Larry Schack  
Montrose, Michigan

The time varies considerably from film to film, but a general average is about three months. Some spectacles, however, have taken as long as two years, and, at the other extreme, "quickies" are sometimes turned out in a matter of days.—Ed.

Would you please let me know if Zsa Zsa Gabor is Nicky Hilton's real mother . . .

Alice M. Walsh  
New York, New York

No. She was his stepmother when she was married to his father, Conrad Hilton, the famous hotel owner.—Ed.

Please inform me as to where I can reach Jack Palance . . .

Jean Greshko  
Hazleton, Pennsylvania

You can write to him care of RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. And you can see him now in Paramount's "Shane."—Ed.

I would like to know Esther Williams' real name and her home address.

Darlene Peterson  
Selma, California

She was born Esther Jane Williams, is now Mrs. Ben Gage. Unfortunately we cannot give home addresses, but you can reach her through M-G-M, 10202 West Washington Boulevard, Hollywood, California.—Ed.

. . . in one of my old PHOTOPLAY's it said under one of Vera-Ellen's pictures that she was in "I Love Melvin." In the same book it mentioned Debbie Reynolds in "I Love Melvin." I have seen the picture and didn't see Vera-Ellen in it . . . Why?

Shirley Wombles  
Syracuse, New York

Vera-Ellen was originally announced for the picture, then withdrawn. Probably for the role in "Call Me Madam."—Ed.



Vera-Ellen: otherwise engaged

I have just seen Warner Brothers' "The House of Wax." I thought it was a very realistic and interesting picture. My father saw it with me. He said he thought it was made very much like a movie shown some years ago called "The Wax Museum." Is it the same picture as the one he saw recently?

Barbara Cohn  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Your father is right. "The House of Wax" is a remake of a film called "The Mystery of the Wax Museum," which Warners made about a decade ago.—Ed.



# Now! A Panty Brief that does more than most girdles!

Wear it under shorts, slacks, swimsuits  
... all revealing summer clothes ...  
you'll think you've lost a full size,  
no matter what your size!



**Hidden "finger" panels** are molded in to flatten your tummy, smooth and support your figure in *Nature's* own way. *Boneless* non-roll top tapers and belittles your waistline, stays up without a *stay*. See the lovely textured latex outside ... feel the cloud-soft fabric inside.

## New Playtex® Magic-Controller Panty Brief!

Boneless non-roll top and hidden "finger" panels make a difference you can measure—no matter what your size!

Here it is ... a brief that *really* slims you ... a brief with *all* the natural, figure-molding virtues of the Magic-Controller Girdle ... a brief that gives you the figure *and* the freedom for summer's revealing clothes.

It hasn't a single seam, stitch, stay or bone—hidden "finger" panels firm and flatten you, tone and support you naturally from waist to thigh.

Magic-Controller Panty Brief is all latex, fabric lined, one piece and wonderful. It's invisible under your sleekest slacks, washes in seconds, and you can almost watch it dry!

If you've *ever* worn a brief, you'll see the difference. If you think you *can't* wear slacks or revealing play-clothes ... let Magic-Controller Brief show you how, *now*!



**Playtex Magic-Controller®  
Panty Brief, \$6.95**

at department stores and  
specialty shops everywhere.

Ask to see these other famous Playtex Panty Briefs. **PLAYTEX® Living® PANTY BRIEF** turns your swimsuit into a slim suit. \$3.50  
**Playtex Pink Ice PANTY BRIEF** is a translucent sheath, pats dry with a towel. \$3.95  
**PLAYTEX Fabric Lined PANTY BRIEF** with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin. \$4.95  
Playtex ... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.





Shelley Winters

Vittorio Gassman

## TOGETHER AGAIN

BY MIRIAM ROGERS

● It was late the night of May 13 when visitors to the Los Angeles airport saw a volatile blonde, bubbling over with happiness, shouting, "Where is the man who looks like the father of my child?"

For Shelley Winters, The Big Moment had come. At long last her husband Vittorio was coming home to her and to

their tiny daughter Vittoria Gina, whom he had never seen.

Vittorio's return—he was in Italy when his daughter was born—had been many times delayed. At first he had planned on flying home to be there at the birth of the baby. The journey was postponed; twice thereafter (*Continued on page 99*)





POND'S

# Angel Face

Today's  
No. 1 make-up  
fashion!

Everyone adores Angel Face for its soft-tinted, *velvety* flattery.

**More women use Angel Face than any other make-up — 9 reasons why:**

1 Powder and Foundation in-one! 2 Easy—smooths on with its own puff!

3 No wet sponge! 

4 No greasy fingers! 



5 No spilly powder! 6 More natural than heavy make-up!

7 Smoother, more clinging than powder! 8 Never drying—

never greasy! 9 But most of all, it's so terrifically flattering!



In the blue-and-gold box  
—89¢, 59¢\*  
\*plus tax

The **ANGEL FACE "MIRROR CASE"**—  
With mirror, puff and your choice  
of 7 heavenly Angel Face shades. A  
darling for your handbag at only \$1\*



*Julia Adams* starring in Universal-International's  
**"THE MAN FROM THE ALAMO"** Color by Technicolor

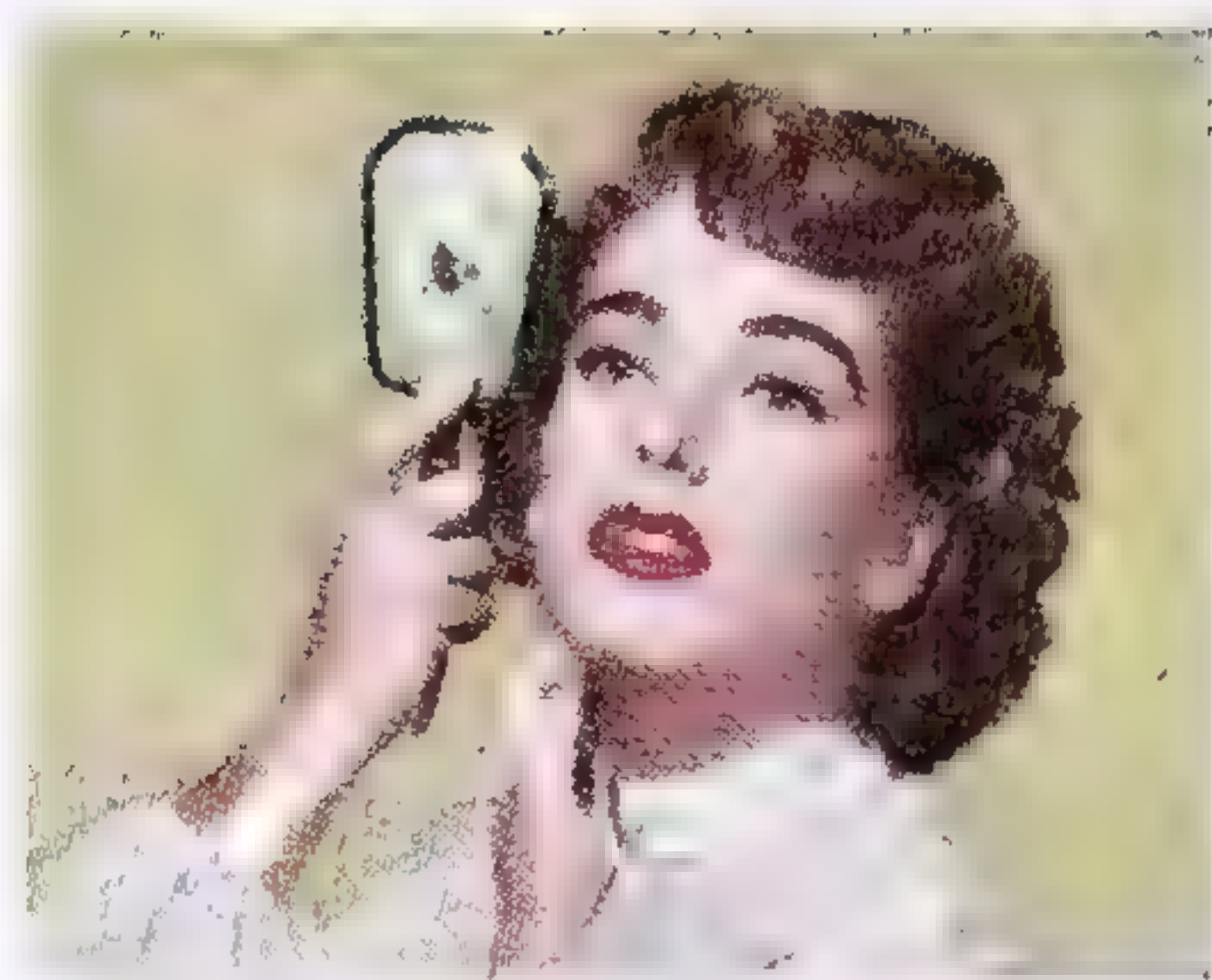


**JULIA ADAMS** says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women—beauties like Julia Adams—use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

## For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World 4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo



**Glamour-made-easy!** Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans; leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It does not dry or dull your hair!



**Makes hair eager to curl!** Now you *can* "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage; tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

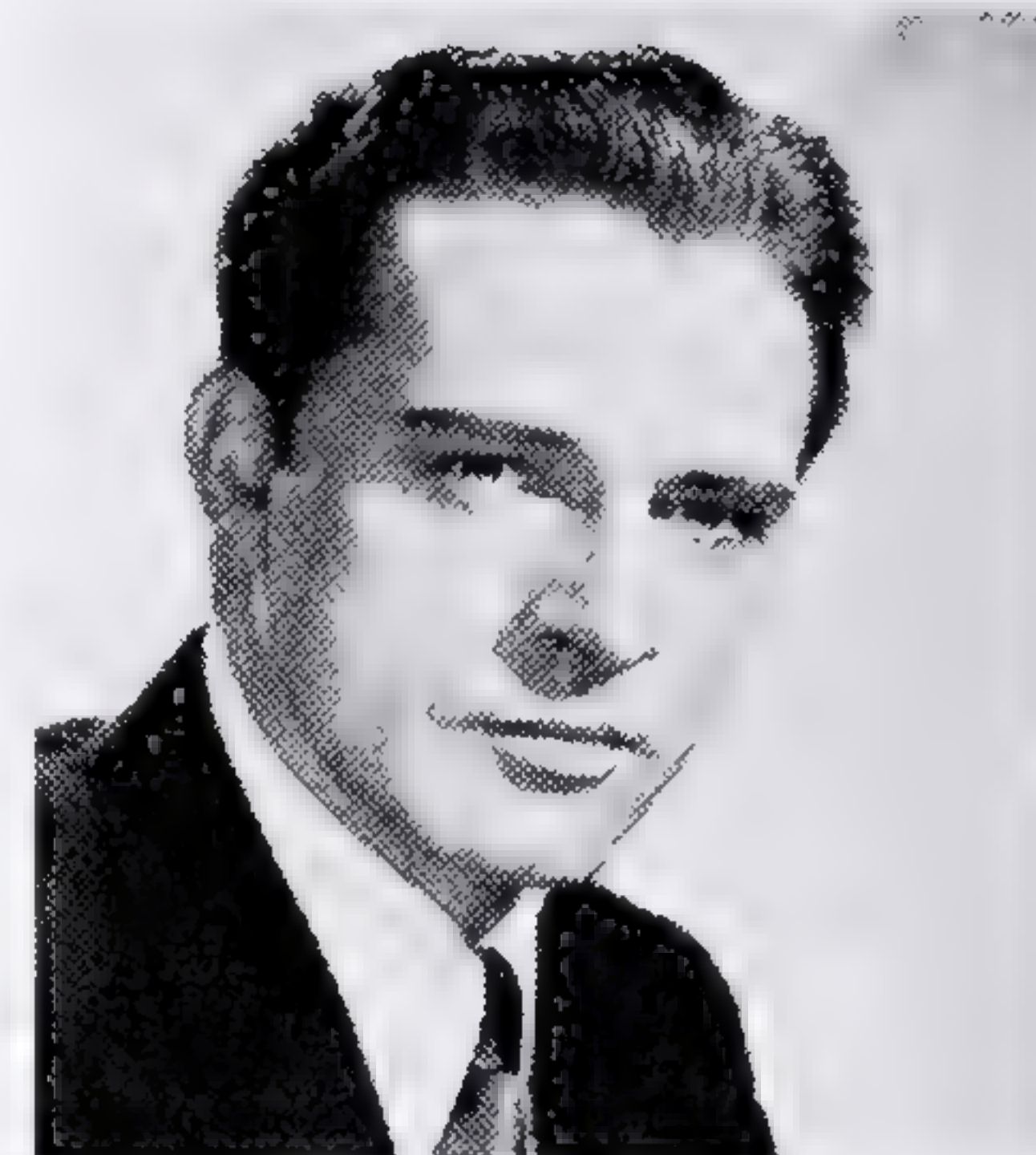


Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to \$2 in jars or tubes.

Thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos: Lustre-Creme also comes in new Lotion Form, too—30¢ to \$1.00.



# impertinent



Miner's boy: Richard Burton

"WHY DO PEOPLE IN HOLLYWOOD call you swell-headed?" I asked Richard Burton, Britain's newest and best bet for movie stardom in the United States. "Ever since you hit town to team with Olivia de Havilland in 'My Cousin Rachel,' the talk about you has all been in the same key—'The guy's a good actor—but what a *big head!*'"

"I really don't know why it is," Dick said, "unless it's just that I have an unfortunate manner. Ever since I first entered the theatre, people have said I'm arrogant and big-headed. Actually, I'm just a simple miner's boy from Pontrhydyfen (pronounced Pontree-deven), Wales, with a touch of torment in the back of my head."

A fine-looking head, I might add—and a smile to warm your heart. His hair, ordinarily slightly wavy, has been curled like a lamb's for his role as *Marcellus* in "The Robe." He explained: "They'll straighten it for the next picture to make me look male!" And again that warm smile.

We were standing on the sidelines of "The Robe" set at Twentieth watching Jay Robinson, as *Caligula*, and Jean Simmons, as *Diana*, go through their paces before a throng of extras, and I noted Dick's bright-eyed interest in the scene and his unrestrained admiration as it ended with a stirring speech by *Caligula*. He joined in the applause. "That young fellow Robinson is really good," he said. "What an actor!"

Our boy Burton, who gets \$3,000 a week for his make-believe at Twentieth, was completing plans to go back to England's Old Vic Theatre after "The Robe" was finished. He was getting set to work for \$145 a week for six months. "This will all go to the British Treasury," he explained. "I'm getting very little out of it. In order to put \$15,000 a year in the bank in England you have to earn \$210,000. I get more just in expenses here than I ever got in salary



# interview

BY  
MIKE CONNOLLY

over there. That's why my wife, Sybil, and I haven't any children—can't afford them!" He winked.

"After the Old Vic, then what?"

"I'll do a picture for Alex Korda about a pilot whose face is hideously burned in the Battle of Britain. I'll be playing half of it with my own pockmarked face and the other half with scars, courtesy of the make-up man. After that I hope to come back to Hollywood for another picture. I don't want American movie-goers to get a chance to forget me."

But, I asked myself, how could the fans forget a good-looking young guy like Dick Burton who takes continual potshots at himself—like this one: "Emlyn Williams (noted playwright and actor who has been touring in a one-man show of Dickens readings), my theatrical Godfather, said to me last week: 'Don't forget that I found you underneath a slag heap in Merthyr Tydvile in Wales and my sole reason for coming to Hollywood is to get you back under it!'"

How can you call a guy like that swell-headed?



With Jean Simmons in a scene from "The Robe"

## Now...Walt Disney brings a New Measure of Excitement to Romance!

In this story of a defiant love that rocked two kingdoms, you'll thrill to a *new* kind of motion picture excitement.

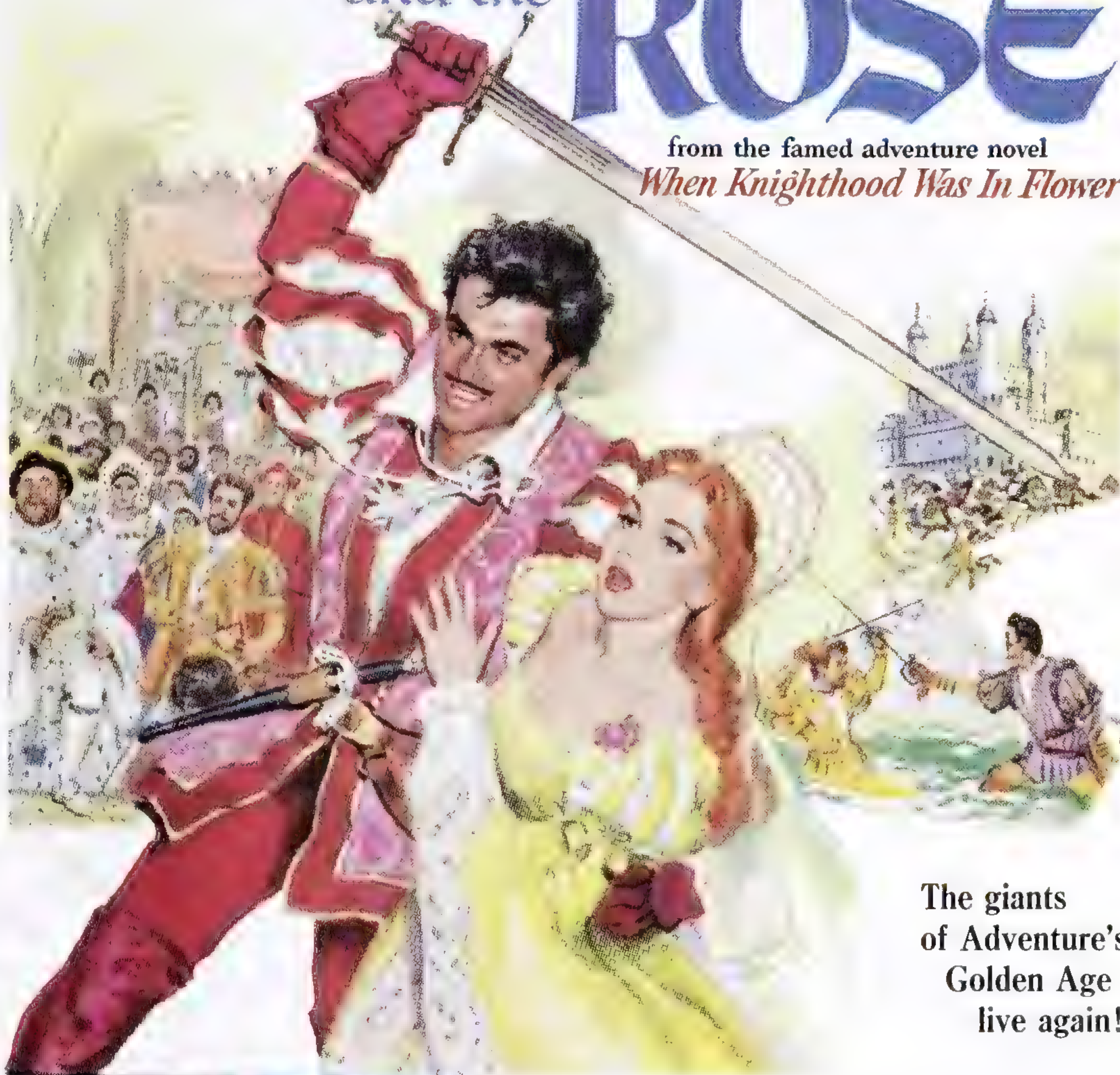
Here is an experience *new* in its intensity of suspense, *new* in its emotional impact, *new* in its spectacular sweep of mighty scenes and the mightier passions

that set the Age of Chivalry aflame!

### Walt Disney's

# The SWORD and the ROSE

from the famed adventure novel  
*When Knighthood Was In Flower*



The giants  
of Adventure's  
Golden Age  
live again!



Slashing through webs of intrigue, a desperate soldier of fortune strikes back at the conspiring kings who would have his head because a princess has his heart.

Starring a new romantic team

**RICHARD GLYNIS**  
**TODD AND JOHNS**

AN ALL LIVE ACTION PICTURE

Produced by Perce Pearce Directed by Kenneth Annakin  
Screenplay by Lawrence E. Watkin

COLOR BY  
**TECHNICOLOR**

Mary Tudor and Charles Brandon,  
the princess and commoner, whose  
romance made thrones tremble.

Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures  
COPYRIGHT, WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS





## *Beautiful Hair*

# B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, choose the correct Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, leaving your hair soft, fragrant and shining.

*The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores, and wherever cosmetics are sold.*

JOHN H. BRECK, INC. • MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS • SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS  
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • OTTAWA CANADA



*Marilyn and Joe together*



SCOOP!

# **THE BLONDE AND HER BEAU**

● All Hollywood has remarked on the fact that Marilyn Monroe comes to parties and premieres alone. But in these exclusive pictures PHOTOPLAY brings you the rest of the story . . . it's Marilyn's man, Joe DiMaggio, who takes her home! So secret have these late dates been that gossips said the romance was all over. But when Marilyn, dressed to the teeth, appears at a gala event, you can find Joe, clad in sport shirt, in a parking lot waiting for his girl—as who wouldn't?

*Photos by Albin*





Hollywood perked up when  
Dorothy Reynolds returned  
from her South American trip



APR 1947

Cal York's  
Gossip  
Of Hollywood

# INSIDE STUFF

**News About Twos:** Filmtown has very little hope for a happy outcome on the Jane Powell-Geary Steffen marriage. Jane seems determined to have herself a freedom fling . . . The walls separating Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis from their neighbors are thin, which is why those "not getting along" rumors are circulating. But insiders are wary of divorce predictions . . . Mitzi Gaynor would like to make a picture with Donald O'Connor, who will learn that she "cares" when he reads it here! . . . Mona Freeman has been advised to circulate more with eligible Hollywood





Smith

Jeanne Crain's new glamour plans included "shocking" red hair. But in film "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes" she'll have to be a lady in the dark!



Apger

Girls don't need glasses to see Ricardo "Latin Lovers" Montalban is a hunk of man



Fraker

When the Jerry Lewises left for Europe, Tony and Janet went as far as New York to wave goodbye



Smith

Two D-voted people enjoy a holiday in the sun. Dale Robertson, above with wife Jackie, makes his 3-D debut with Virginia Mayo in "Arizona Outpost"

gents. It seems there were repercussions from that printed announcement (which Mona *didn't* make) that she was following Bing Crosby to Europe.

**Mother's Daze:** Anyone who knows Shelley Winters, also knows she takes everything in a *beeeg* way. So as far as Shel is concerned, no one has had a baby as fabulous, brilliant, beautiful and adorable as Miss Vittoria Gina Gassman. Bouncing from table to table in the U-I commissary, as she showed a few dozen snapshots of her baby to everyone, proud Mama exclaimed:

"Aren't they absolutely sensational—and they're not even *retouched*!"

**Last Laugh:** Cal hates to be smug, but, Oh what protests when he announced in PHOTOPLAY that June Allyson and Jeanne Crain would ask "out" from their studios. That was several months ago. Now the lovely ladies just took a walk—right out the front gate! It's no secret that June feels M-G-M is no longer the lot she loved when she signed there ten years ago. Jeanne was at Twentieth ten years, too, and both were new discoveries when they started.

With the super-sexy buildup given to Marilyn Monroe and Terry Moore, you can't blame Jeanne for resenting those sugar-coated parts she's been playing.

**Down Romance Lane:** Before he left for Europe to make "King Arthur and the Round Table," Robert Taylor ordered sweetheart roses to be delivered to Ursula Thiess every Thursday. You guessed it! They met on a Thursday . . . Over one exciting weekend, Tab Hunter got himself a date with Joanne Gilbert and his first brand new convertible, which (Continued on page 80)



*All those feud rumors got lost when the story took a romantic turn.*

*This R. J. Wagner . . .*

# HE'S MY



# KIND OF GUY

**BY  
TERRY MOORE**

• I didn't mean to eavesdrop. I didn't have to move a muscle to catch the conversation. Bob Wagner and I were being talked about . . . and only a few inches behind my back. "Of course, they're friends now," said the columnist who was sitting a table away. "But wait until they work together in 'Twelve Mile Reef.' My dear, those two will be at each other's throats."

There was a slight pause for weapon identification. "With knives," she said. And then she went on with her theorizing.

This situation, she reasoned, would be based on professional jealousy, since Bob and I are two of the most career-conscious people in Hollywood. And, according to a Hollywood theory, when it comes right down to a contest in the business of getting the best camera angles, nothing is supposed to interfere. Least of all, friendship.

At first I was indignant. Then I had a good laugh. I thought about how, if Bob had been along, he'd have handed me a butter knife and said, "Be my guest." (Continued on page 96)









*I used to kid myself,  
used to "dream." I seldom  
"did." Now I know what  
I missed in my teens*

# **BE HAPPY,**

*BY DORIS DAY*



● The reason I dare to cry out, "Stop kidding yourself, girls" to every teenager is that I know what I'm talking about.

When I was in my teens, I had to learn the hard way how to get on speaking terms with personal happiness.

The teens can be such a miserable experience. Mine often were. I know from the letters that so many of you write me that they are a bad time for altogether too many of you.

So let me tell you, that doesn't have to be. If you will just get wise to what is your own personal self, you'll have the world on a string.

You can be happy as Christmas 365 days a year if you will just get your thinking in the right channel. And remember that nobody—but nobody—makes you a droop but you.

It's all a matter of not kidding yourself. It's all a matter of using that space between your eyebrows and your latest hair-do. It hasn't a thing in the world to do with money, either with the

possession of it or the lack of it.

It's all you, you, you. As the song says, you are the one. So why not do it *now*? Not tomorrow, or the next week—but now!

I used to kid myself, just as much as you probably do, when I was in my teens. I used to dream. I seldom "did." I used to have elaborate daydreams about the rich, handsome man I'd marry, the big house I'd live in, the jewels I'd have.

Fantastically enough, I achieved that. For instance, the other evening, my husband Marty came home and gave me a present. It was a diamond in a most unusual setting. A shadowbox of gold had been put around the stone to make it glitter even more brilliantly than it would have naturally.

Now it wasn't our anniversary or anything. Marty and I don't believe in setting any one day apart for celebration, because we try to make every day a cause for celebration. So as I opened the box and saw the lovely presents, my

thoughts wandered back to my teens.

At that time I would have wanted the ring for the ring itself. Now I was happy with it because of the love it expressed. My husband had completely surprised me with it because since I've been married my plain gold band was all I wanted. In my happiness, the ring, itself, didn't matter. If Marty had brought me a rose, I would have been just as pleased with it. And this, I think, proves a point: when we don't keep wanting "things" but learn to appreciate the spiritual values we have, the good things are added unto us when we least expect them.

You think that you have to be beautiful to be happy? That's crazy! Millions of men spend millions of dollars yearly, trying to cure baldness; so the last election saw two men with shining domes attracting all the voters in America. Or, to keep this purely feminine, a middle-aged plain woman with a mole on the side of her face, took Edward VIII (*Continued on page 87*)

# YOU'RE LUCKY!



*When we are growing up, we fool ourselves. We say to ourselves, "I'd be more popular if I were prettier." "If I were better . . .*



*. . . dressed!" But a girl who says, "If I used my brains more, I would be more popular," you can count on the thumbs of one hand*



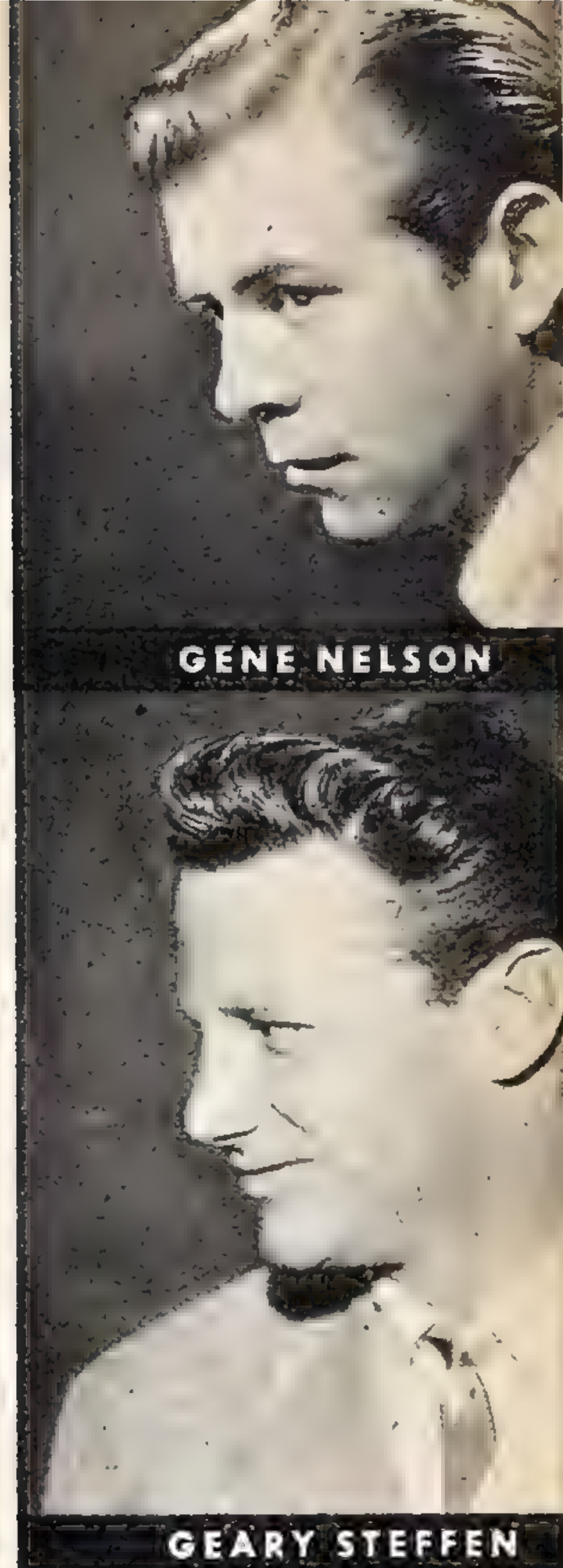




*Ignoring the rumors, this reporter went after the facts. Here is the inside story from the three people - most concerned*

# THE TRUTH ABOUT JANE POWELL'S MARRIAGE

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



● Of all the nice things about Jane Powell, one of the nicest was always the fact that you could count on her. She was predictable. Janie could be depended upon as a solid family girl. And in a town where families fall apart almost as often as hair styles change, that kind of dependability was comforting.

So you can understand Hollywood's confusion when Janie suddenly changed her behavior pattern.

The trouble is, Jane wants to have her marriage cake and eat it too. She has found plain bread and but-

ter is a little dull, so now she wants to sow some wild oats. Forgive the mixed metaphors, but I'm just as confused as you must have been when little Janie announced to the world, through her studio spokesman, that she was tiffing with her husband, Geary Steffen, and that she wasn't sure whether or not their marriage would survive the spats.

And if you think we observers were bewildered, it was nothing compared to the confusion of the principals in the case. They were parrying, on the one hand, a calm, steady

home and family against exciting romance and off-beat adulation on the other.

If you include Gene and Miriam Nelson, you might say that there were four principals involved—or seven, if the three little innocent bystanders are counted. And the entire mix-up—from beginning to end—was highlighted by a series of contradictory statements.

"Geary will be too busy with his work to stay with me when I go to Las Vegas for PA appearances," Jane told (Continued on page 91)



Photograph by Smith: Rock's in "Back to God's Country"



## ROCK HUDSON

*A young Rhett Butler . . . Dagwood sandwiches at a debutante's dance . . . adventure  
on a tramp steamer . . . thunder storms, followed by clear blue skies . . .  
motorboats racing at dawn . . . hometown Lochinvar*





## VIRGINIA MAYO

*Venus at the rodeo . . . angel cake with pink frosting . . . Angora kittens playing  
on a patchwork quilt . . . long-stemmed roses and baby's breath . . . portrait  
in pastels . . . Sunbonnet Sue in black lace tights*





# PIPER—

# PHOTOPLAY—

● Piper Laurie read the note through for the fourth time and discovered that her hands were still shaking.

She simply couldn't believe it. And yet—there it was. A small neat note in the small neat handwriting that she had adored for nine years, way back to when she was only twelve and in the seventh grade at school.

She certainly never needed to read the note again. She had memorized it, at first glance. But her eyes couldn't keep away from it. There was the romantic miracle. Her heart thudding, she read it over again.

Dear Piper,  
A few days ago  
a friend called me  
attention to an  
article in the Photo-  
play magazine  
which mentioned  
a "Rick". I hope  
I'm not being too  
presumptuous, but  
I can't help but feel  
that the "Rick" you  
spoke of is me.  
Naturally I am



*If Piper Laurie hadn't  
revealed a school-girl crush,  
if he hadn't seen his name  
in PHOTOPLAY—this amazing  
sequel to a magazine story would  
never have happened*

BY RUTH WATERBURY

# AND RICK

"Dear Piper," the note started . . .  
"A few days ago, a friend called  
my attention to an article in the  
PHOTOPLAY magazine which men-  
tioned a 'Rick.' I hope I am not being  
too presumptuous but I can't help  
but feel that the 'Rick' you spoke of  
is me.  
"Naturally I am flattered that you  
even remember me, for I assure you,  
I have not forgotten you, nor could  
I fail to recognize you, as the article  
indicated.  
"However, being neighbors doesn't  
always afford people the opportunity  
of knowing (Continued on page 39)

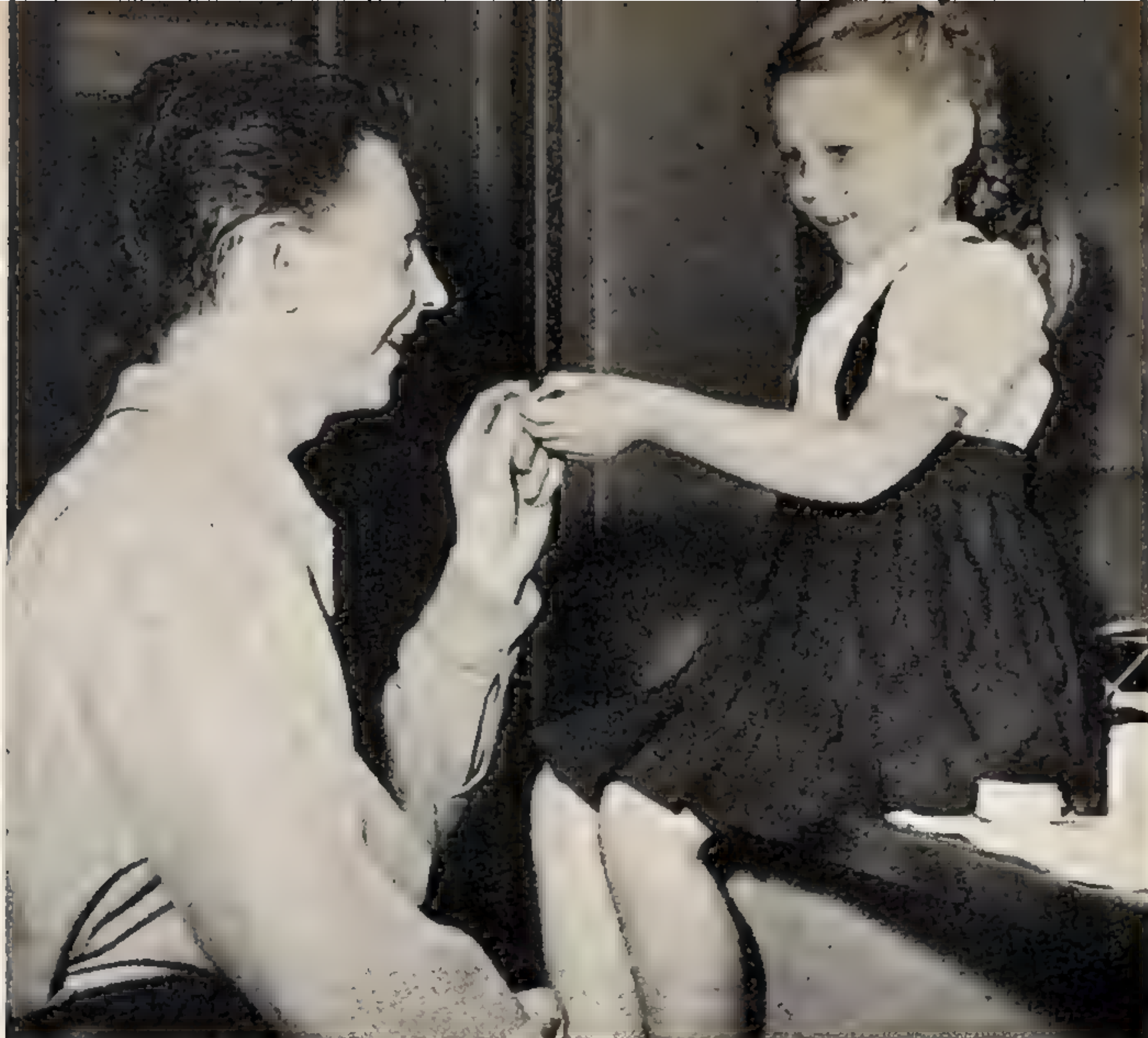
...ered that you  
ed even remember  
- , for I assure you,  
have not forgotten  
you nor could I fail  
to recognize you, as  
the article indicated.  
However, being  
neighbors doesn't  
always afford people  
the opportunity of  
knowing one another  
as they might wish.

Therefore, in lieu of  
my unsuccessful attempt  
to secure your telephone  
number, I took the  
liberty of writing this  
note, hoping that  
you will contact  
me.

As Ever  
Rick Ellen







*He's never too busy for his daughter, Donna . . .*



*Nor to listen to his record collection . . .*







Nor to spend time on amateur photography

BY JANE WILKIE

*He was a backstage baby. Acting is in his blood. And not even heartbreak and despair could keep Donald O'Connor from the career to which he was born*

• At twenty-seven, Donald O'Connor has made four comebacks in showbusiness. He speaks of the fact with a tinge of wonder that he could have been so fortunate. Yet the great majority of entertainers are lucky if they have made, at twenty-seven, the first step on the ladder to success.

It is part of Donald's charm that he minimizes, both to others and to himself, the peak he has reached. His sporadic appearances on television's Comedy Hour in the last two years have built him from one of the lesser lights in the world of showbusiness to one of the top five entertainers in America today. The talent has been with Donald all his life, but not until the advent of television did he have an opportunity to display to so many people the fact that he can sing, dance, clown—and think—with the best of them. His fan mail has soared to phenomenal quantities, and some have said that the young Mr. O'Connor's performances are second only to the "I Love Lucy" show in the hearts of the nation.

Donald himself says, "I'm just starting to go places." This statement doesn't stem from any urge for power and glory; rather it indicates that he himself doesn't realize he is at the top.

Like all comedians, he is expected to be a funny man in his personal as well as his professional life, and it comes as a pleasant surprise to people meeting him for the first time to find that Donald is actually rather shy, a modest young man who seems uncomfortable in the glare of the public spotlight. His conversation (Continued on page 94)

too

Busy for the Blues





*Funny to think my kid sister gets fan letters*

*When I went into the  
Army, she was just my  
kid sister. But the  
day she came up to  
camp I realized that  
through the years . . .*

● When I left home for the Army I still considered Frannie (she may be Debbie Reynolds to you, but I've always called her Frannie—I can't get used to calling her "Debbie") just a kid sister. The fact that I was wrong, and had been for some time, was made clear to me when I came home on leave six months later.

First thing I remember was opening the door to the backyard and—no backyard! Just a big hole in the ground. Said Frannie, "That's the swimming pool!" It turned out that not only had Frannie grown up—so had her career!

Frannie did more for me when I was in the service than I can impart to you. She elevated my name from "Potato Peeler Reynolds" to "Mister

... **I NEVER**





*She loves to help my wife take care of our little daughter, Gail*



*And she's still not too much the star to toss a baseball with me*

Potato Peeler Reynolds." That all came about shortly after my arrival at Camp Roberts.

I was the lowliest of the lows—a buck private. I'm sure that no one there was familiar with the name of buck private Bill Reynolds, excepting maybe those millions of potatoes I peeled.

Certainly the guys on the base didn't know me from Adam. I could'a died and the only person who'd have missed me would'a been the K.P. Sergeant.

Then one day Frannie came up to the camp to entertain. She knocked off a terrific routine with Keenan Wynn and some other great Hollywood personalities. Natch, I was one of the first to see her and talk to her after

the show. We talked about home and stuff—I told her how great I thought the show was and how much we appreciated everything she and her gang were doing. The whole camp was packed around us, echoing the same sentiments.

'Course when the gang saw Debbie Reynolds talking to buck private Bill Reynolds they put two and two together and got twenty-two. I could have been a major after that for all the *Misters* I got tacked onto my monicker. Yes, sir, from the whole gang after that it was *Mister Buck Private Bill Reynolds*. My stock really soared!

As for the potatoes, they didn't get a chance to see Debbie's show so it didn't make any difference to them at

all. The tons of spuds were still waiting for me when I got back.

But that camp show set me to thinking. I'd been running off all these years about how useless kid sisters were. Then suddenly here was *my* kid sister doing me so much good! I'll admit, I felt kind of sheepish. 'Specially when I realized Frannie had been going all out for the Service guys for so long. Yes, sir, it really straightened out my thinking re kid sisters. Frannie wasn't the only one in the family who'd changed. So had I!

What guy at some time or another hasn't wished he could trade his kid sister for something useful?

Like a bike, when he's still a kid himself; or (Continued on page 81)

# KNEW DEBBIE!

BY BILL REYNOLDS



*Tab Hunter traded in  
his horse for an apartment,  
set the place on fire the  
day he moved in! But that was  
only the beginning . . .*

# Bachelor On His Own

BY  
BEVERLY LINET







*The boy with the budget book! That's what Tab is now that he's on his own*

*He budgets time as well as money, allows a lot of it for answering fan mail*



*Tab never thought the clink of keys could be a thrill. But his own set—to his door, his mailbox and his convertible—spell independence*



● Like a lot of other guys in their early twenties, Tab Hunter feels that being independent is just about the greatest thing there is. But—great or not—he knows that the first break from the comforts of home is not quite as easy as rolling off a log.

If you've lived all your life with one woman—your mom—and come to depend on her to have everything in its place, the first time you try to take over for yourself, things are apt to get a little muddled. Nobody's surer of that these days than Tab.

Ever since he started to settle into his own apartment—and it's been a kind of slow, piece-by-piece arrangement—he's learned all the definitions there are for confusion and chaos. But that doesn't mean he isn't loving every second of it.

He and his mother had been talking about his getting out on his own for a long time. But Tab didn't get around to doing anything about it until one

day, by chance, he heard of a place in West Hollywood that might be right for him. It took him all of a half hour to know that this was *his* castle. He rented it on the spot—and he's been gradually turning it into a home ever since.

The apartment has all the basic ingredients. It's a miniature house off the main street, and a little walk runs from a small flight of steps to the entrance. A small flagstone porch overhung with creeping ivy vines shades the front door and gives the place a feeling of coolness and quiet, and the big main room has a fireplace.

It was that fireplace that sold Tab right from the start. He'll never forget the first day he lit it.

When Pat Crowley, the young Paramount actress who lives around the corner, came to compare apartments Tab decided this was the moment to show off his pride and joy.

He broke up an orange crate and quickly set up the pieces on the gas

jet. Then he turned the lever neatly and set a match to it with a flourish.

"I like fireplaces," Tab said to Pat. "They're cheery and give a place a warm feeling."

The flames began leaping up the flue, spread out over the firebrick and on up the wall.

"Not that warm!" shouted Pat.

Tab struggled with the gas jet. It just wouldn't turn.

"Throw some water on it," Pat instructed.

"I can't," Tab shouted back. "The gas will spread all over the house. Then we'll really be in trouble."

Tab threw a hammer lock on the lever but the flame still leaped up almost to the ceiling. Tab could see the landlord's temper going up in smoke.

Finally the first large volume of gas burned itself out, but not until Tab was almost as bright red as the fire glare from (Continued on page 76)



**T**hey say she's made of stone—but if it hadn't

# His Lady Carries

## a Torch

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

● Together, the excited six-year-old in the sailor suit and his dark-eyed immigrant mother were climbing the Statue of Liberty. This was the Lady his grandfather talked about. The Lady he showed him from their apartment in Flatbush. The Lady of Liberty. . . .

Together they circled and circled. Up the stairs as high as the Lady's waist. They were too dizzy to go on. But young Ira and his mother wanted to go on higher. They tried again, and slowly, step by step, they made it to the top.

"I went all the way," young Ira told his grandfather proudly, when they got home. "Clear to the top of her head." She was no statue to him. She was real and living—the Lady of Liberty. She was the reason his grandfather had brought Ira's mother and the rest of his brood from Vilna, Russia, to this new Promised Land. The reason, he told them, that he, Ira Grossell, could be whatever he wanted to be when he grew up. And climb as far and as high as he would.

Today Jeff Chandler's still climbing. He's making history, one way or another, in (Continued on page 83)

Ornitz



***been for her, Jeff Chandler wouldn't be where he is today***







BYRON PALMER



RUTH HAMPTON



REX REASON



CHARLOTTE AUSTIN



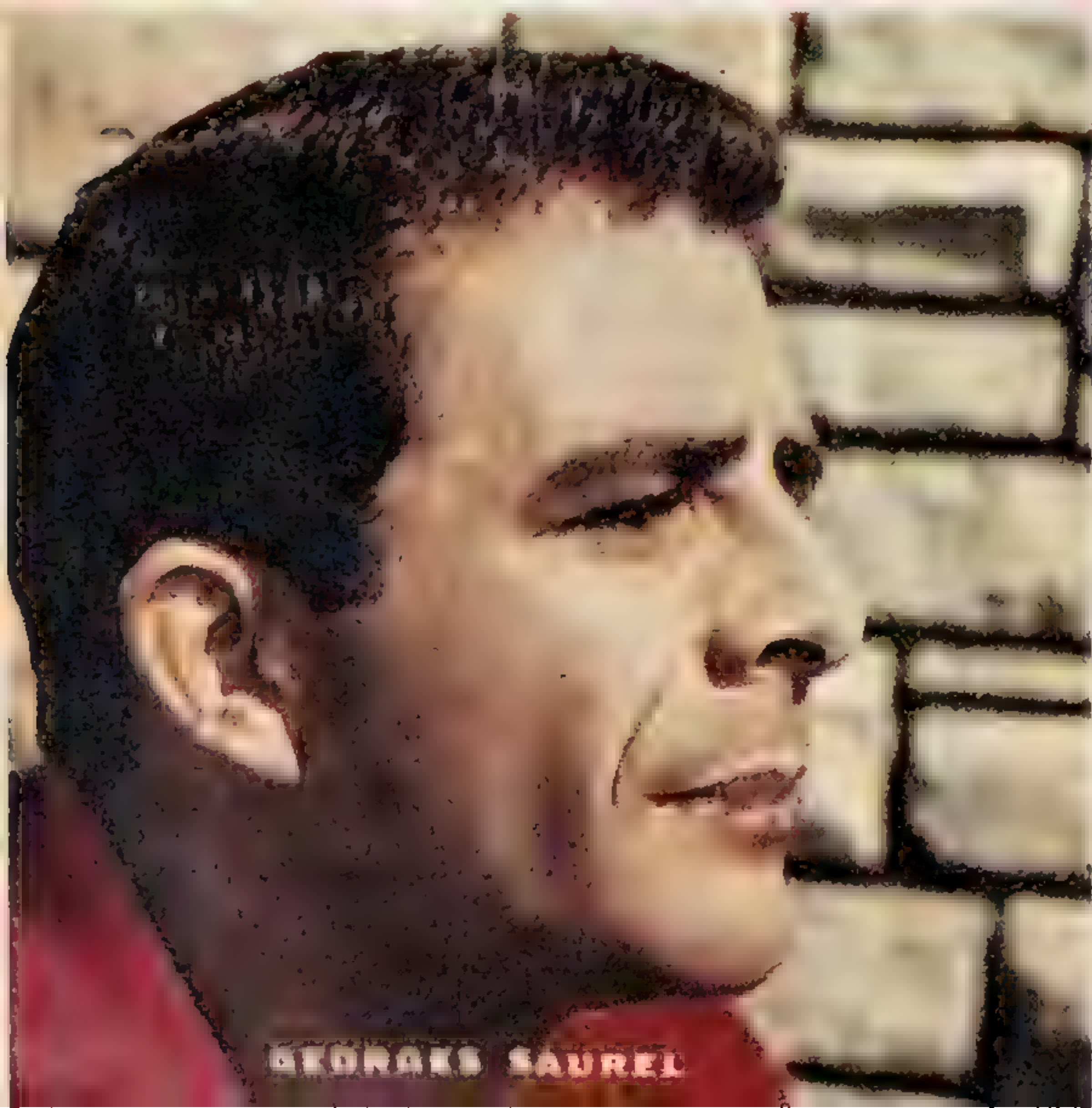
BOBBY VAN



BETTA ST. JOHN



AUDREY DALTON



GEORGES SAUREL



PATRICIA HARDY

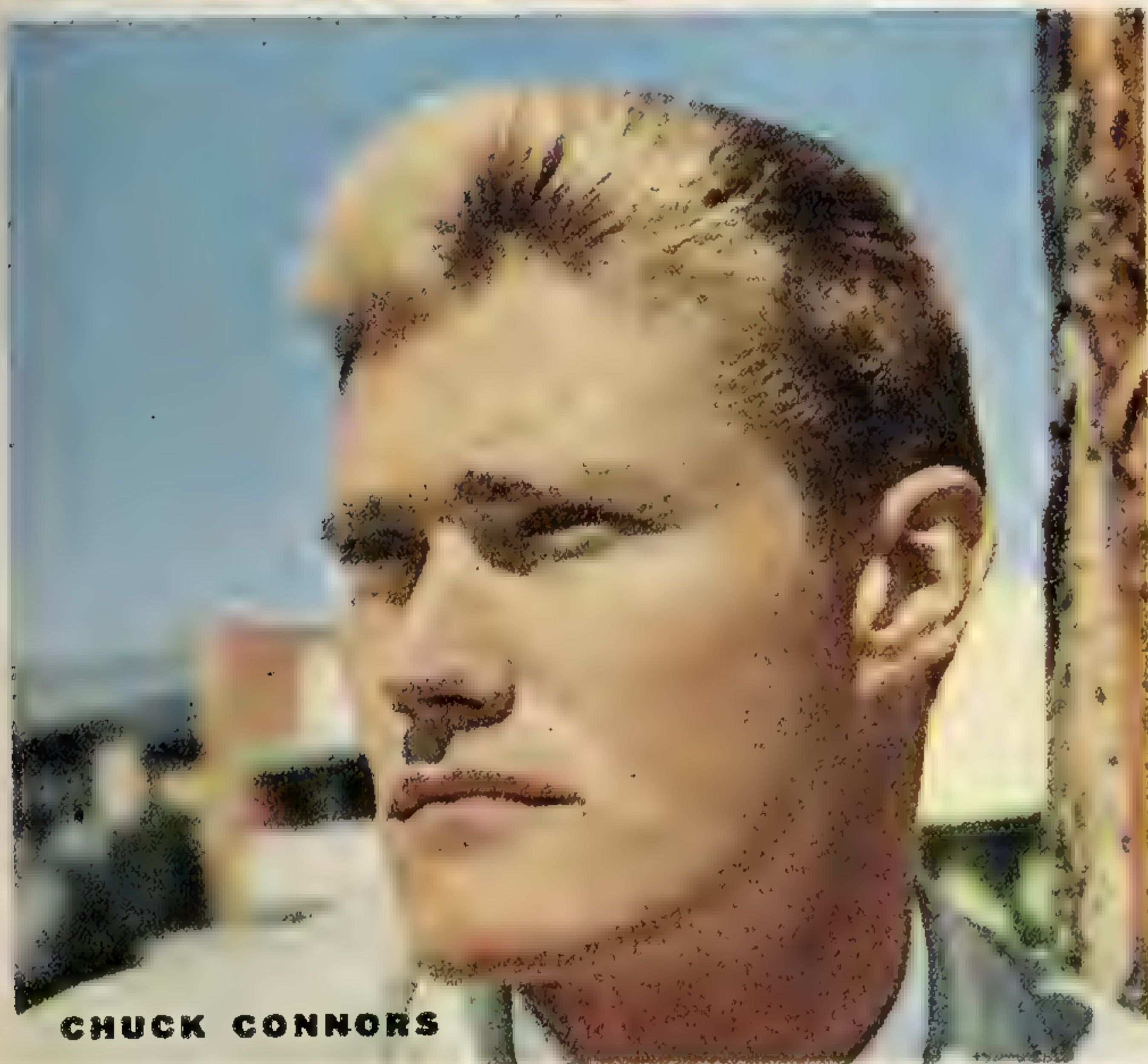


MARK DANA





JOAN WELDON



CHUCK CONNORS

BY WYNN ROBERTS

The time has come, again, for you readers of PHOTOPLAY to shine as the star-makers of Hollywood. All of Hollywood is aware, by now, that you are the best of all talent scouts when it comes to picking the most outstanding from the newest and freshest talent in motion pictures. In past years you have proved the value of your judgment time and again, year after year. Last year, for instance, your top choices were Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson. You'd seen Tab in only one movie role, but he's proved you right in the year since. He has made three other pictures, and insiders are betting on him to be a bright star for many seasons to come. As for Lori, she's doing all right, too, playing with Barbara Stanwyck in "All I Desire" and with Tony Curtis in "All American." Your other winners have done more than all right: Elaine Stewart is the honey of the M-G-M lot, just as Keith Andes is at RKO. You read of Zsa Zsa Gabor all the time now; and others like Dawn Addams, John Forsythe, Joan Rice,

# YOUR STARS!



PATRICIA TIERNAN

*Talent, ambition, appeal—all these newcomers are qualified, but will they make the grade? Vote and help your favorites*

MORE NEW FAVORITES →



# CHOOSE YOUR STARS!

CONTINUED

Robert Horton and Arthur Franz are high in fan and studio favor.

Your winners of previous years are shining bright, too: stars like Tony Curtis, Bob Wagner, Pier Angeli, Mitzi Gaynor, Charlton Heston, Howard Keel, Jeffrey Hunter, the Champions — you star-pickers know what you're doing!

Oddly enough, you have picked the males better than the girls—though this latter could mean, as in the case of Pier Angeli, for example—that the men have been better handled by the studio casting departments. But out of the approximate eighty names per year we have presented to you for the past five years, you have called the turn right more than sixty per cent of the time.

This year of 1953, however, is different. Different because Hollywood itself is different, waiting for the test of the various 3-D vs. Cinerama vs. Cinemascope vs. Warnerscope. To say nothing of the inroads made by TV. So uncertain is movieland of just what will emerge in the immediate future that no plans for productions are very definite.

As an example of this, a girl at *Twentieth Century-Fox* was chosen, almost by accident, to play a scene with David Wayne in a Cinemascope demonstration. Her name is Charlotte Austin, and she came through very prettily. Charlotte is talented, young, with immense theatrical background, her dad being Gene Austin, whom your mother will remember as warbling "My Blue Heaven." But right now *Twentieth Century-Fox* is agog over Charlotte, just because they did see her in Cinemascope. But, suppose they had used some other girl in this demonstration? Wouldn't they have been equally excited about her? Or would they?

Because there is no telling what may be happening even six months from now, the studio contract lists have been cut to the vanishing point.

This year, rounding up every young eager-beaver who seems to have any future opportunity, PHOTOPLAY could still find only fifty-one. Or to put it another way, where last year *M-G-M* had ten promising newcomers on its contract

list, this year, it has only three. Quite a drop—and this is typical of all studios.

It means, therefore, that this year more talent is free-lancing than ever before. This may also mean that a spectacular personality, à la Marilyn Monroe, may blaze into importance, with no one aware of such a performer five minutes before fame.

For these reasons, this year we are putting the names, not in studio groups, but alphabetically. In PHOTOPLAY's opinion almost any fellow or girl on this list has a better-than-average chance to reach stardom. But you tell us the specific ones—as you have so wonderfully for five years now.

**Richard Allan:** Current picture, "Niagara." Dark and handsome, a singer, a dancer, a good actor, Richard is under *Twentieth Century-Fox* contract. His versatility—remember his dance for Ava Gardner in "Snows of Kilimanjaro"—has kept him on the Twentieth payroll for nearly five years now. Yet the very fact that he hasn't clicked terrifically in that time may argue against him.

**James Anderson:** Current picture, "Ruby Gentry." He's free-lance, but his sensitive, brooding face, his fine, if not too tall, figure, and his outstanding acting ability make him worth watching.

**Charlotte Austin:** Current picture, "Farmer Takes a Wife," then "How to Marry a Millionaire." To the information given on her a couple of paragraphs back should be added the word that she's amber-eyed, chestnut-haired, has the talent to be equally good in musicals or dramas, and is a vibrant nineteen.

**John Baer:** Freelance. Current picture, "Mississippi Gambler." Red-haired, tall, thin, he stood out with charm in a completely unsympathetic role. Young, sharply sensitive, the right casting in

## WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?

Fill in the names of the actor and actress you think most likely to achieve stardom. Paste this coupon on a two-cent postal card and mail to Photoplay, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y. All ballots must be in by August 8, 1953.

I choose: \_\_\_\_\_  
(ACTOR)

\_\_\_\_\_  
(ACTRESS)

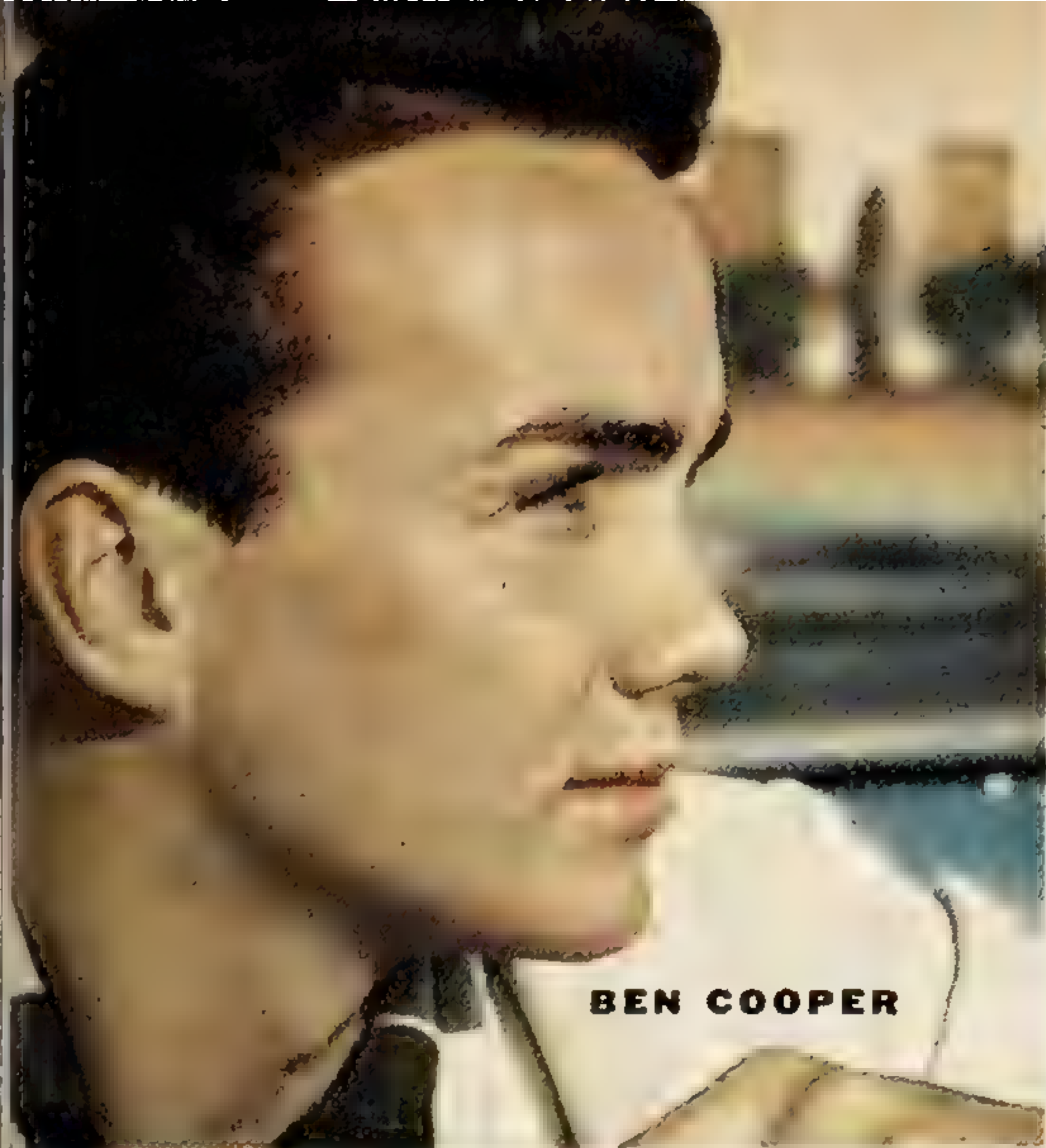
Your name: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
(STREET)

\_\_\_\_\_  
(CITY) (ZONE) (STATE)

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 54





BEN COOPER



KATHLEEN CROWLEY



KEITH LANGER



TOUCH CONNERS



JACQUELINE GREEN



FACE GEM



BILL HAYES



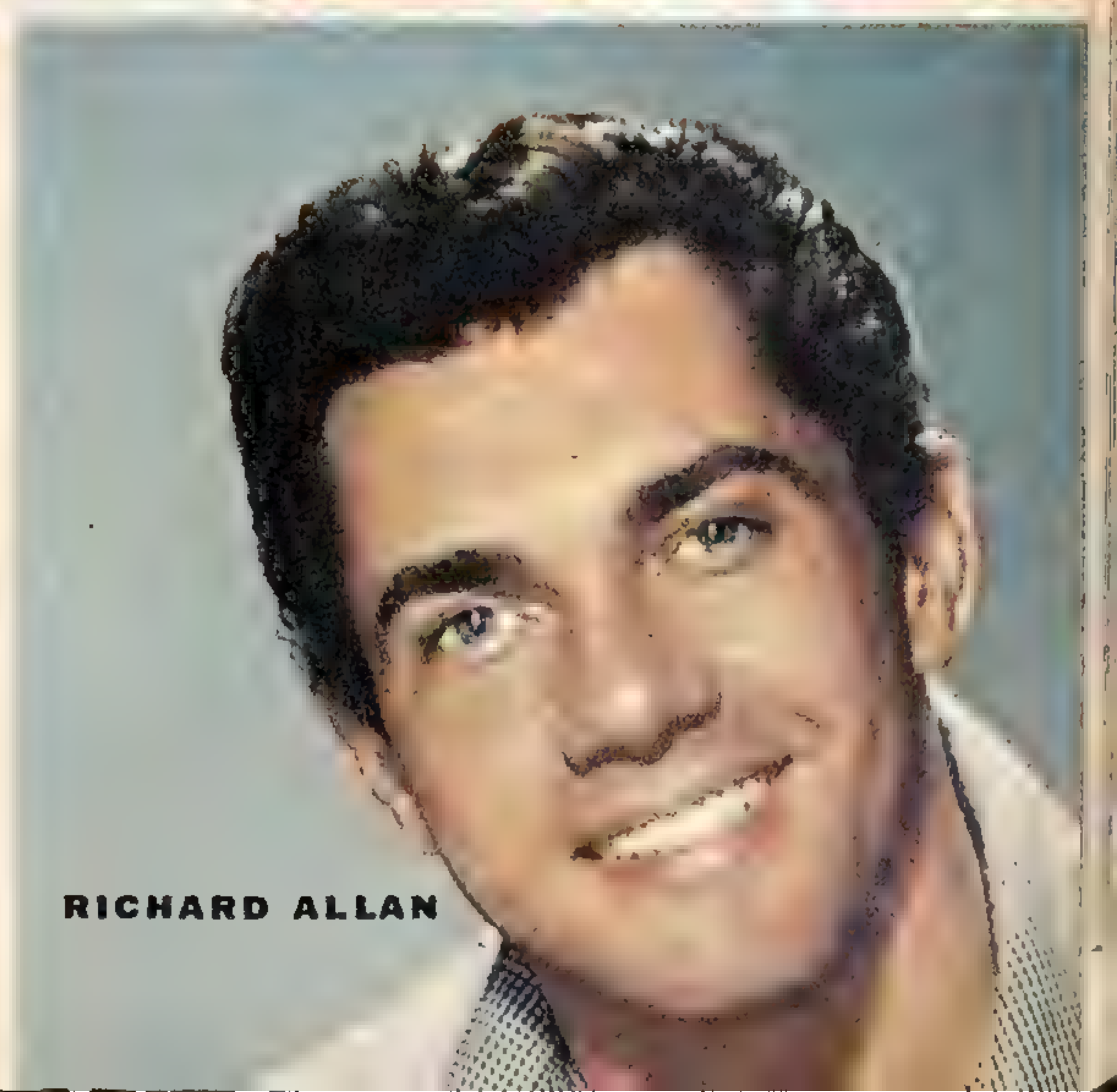
MILLY VITALE



JOHN BAER



CHARLES THOMPSON



RICHARD ALLAN



# CHOOSE YOUR STARS!

CONTINUED

stronger roles could turn him into a hit.

**Peter Baldwin:** Current pictures, "Stalag 17" and "Houdini." Was under *Paramount* contract when he appeared in "Girls of Pleasure Island," but is now freelancing. Five feet eleven, distinc-

tive looking, a Stanford U. athlete, his outstanding intelligence may help him win the battle of Hollywood.

**Dorothy Bromiley:** Current and debut picture, "The Girls of Pleasure Island." Cute, brown-eyed and brown-haired, she

was so pert as the sixteen-year-old in her first film that *Paramount* picked up an option on her. Now busily engaged in trying to get over her British accent.

**Mary Castle:** Current picture, "Lawless Breed." Blonde with a fine figure, she suffered at *Columbia* under being tagged "a second Hayworth" and being made up to look like Rita. At *U-I* last year she also got lost, somewhere between Piper Laurie and Lori Nelson.

**Touch Conners:** Current picture, "Sky Commando." A tall, dark and handsome guy, he might make the grade. Happily married, intelligent, his handicap may be that he looks a shade too much like the other tall, dark and handsomes. But



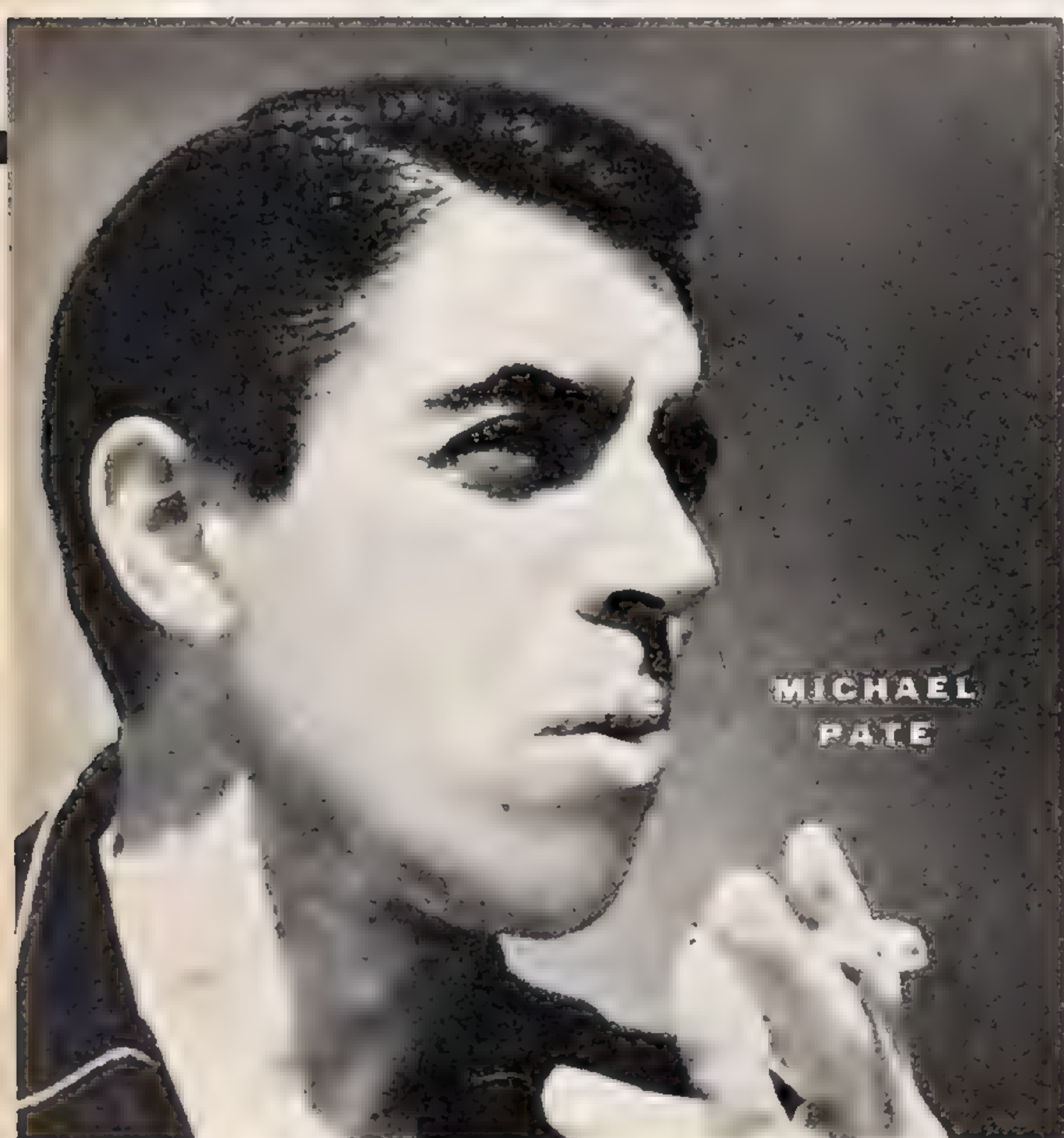
ROBERTA  
HAYNES



ROBERT  
GRAHAM



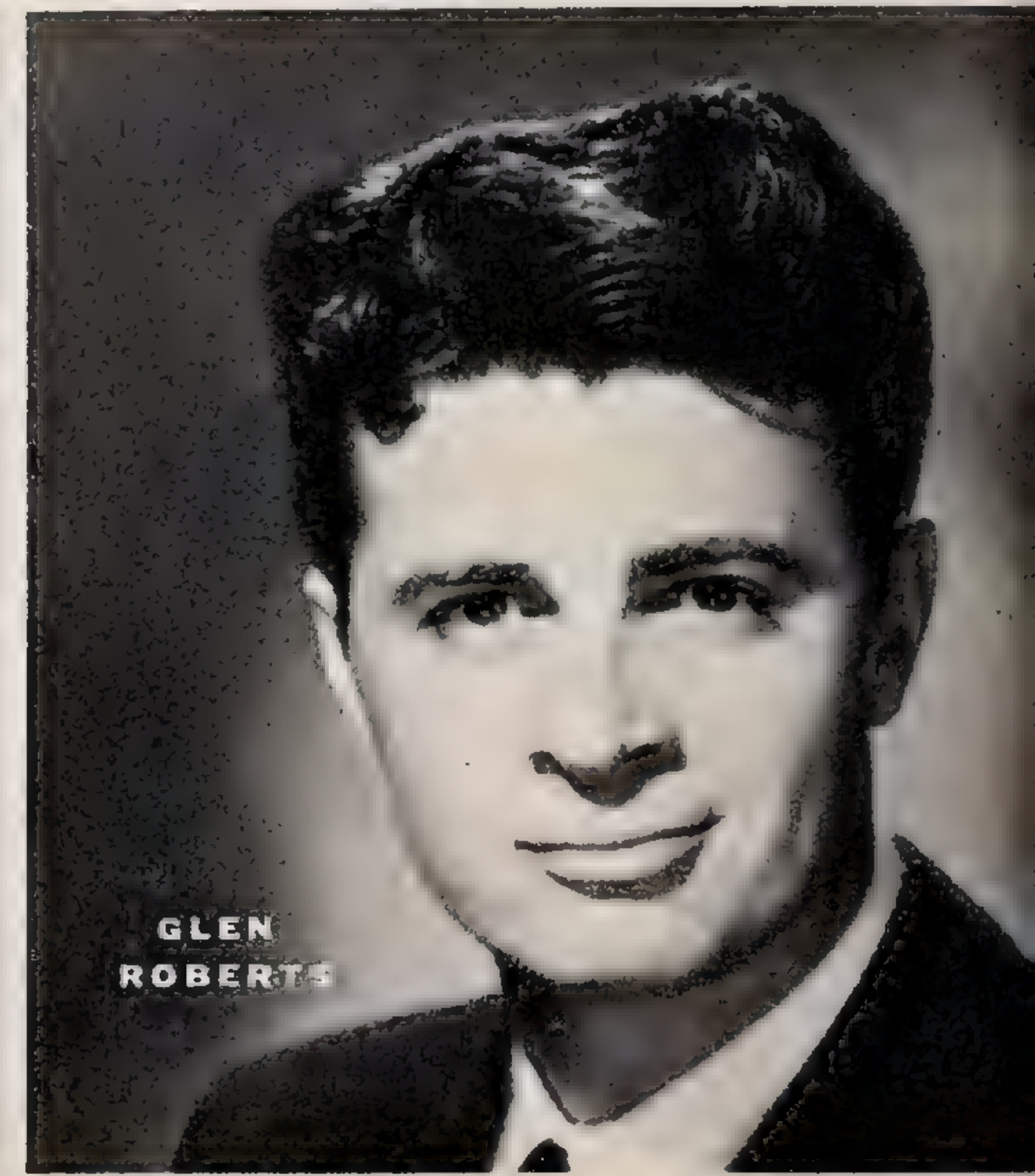
MARCIA  
HENDERSON



MICHAEL  
PATE



CONNIE  
MARSHALL



GLEN  
ROBERTS



he made a tremendous hit in "Sudden Fear" with Joan Crawford.

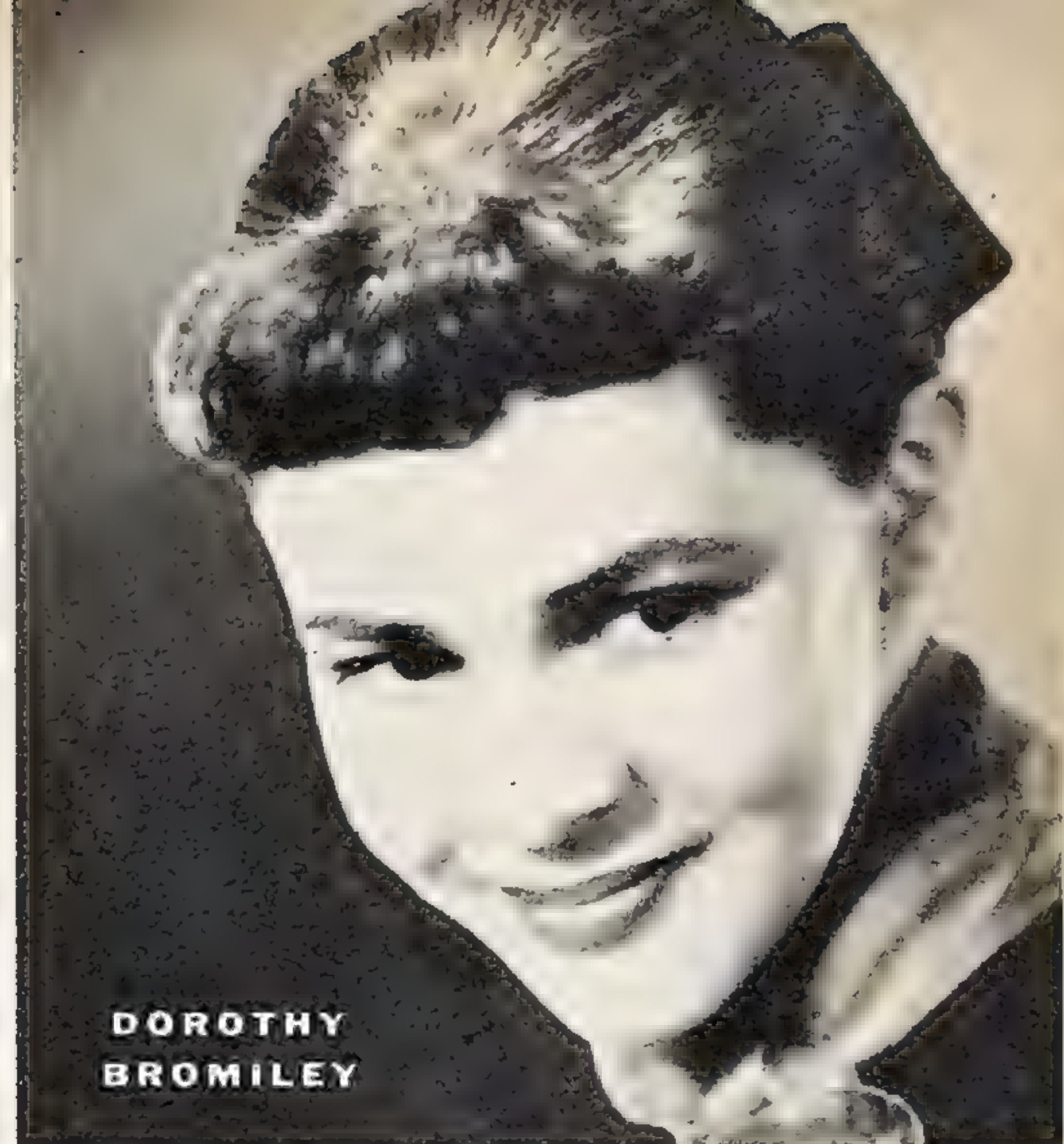
**Chuck Connors:** Current pictures, "South Sea Woman" and "Trouble Along the Way." He is one of *Warners'* four new people under contract. Tallest of the current crop (6'5"), he was the amiable, lanky first baseman of a ball team when discovered, still has the same type of lazy, muscular charm. Married, thirty-two, blond, blue-eyed—a good actor.

**Kathleen Crowley:** Current picture, "The Farmer Takes a Wife." This little but athletic "Miss New Jersey" of bathing-beauty fame, belongs to *Twen-*

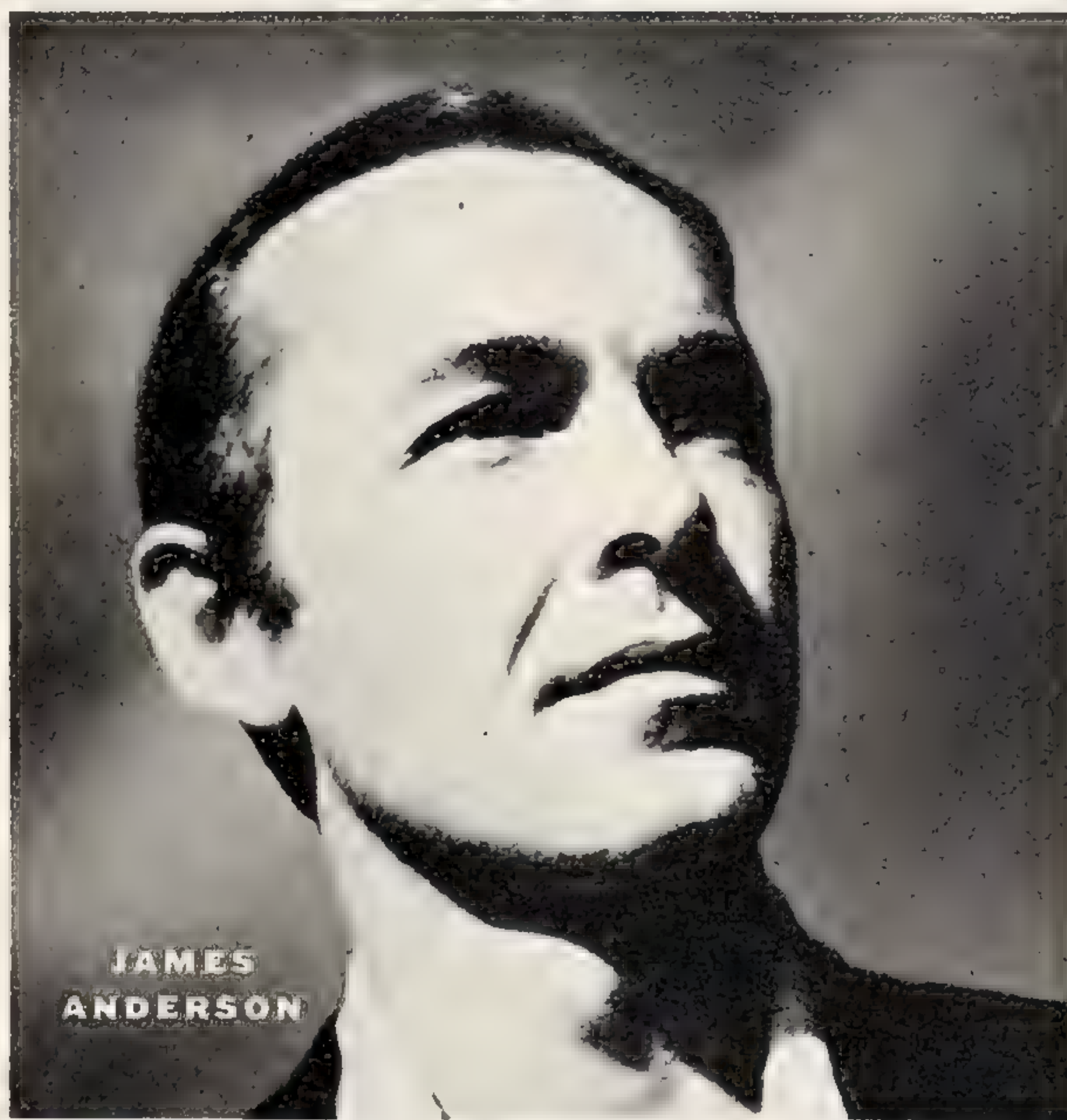
PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 70



JOAN  
ELAN



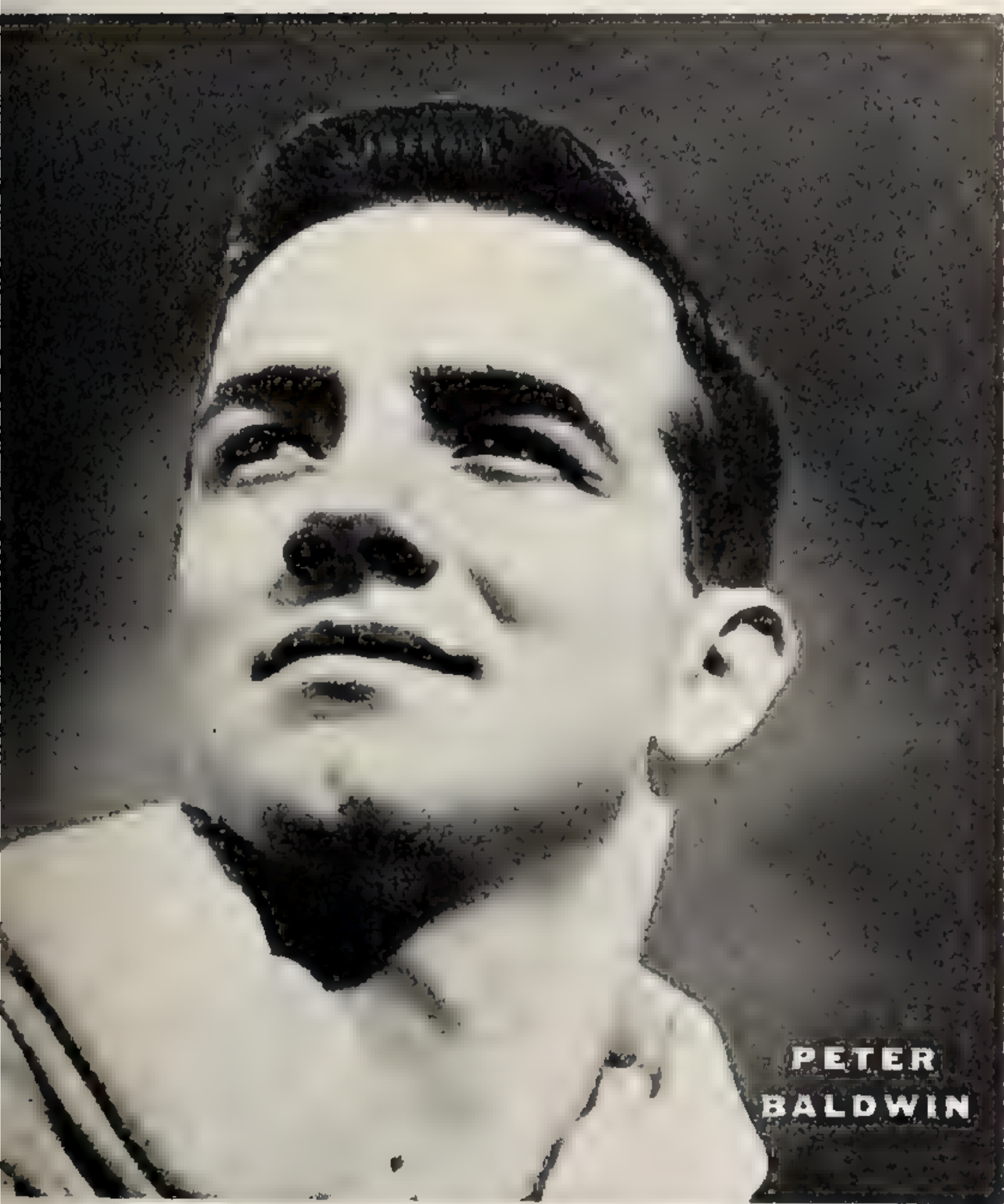
DOROTHY  
BROMILEY



JAMES  
ANDERSON



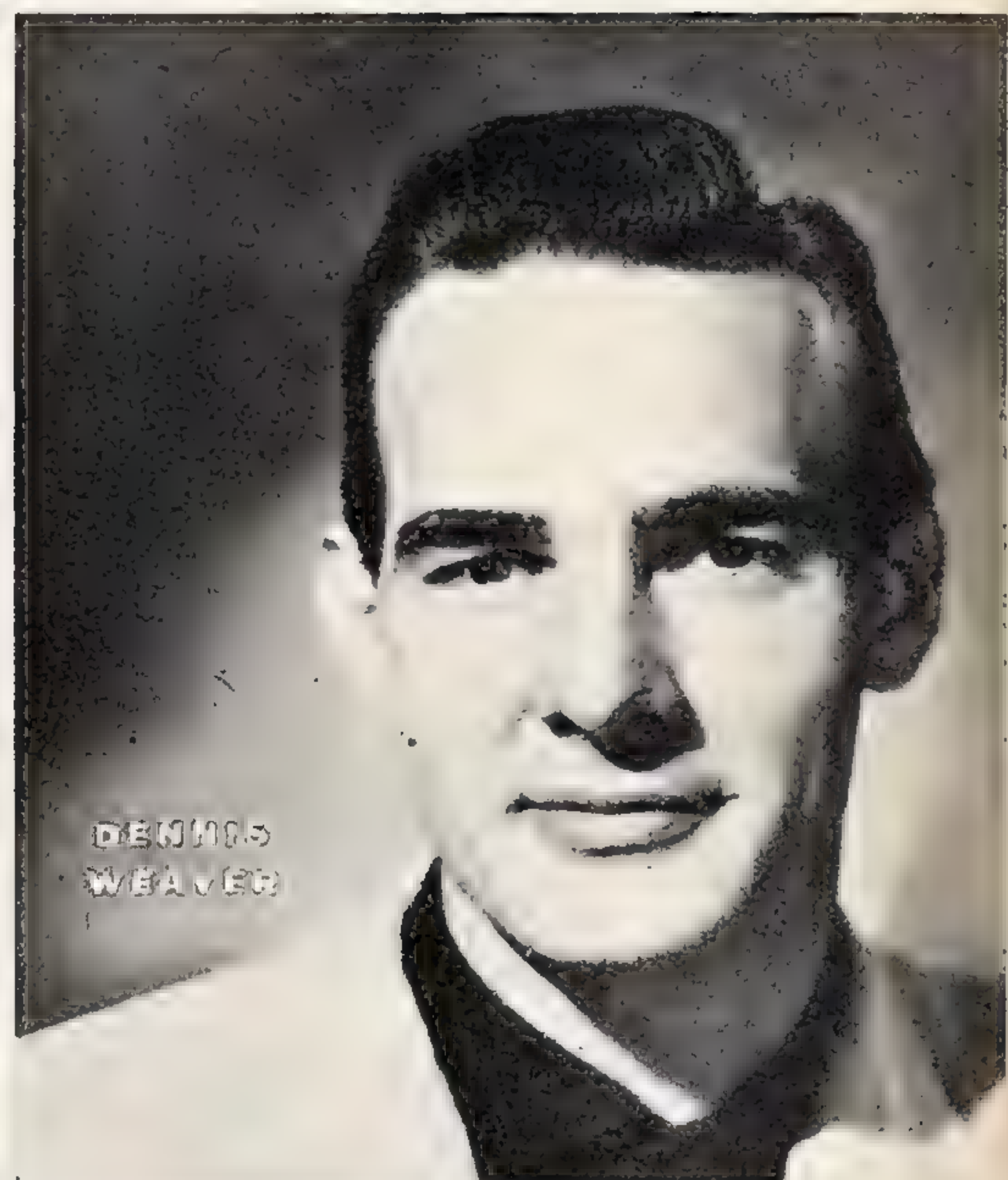
JOAN  
VOHS



PETER  
BALDWIN



MAGGIE  
McNAMARA



DENNIS  
WEAVER



CARA  
WILLIAMS

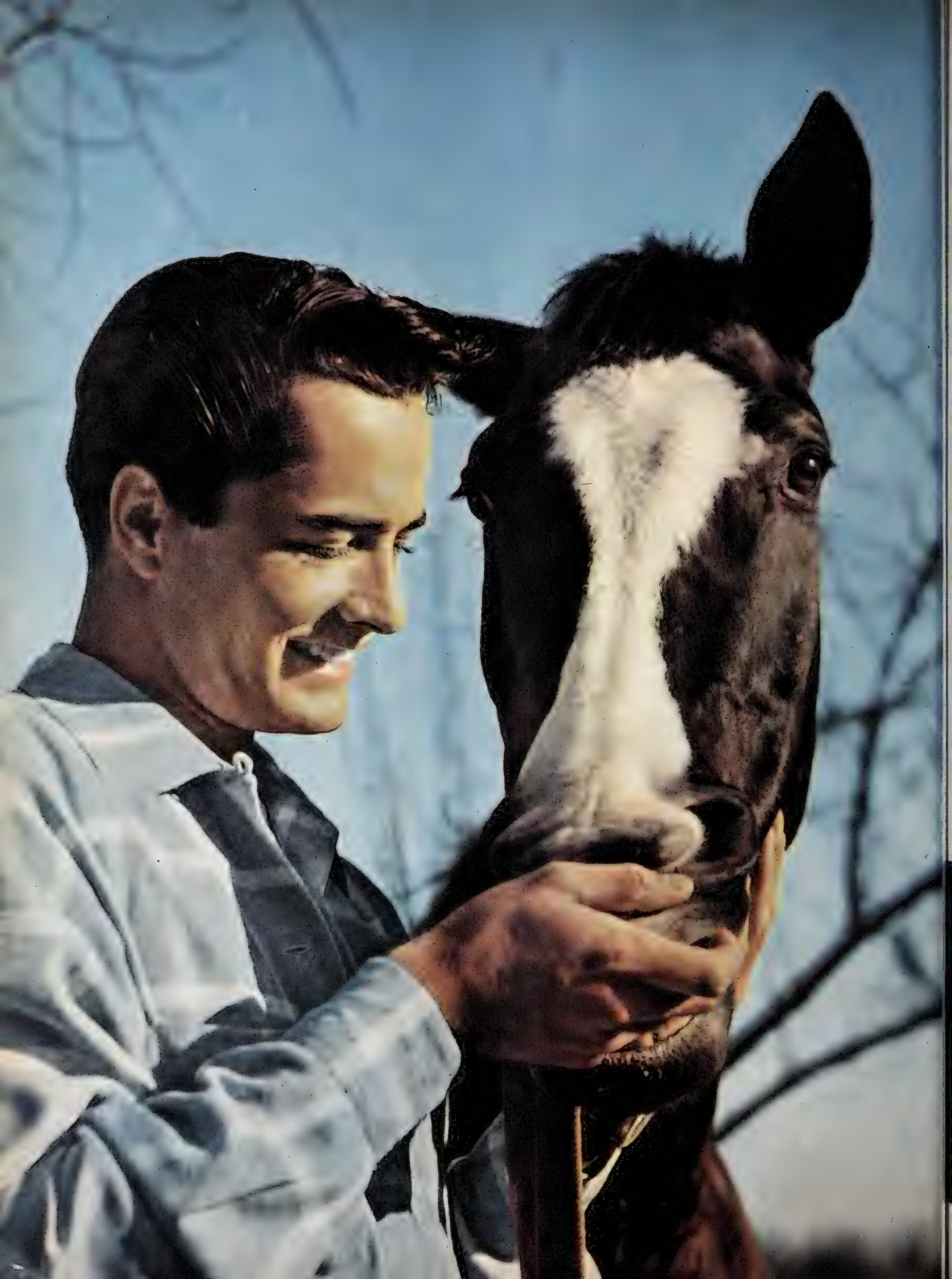


MARJORIE  
STEELE



MARY  
CASTLE







● Everybody east of Los Angeles thinks that a movie actor slides through life on a platinum chute. They think he is handed sleek Cadillacs and beautiful blondes—and that the cars never have anything wrong with them and the blondes are never temperamental.

Movie fans seem convinced that their hero moves with the grace of a tiger, and, above all, that he never makes a mistake.

Not me. Wherever I go, my jinx goes right along with me, hand in hand. When I'm appearing at a theatre, my main trouble is getting off the stage. Another trouble I have on stage is that I'm not endowed with the talent to sing or dance or entertain in any way. So I just talk, and pray for a heckler. Because a heckler would give me something else to say. Everybody in show business has hecklers. But not me. My audiences just sit there and wait politely for me to say something amusing, something to take home to the folks.

**E**verybody assumes a movie star leads a charmed existence. Maybe some actors really do. But I have my own particular brand of bumbling . . .

# I HAVE A TERRIBLE TIME

BY JOHN DEREK

Photo by Stern

And it's worse because I know what people think. Everybody assumes a movie star leads a charmed existence. Maybe some actors really do. But not me. I have my own particular brand of bumbling. Me, I have a terrible time.

I never seem to do the right thing. Once when I was on tour I was set for an interview with a bunch of girls who edited their high-school papers. When I walked into the room I saw about eighty of them sitting very formally around the edges of the room. They looked uncomfortable, and I decided to put them at ease by being informal myself. I strode across the room in what I fondly hoped was a Crosby fashion, grabbed a chair and tossed it in back of me—and sat down squarely on the floor. There was a resounding thump which did decidedly more to put the girls at their ease than it did me.

Even in my own town I have trouble. It used to be when I noticed people smiling at me on the streets I'd smile back. I figured they recognized me, not necessarily as a movie actor, but as someone they'd seen somewhere. It got so I was smiling away at everybody. Pretty soon assorted girls were throwing me looks that killed. So I've stopped smiling at strangers, and now people are tagging me a swell-headed snob.

And there are other problems. For instance, we keep a horse and two burros. They always behaved beautifully until the day when visiting friends asked to see our stable. I brought the horse outside the fence and turned around to close the gate. He had always stood there waiting for me. But this day he had to go chasing off over hill and dale. Our friends thought it was pretty comical to watch me chase the horse all over the valley. When I finally caught him and put him back, the minute I opened the gate the two burros bolted and headed in different directions. They had never done it before and haven't done it since.

I said the burros never made an escape via the gate, but that doesn't mean they don't try to get out. I spent days building that fence and an hour after I'd finished, both donkeys got down on their knees and slid under it. The same thing happened with the fence I put up for the dogs. I worked all day at it and when it was finished I went up to the house to call my wife Pati to come see my handiwork. I was pretty smug about it, too. Until we were standing inside the (Continued on page 97)





**F**irst Star for Fall... You in Janet Leigh's exciting jersey-and-taffeta dress, designed by Jay Morely, Jr., for her new Universal film, "Walking My Baby Back Home." It's yours for the making with our brand-new pattern, a 3-in-1, now-into-fall fashion! Janet wears the original in

the "now" version: sleeveless with organdy collar, cuffs. For "into-fall," make it with three-quarter sleeves; for dress-up, remove dickey! Order PHOTOPLAY'S Advance Star Pattern #6509, 35c, by coupon on page 63 or through local dealers. For back views, sizes, yardage, see page 63



NOW SHOOTING:

# FIRST FALL FASHIONS

· PHOTOPLAY  
· ★  
· STAR  
· FASHIONS  
· FOR  
· NOW-INTO-FALL  
·

**F**ashion's newest star: Styles that stay on-stage now and all through Autumn. What's the cue? Wonderful new fabrics that are made to look like fall, feel like now—every one as beautiful as a Hollywood star! The tweedy winter cottons . . . crisp, nubby rayons . . . cloudy, washable orlon wools . . . and other new miracle blends. Whether you buy or make your clothes, find your fabric and set the stage for fall. Lights, camera, action!

*All black and white  
photos by Dan Wynn*

**STAND-BY** to star in all season! On set of Warners' "Plunder of the Sun," Diana Lynn wears Everglaze stripe-print cotton blouse, 32-38, under \$5, Blousemaker. Washable orlon-wool Lorette skirt (pleats are permanent!) 7-15, under \$11, by Jonathan Logan. Mademoiselle shoes. Belmo belt

TURN PAGE FOR MORE FASHIONS







**LEAVING SET** for dinner date, Diana just changes tops. Black wool jersey, Blousemaker, 32-38 under \$6

**NOW SHOOTING:**

# **FIRST FALL FASHIONS** *continued*



**NOW SHE'S A PIXIE** in fall dress-and-jacket of Galey & Lord dark woven-check cotton, 7-15, under \$13. Helen Whiting. Madcaps hat



**DIANA'S GRACIOUS** in suit-dress of Herbert Meyer cotton tweed. Wyner jersey bodice. Maxine Bentley for Youthguild. 7-15, under \$30



**SCENE CHANGE:** Diana in same Jonathan Logan skirt, pin-stripe Blousemaker shirt. 32-38, under \$6





**GRACE KELLY** of M-G-M's "Mogambo" is trim in David Crystal suit, Burlington rayon tweed, 10-18, under \$30



**GAY WOOL PLAID** belted skirt, scarf, 10-15, under \$17; Heller jersey top, 32-38, under \$8. Nawrocki of Leyton



**CAMERA-STOPPER:** Grace in Majestic surplice-top suit of Burlington ribbed cotton-rayon ottoman. 10-18, about \$18. Her hats, Madcaps. Shalimar gloves





**EVELYN KEYES**, fresh from Paris trip, is in love with her Paris-inspired outfit—and its low American price! On set while shooting U.A.'s "Crosstown," she wears Teen-Timers three-piecer with moulded midgy line, huge French sleeves. Slim skirt, jumper midgy in Labtex washable, miracle-blend tweed; blouse, white cotton. 10-18, under \$12

**DOING AN ANNIE OAKLEY** on stage for another U.A. film, "Shoot First," Evelyn wears smart fall first, a two-piece dress with tuck-in top, white pique dickey, red velveteen belt. By Junior House, in Deering Milliken wool-rayon tweed, 9-15, about \$25. Taylor bracelet-watch





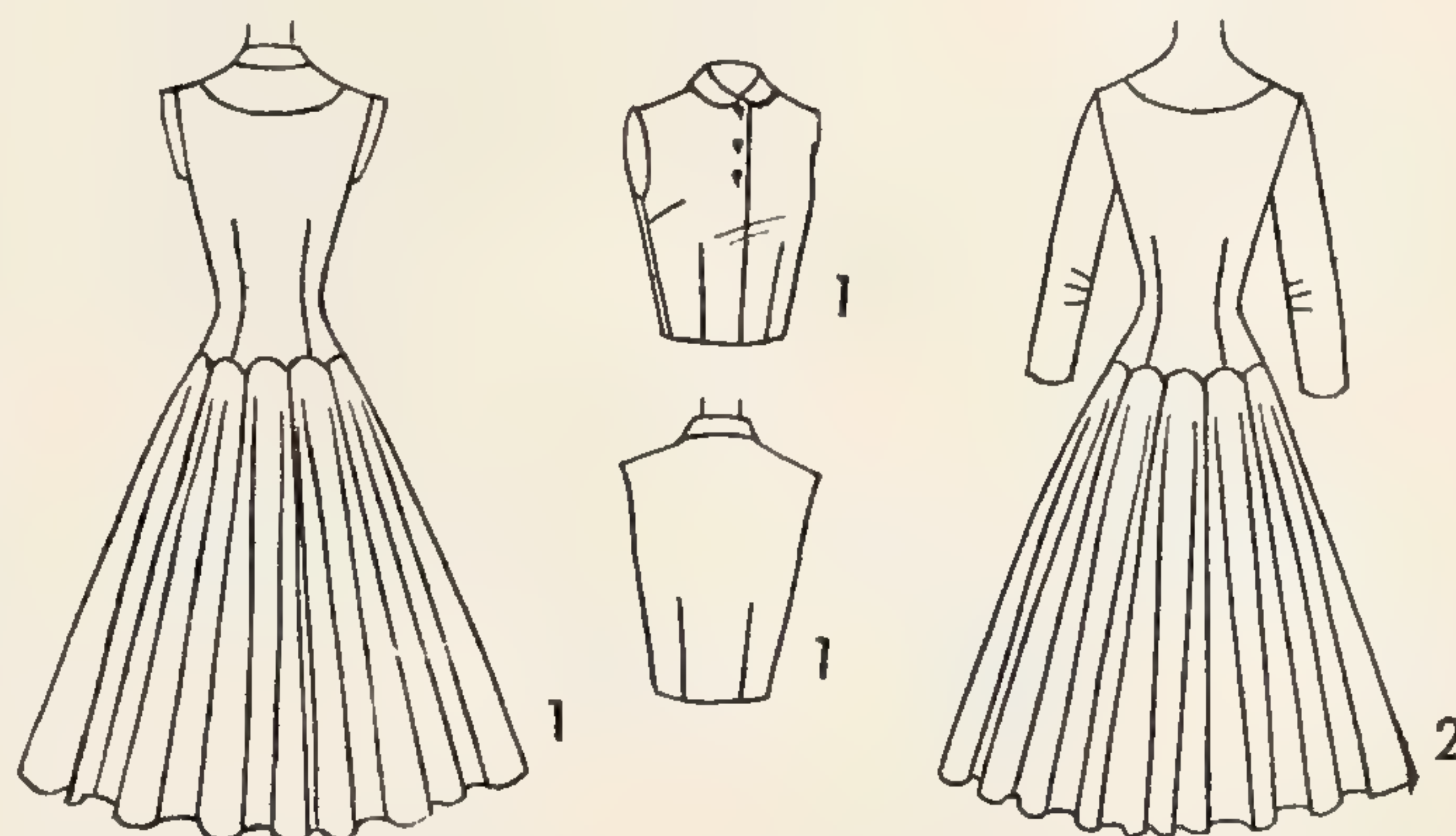
NOW SHOOTING:

# FIRST FALL FASHIONS

*continued*

## PHOTOPLAY'S ADVANCE STAR PATTERN

Back Views, yardages for Janet Leigh Dress, page 58



Advance #6509: Size 14 requires: View 1: jumper skirt and matching dickey-blouse, 8 yards 42-inch rayon taffeta; jumper top,  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 54-inch wool jersey;

collar and cuffs,  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 35-inch organdy; bow,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 34-inch ribbon. View 2: (dress, all in one fabric)  $5\frac{3}{8}$  yards 54-inch fabric

**WHAT A BEAUTIFUL VIEW!** La Keyes in new Tournament Blazer, white with red design (under \$17) over a beige turtleneck sweater (under \$6), matching skirt (under \$11). All, Jane Irwill in Botany wools. Misses sizes. Castlecliff jewelry

You can buy these Photoplay Star Fashions in stores listed on page 73)

ADVANCE PATTERN CO., INC.  
P. O. Box #21, Murray Hill Station,  
New York 16, New York

Please send me pattern #6509, Photoplay's Janet Leigh dress, in size.....(sizes 10, 12, 14, 16). Enclosed is 35¢ in cash.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....





**DEEP IN THE HEART  
OF HOLLYWOOD**



*In his ranch home in the San Fernando Valley, Audie Murphy is staking his claim to the happiness he's earned*

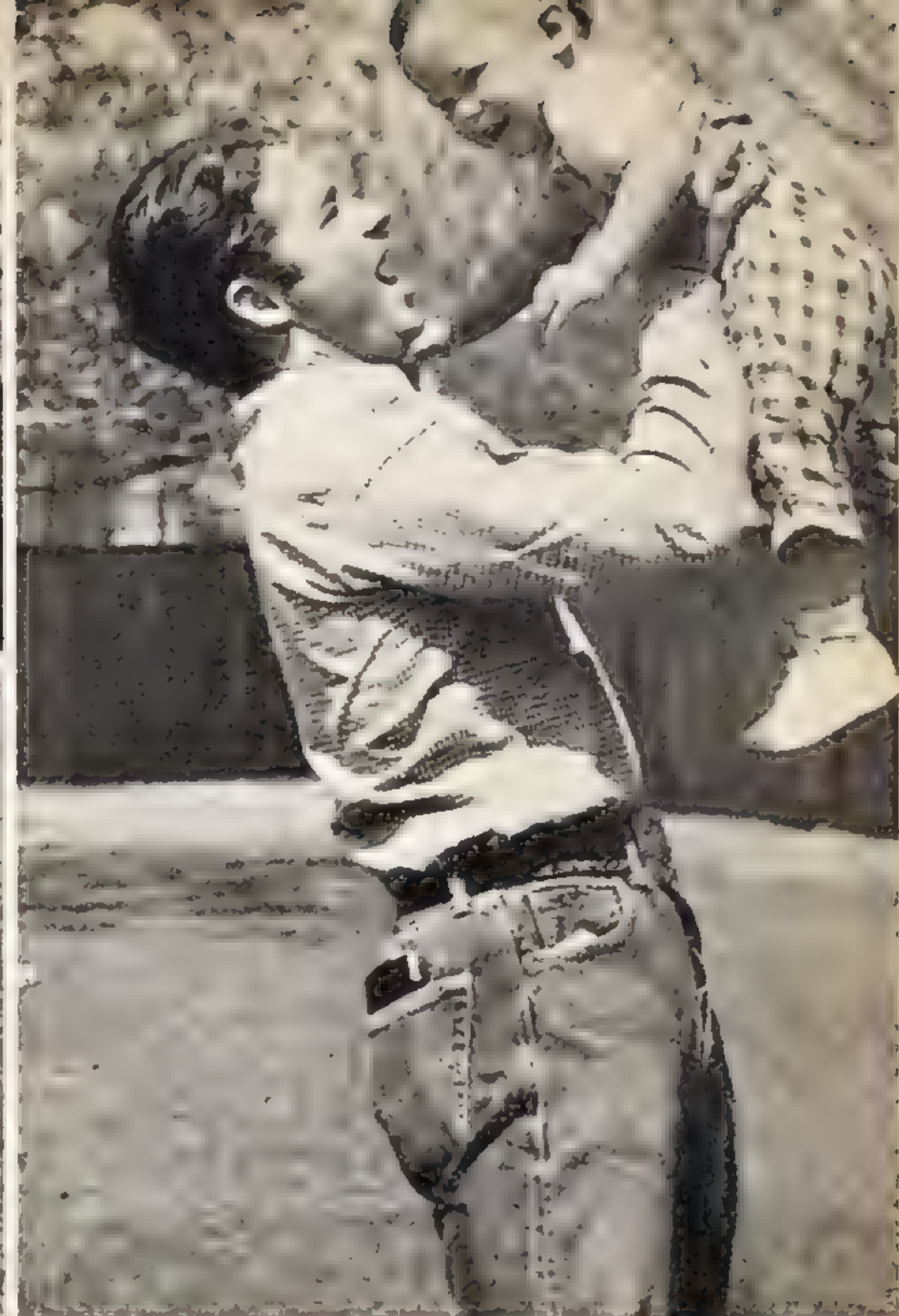
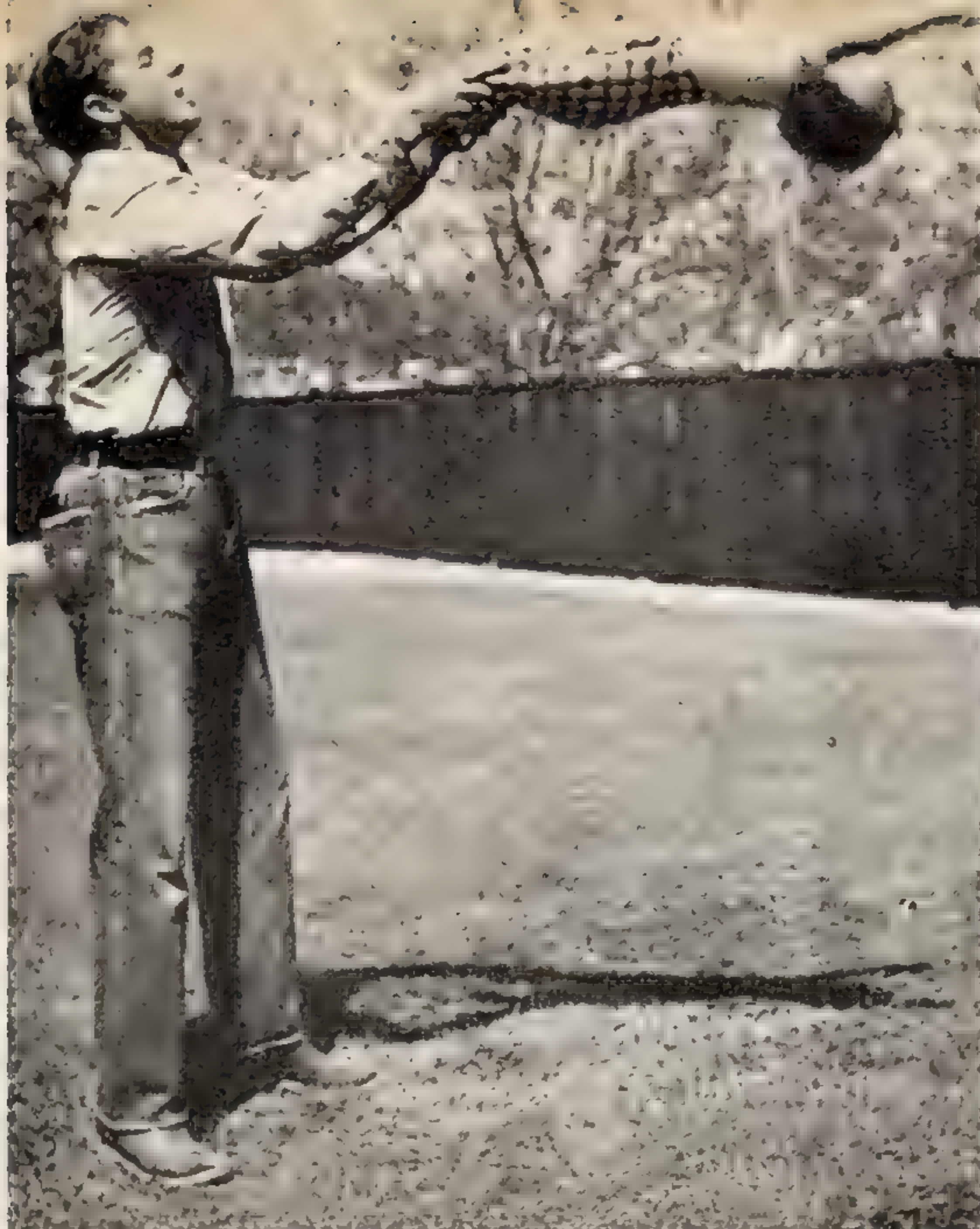
BY HELEN GOULD

● Los Angeles' International Airport was fogbound. The plane Pam Murphy had come to meet was an hour and a half late. But for small Terry Michael Murphy it was *very* late. Ten o'clock was way past his bed time; he had gone to sleep in his mother's arms. And there they both were waiting for Daddy.

Finally, Daddy—Audie Murphy—came bounding off the airliner to envelop them both in a big bear hug. Young Terry, aroused a bit in the transfer to his father's arms, opened one eye to scan the situation and went peacefully back to sleep. Later, driving home, Terry made a movement, as if something had occurred to him in dreamland. This time he opened both eyes wide and reached over from Pam's lap, easy like, to touch Audie on the shoulder. It was as if he said, "Are you really back, Daddy?" And having reassured himself Terry went back to sleep.

Audie drove to San Fernando Valley and left the hustle and bustle to turn into a side street. It's a street of good houses, set invitingly back from the sidewalk. Shaded with walnut trees, it's a street where kids ride bikes after school; with maybe an occasional pooch investigating what goes on at the neighbors'. You could easily imagine those neighbors borrowing that traditional cup of sugar from each other. But they wouldn't be sending the maid for it. This street is one where people do their own chores.

Now the street was sleeping in the relaxed, clear night. But the inviting porch light that Pam had left on glowed on the (Continued on page 78)

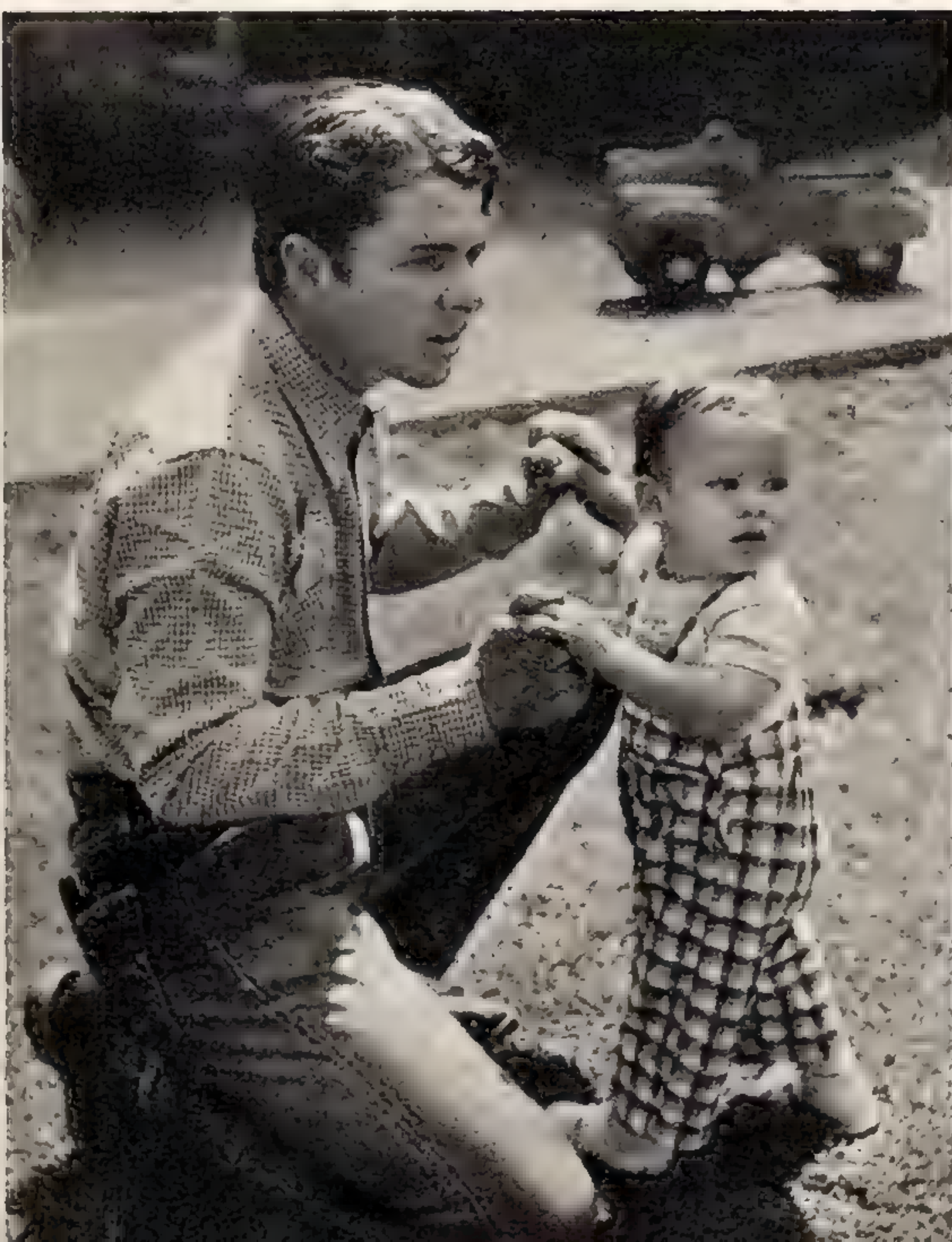


*Don't fence Terry in—he's an outdoor guy like his daddy. And the joy of his life is when his father comes home and begins tossing him around!*



Pictures by Ornitz

*Pam's too busy keeping up with Terry, Audie and running the house to brood about "Hollywood" problems. She likes to go out occasionally—and when she gets that gleam in her eye, Audie knows it's his turn to baby sit!*





THE  
DIRECTOR



Jerry Lewis

THE CAST



Janet Leigh  
as "Marie"



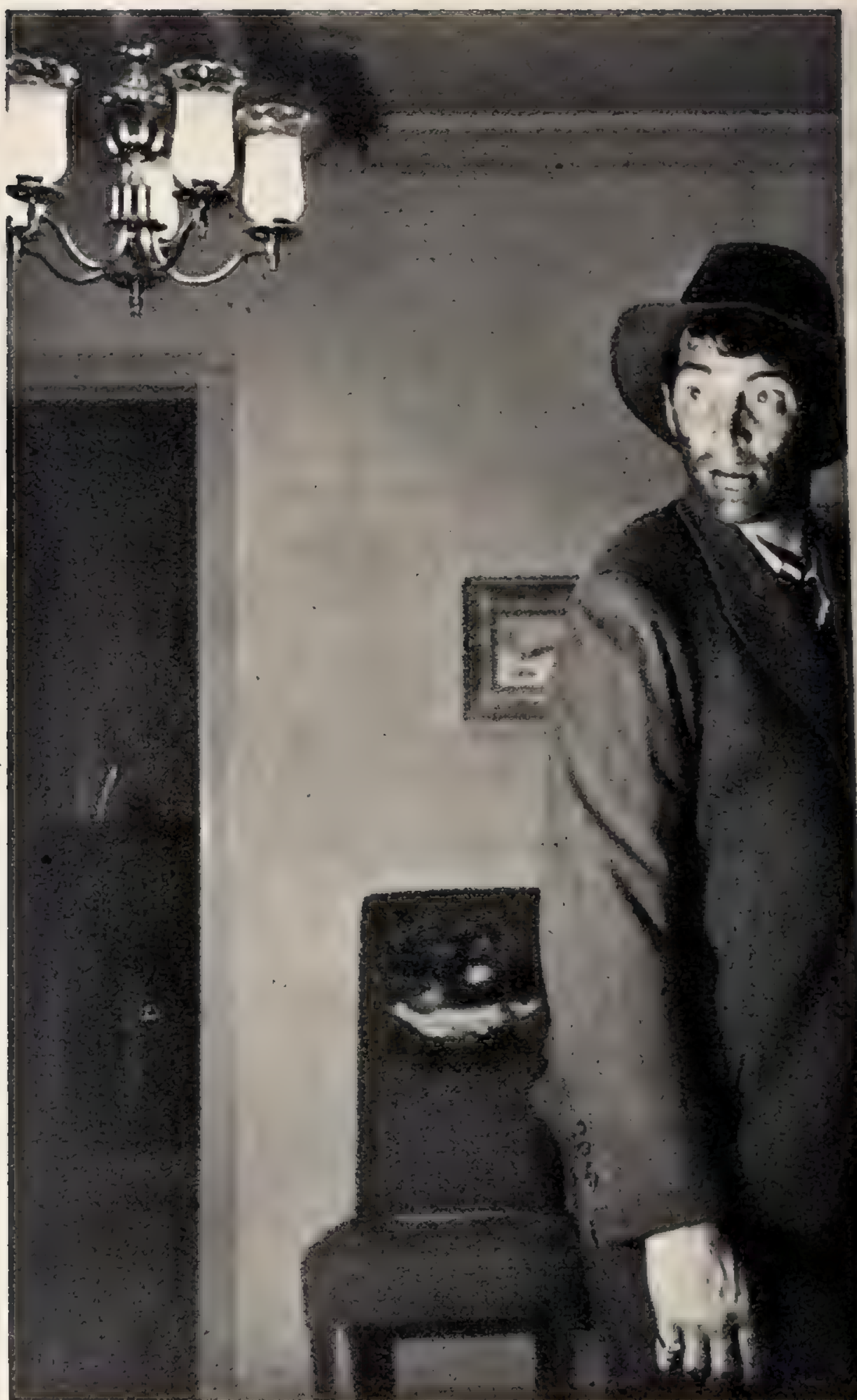
Tony Curtis  
as "Turk"



Patti Lewis  
as "Lola"



Dean Martin  
as "Doc"



PHOTOPLAY

SNEAK

PREVIEWS...

# A PICTURE

*The Martin and Lewis Home Film*

*Version of "Come Back, Little Sheba"*





# YOU'LL NEVER SEE!

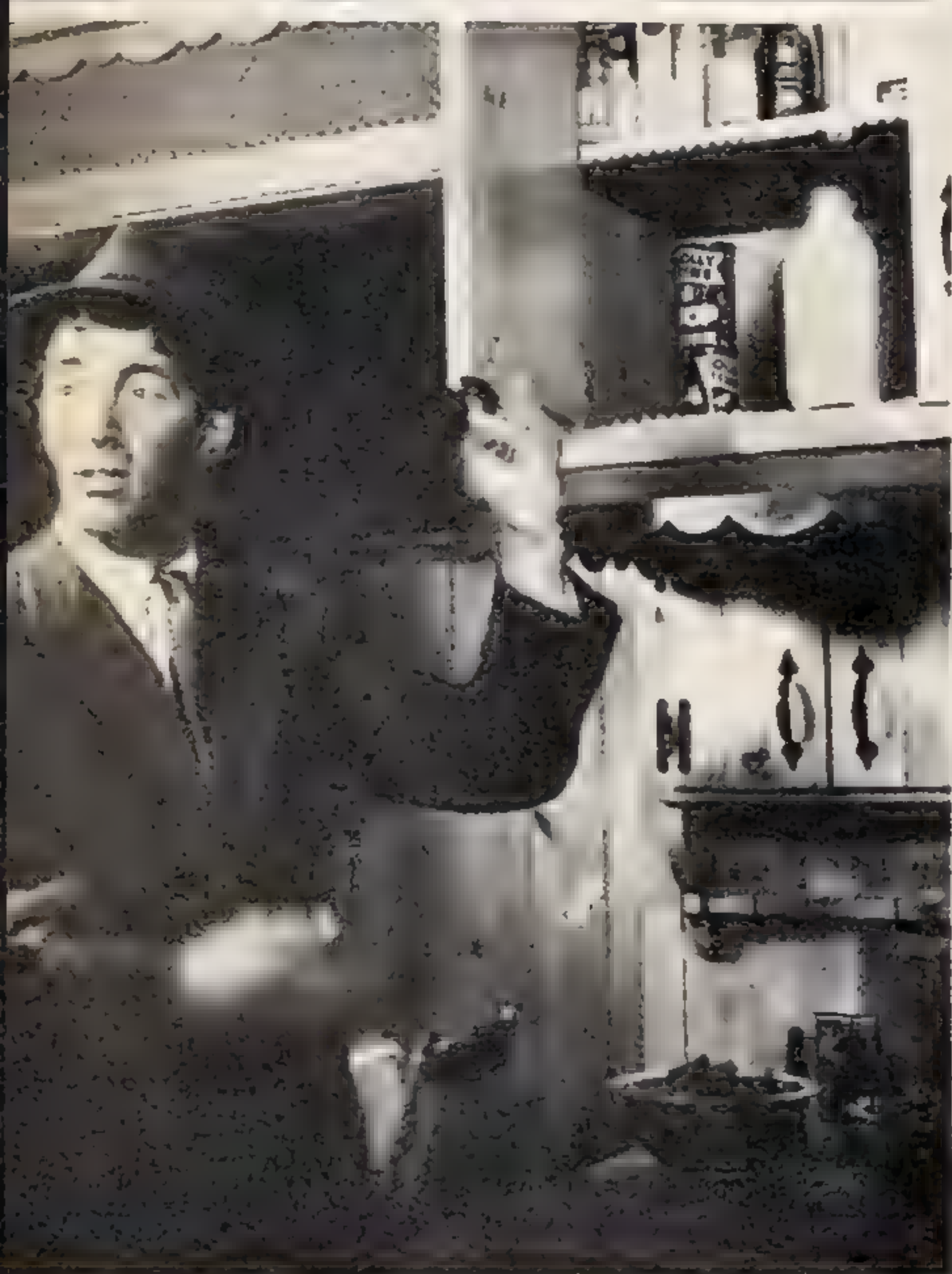
● There were times when PHOTOPLAY's photographer, Sterling Smith, wondered if he hadn't wandered into a madhouse! But though the goings-on are whacky, Martin and Lewis and their friends put a lot of serious thought into their homemade satires on current Hollywood films. Their latest—a parody of "Come Back, Little Sheba"—kept cast and crew working nights and Sundays for six weeks, cost \$2,500 to produce. Jerry and his friends operate their home

moviemaking under the name Garron Productions—after Jerry's two sons, Gary and Ronnie. Members of the club—all close friends—pay monthly dues to defray "entertainment" costs. And there's plenty of off-the-set entertainment!

Shirley Booth and Burt Lancaster, stars of the original "Sheba," were invited to watch Dean and Jerry's wife, Patti, caricature their performances at the premiere in Jerry's home. Finale to the fun was the presentation of awards

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE →





**PHOTOPLAY  
SNEAK  
PREVIEWS...**

## **A PICTURE YOU'LL NEVER SEE!**

*CONTINUED*

—called “Patricks”—to everyone who worked on the film. After which the picture was shelved—along with the other satires. And Martin and Lewis and their gang began looking—for another subject for their home-brewed movie “madness.”





# hollywood whispers

BY FLORABEL MUIR

Frank Sinatra gets a fine break in "From Here to Eternity" and so does Ava Gardner in "Mogambo." Their marriage has a better chance of working out with them both in a good mood. All movie actors and actresses are happy when their careers are going along smoothly. Frank's picture work was dragging for awhile and so were his spirits. Hence plenty of arguments with his wife—and everybody else with whom he came in contact. Maybe my prediction that they'll part before this year is out will not come true. Since I like them both, I hope so.

Seems as if every time Gail Russell and Guy Madison get set for a reconciliation he has to leave town to go fishing. That's what happened again recently. He acts as if he wants to wait awhile and so does she.

Bets are that Jane Withers and Bill Moss will get back together before it is too late. He sent her a diamond-studded ring for her birthday.

The Dan Dailey-Gwen O'Connor romance began shortly after Gwen and her talented young husband Donald decided to call it a day. Friends wondered if she were attracted to Dailey because he is a sort of older version of her estranged husband. Dailey's theatrical bag of tricks is just about the same as Donald's. They both dance and sing. Dan is intensely interested in riding horses which he raises on his ranch in San Fernando Valley and he has been teaching Gwen to ride. This romance may be worth watching.

Gregory Peck's openly dating Hildegard Neff around the various spots in Europe while his wife Greta stays in Hollywood alone and keeps mum.

Dick Haymes is dating Rita Hayworth while his wife Nora talks with her attorney. Nora told friends Dick's financial troubles caused him to be so short-tempered nobody could live with him. He's up to his neck in debt to Uncle Sam. Nora has her income-tax troubles, too, dating from the days when she was Mrs. Errol Flynn. Uncle Sam recently clapped a lien on her for taxes Errol didn't pay. She is trying to get Errol to pay up for what he owes her for the support of their two children.



## Are you in the know?

To start school with a bang—

☐ Be a hide-beater ☐ Gang up ☐ Try soloing  
Don't let those hermit blues set in! Have you a special talent, hobby? Gang up with kindred souls who share it. Help with the school paper, or posters for the fall prom. Or, hop on the bandwagon (who knows—you might be a Rosemary, junior grade!). And don't let *calendar* cares nag you. With Kotex, you can beat off "outline" blues, for those *flat pressed ends* don't show—so, your public will never know!



Are these autographs likely to go—

☐ To her head ☐ Round her waist

A walking album—your scrapbook belt (new fun fashion)! Make-believe leather with vinyl plastic "window", it holds your heroes' autographs, snapshots—whatever suits your fancy. And here's something for your *memory* book: at problem time, you can choose a Kotex absorbency that suits you—*exactly*. Try Regular, Junior, Super.



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\*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic... they're designed to prevent curling, cutting, or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunkings; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two... *for a change!*



What's on a smart job-holder's mind?

☐ The future ☐ The clock ☐ New material  
Your heart's set on a big-time career? Better keep your mind on the future instead of each visiting fireman. Show the boss you're dependable. Promotion-worthy. What's more, come "those days", don't count on heaven alone to protect the working gal. Choose Kotex! That *safety center* gives *extra* protection—and you get lasting comfort, for this softer Kotex *holds its shape!*



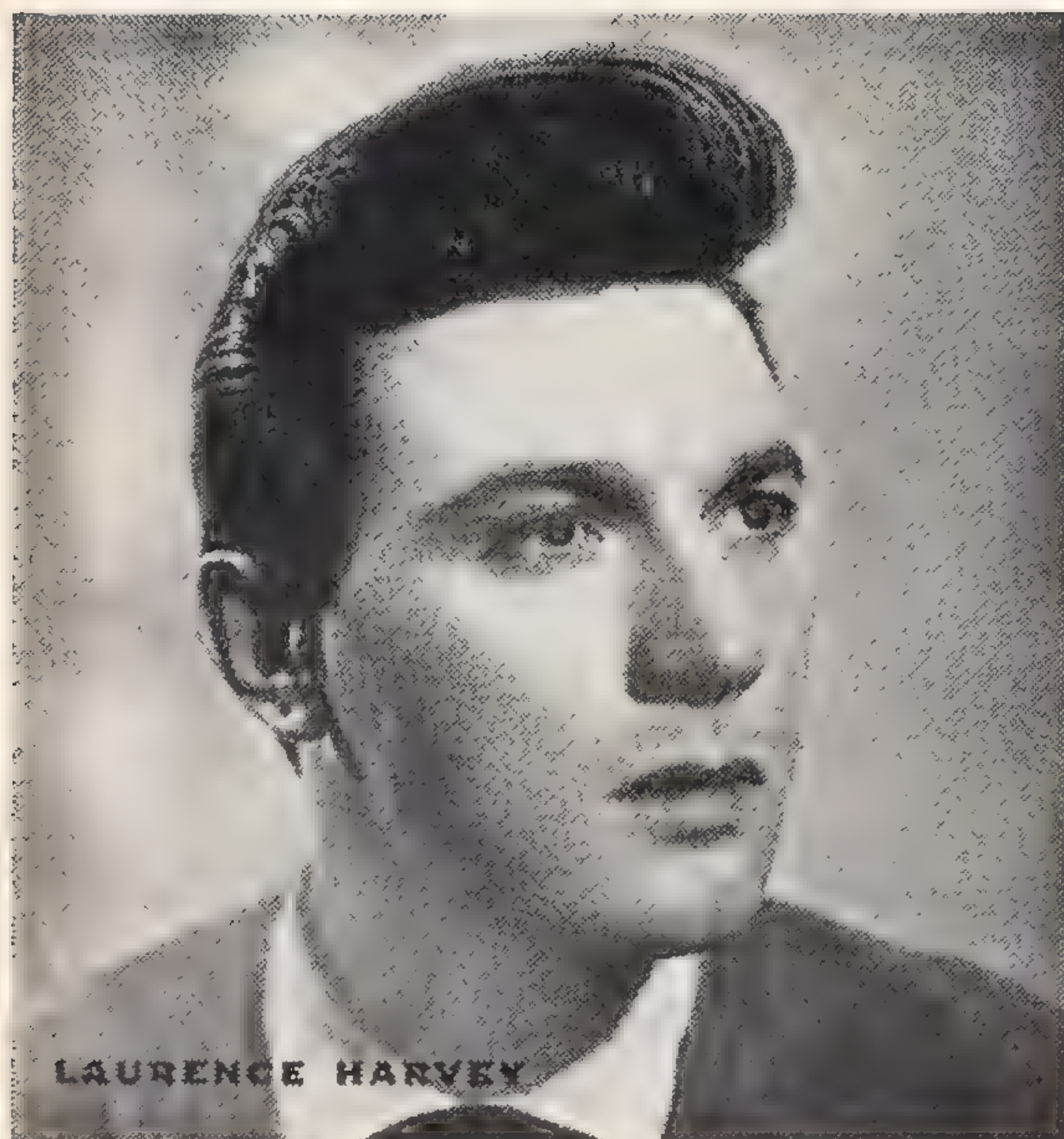
# CHOOSE YOUR STARS!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

*tieth Century-Fox.* Five feet two, red-headed, unwed, she's had summer stock, radio and TV experience. Experience plus beauty should do the trick for her.

**Pat Crowley:** Under contract to *Paramount*. Pat gets her first starring role with Ginger Rogers in "Forever Female." You've seen her on TV in "A Date With Judy." Unmarried, 5'4" tall, weighing 109 pounds, she has hazel eyes and dark brown hair. *Paramount* is really behind Pat, and she'll be in "Money from Home" with Martin and Lewis and in "Red Garters" with Rosemary Clooney.

**Ben Cooper:** Current picture, "Thunderbirds." *Republic* never carries a big contract list, but they have been very successful with such as they have (witness



LAURENCE HARVEY



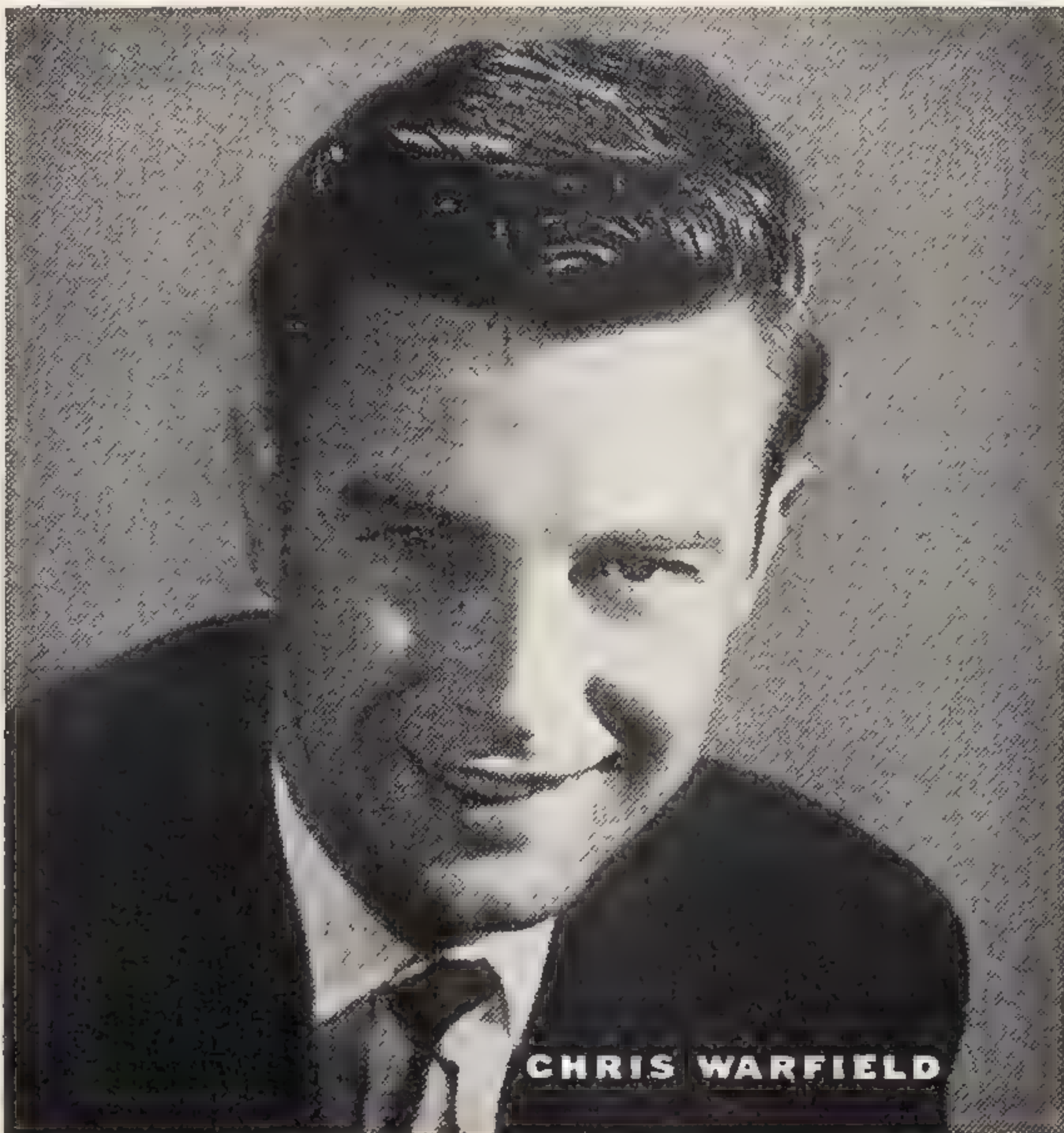
CAROLE MATHEWS



MERV GRIFFIN



AUDREY HEPBURN



CHRIS WARFIELD



PAT CROWLEY



John Wayne). They have this dark, handsome boy on their dotted line. Still in his teens, with sharp acting ability, he stands a great chance.

**Audrey Dalton:** Current picture, "Titanic." Brought over from England by *Paramount* with Dorothy Bromiley and Joan Elan, Audrey has clicked the best of the trio so far. Serenely beautiful, dark haired, with grey-green eyes, she is eighteen, intelligent and Irish. Looks like a winner.

**Mark Dana:** Current picture, "Desert Song." Extra tall, super-lean, with brown hair and eyes. Mark stood out as the junior officer in "Desert Song." Good acting ability, but has he that *plus* value?

**Joan Elan:** Current, debut picture, "Girls of Pleasure Island." Born in Ceylon, but

British, Joan is another of *Paramount's* English trio. Twenty-three, she has a sexy, pixie charm that may flash her to the top.

**Race Gentry:** Current picture, "Lawless Breed." Tall, dark, very virile with distinctive dramatic talent. The fan mail response to this nice guy has been so marked, a special contract is being worked out for him at *Universal-International*. Definitely out to make the grade.

**Joanne Gilbert:** Debut picture, "Red Garters." Twenty-one, five feet six, this hazel-eyed, perfectly formed, dark-haired chic lass is literally an overnight sensation. Booked into Hollywood's Mocambo, known only as the daughter of a song writer, she clicked so big that before a month was up she was making \$3,000 a week in the smart

night clubs. A girl who can do that can probably do anything—and that's what *Paramount*, who has her, hopes.

**Robert Graham:** Current picture, "The I Don't Care Girl." A fine singer with much radio and theatrical experience, five eleven, with blond good looks. Though *Twentieth* dropped him, Bob should be quickly re-pacted by another studio.

**Jacqueline Green:** Current picture, "Girls in the Night." About twenty-five, this dark-eyed actress is distinctly the character type. Which can be a handicap—but occasionally works out *à la* Bette Davis.

**Merv Griffin:** Current picture, "By the Light of the Silvery Moon." Like Chuck Connors, here's another athlete snared by *Warners*—but primarily for his fine singing voice. A recording artist, he's had lots of radio experience, is smart, young and good-looking—what more does he need?

**Ruth Hampton:** Current picture, "Law and Order." Just twenty-one, Ruth Hampton has been winning beauty contests ever since her first birthday—which is one of the things which earned her a *U-I* contract. More in her favor besides her looks: She's a ballerina who can sing and act. A right combination, you'll admit.

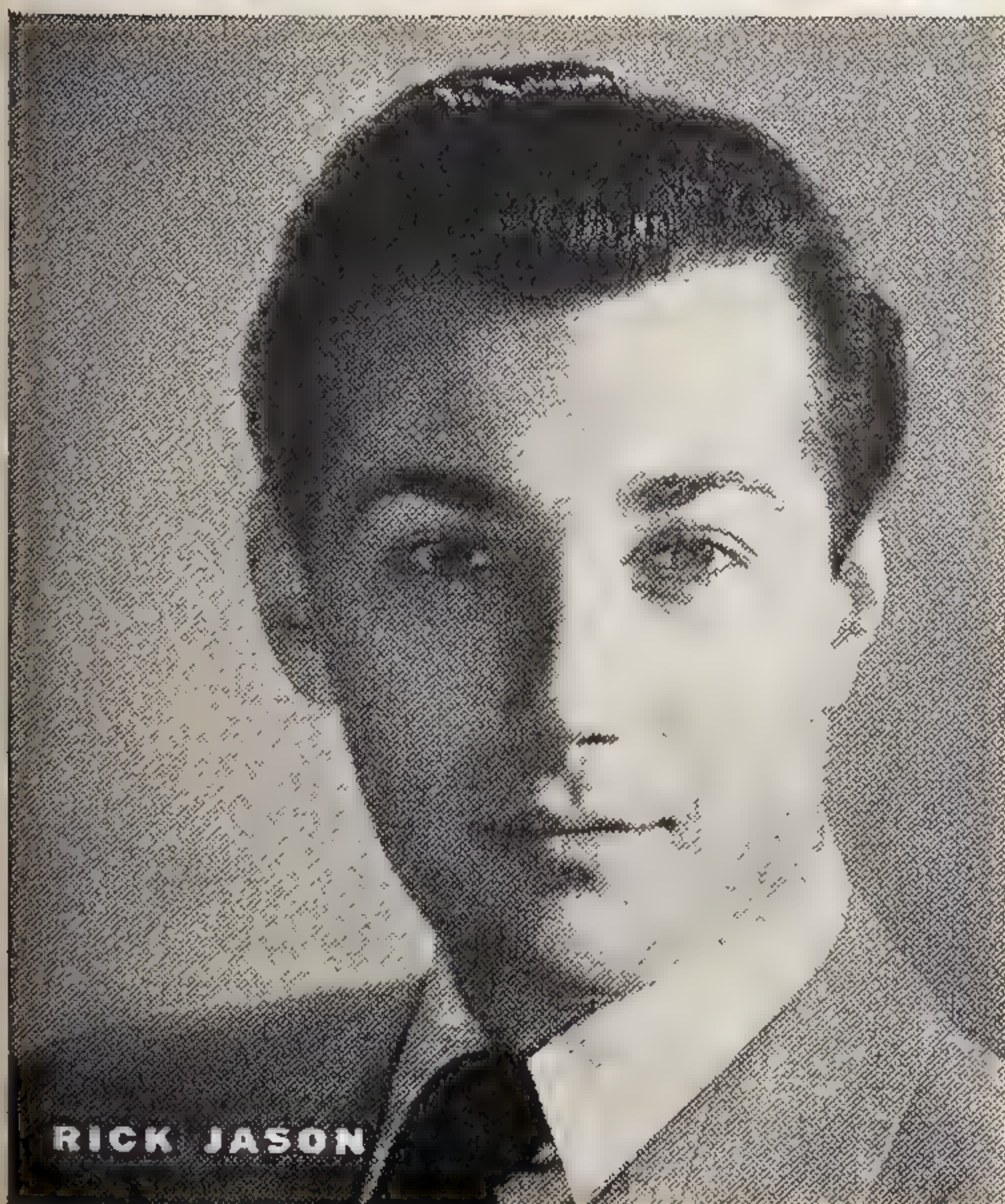
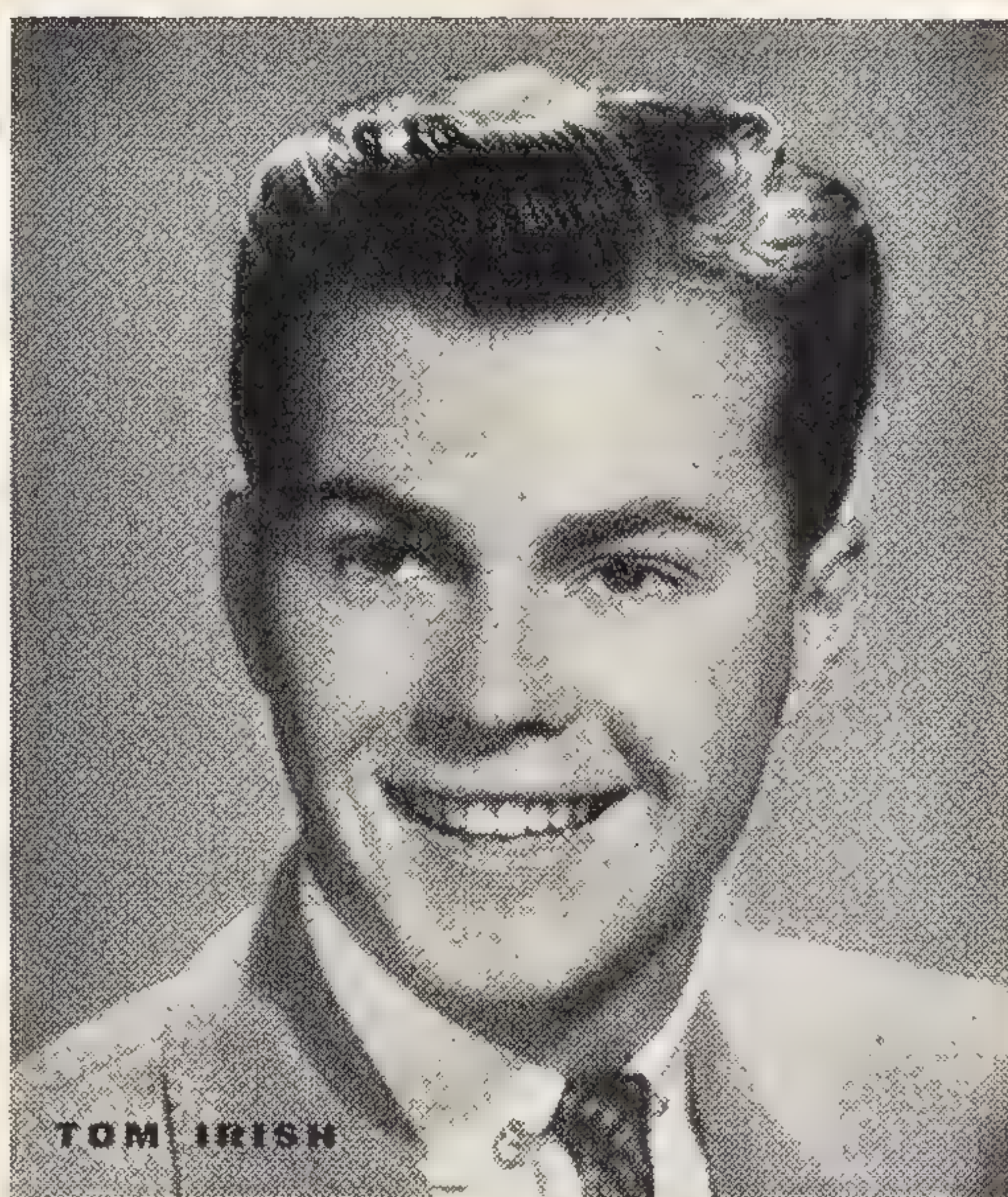
**Patricia Hardy:** Current picture, "Girls in the Night." Not too long ago Pat was a Copacabana chorus girl—and she looks the type, meaning wonderful figure, Irish little face, big blue eyes. Is this enough?

**Laurence Harvey:** Young, attractive, brunette, Larry is in the English-made "I Believe in You," and will be in "Romeo and Juliet." On his recent trip to Hollywood, Larry made no movies but as a young-man-about-town he was Terry Moore's frequent escort.

**Bill Hayes:** Current picture, "Stop, You're Killing Me." Only the sharply curtailed contract lists would leave such talent as Bill's unsigned. Twenty-seven, a Navy vet, Bill is darkly handsome and has a superb singing voice. He's now on Broadway in a hit musical.

**Roberta Haynes:** Current picture, "Return to Paradise." *Columbia* will give this twenty-three-year-old, very brainy beauty the works, *à la* Hayworth, so great is the promise she shows in "Return to Paradise." Stage experience, dancing, ultra-smart, she has it.

**Marcia Henderson:** Current picture, "Thunder Bay." *Uni-* (Continued on next page)





*versal-International*, the studio which has developed more young stars than any other in recent years, regards Marcia as one of its most talented.

**Audrey Hepburn:** First American picture, "Roman Holiday." You may have caught glimpses of this tall, dark-eyed doll in British films, but *Paramount* has her now, and believes with her beauty, extensive stage and film experience and international background she will be a major star.

**Tom Irish:** Current picture, "Island in the Sky." He's handsome, a slim six feet of socko manliness. He's young, just twenty-one. He can act. TV has him—but some studio should spot him soon.

**Rick Jason:** Current picture, "Sombbrero." Here's another candidate for that "tall, dark and handsome" label. An outstanding actor, too, with a distinctive face. It is all a matter of his getting the right part.

**Keith Larsen:** Current pictures, "Daughter of Belle Starr" and "Flat Top." Tennis, at which he is good enough to have won international tournaments, gave Keith his fine shoulders, slim height. Black-haired, brown-eyed, unmarried, in his mid-twenties, *Allied-Artists* have him, and are pushing him along the stardom route.

**Connie Marshall:** Current picture, "Saginaw Trail." Not too long ago, Connie was just a kid in "Mother Wore Tights." Can act all right, but may get lost in a town where beauty often goes begging.

**Carol Mathews:** Current picture, "Meet Me at the Fair." She has a beautiful figure, red-gold hair, a handsome face. Good actress, and sexy, too. But she's been around several years, which can mean she's passed the golden hour.

**Maggie McNamara:** Current and debut picture, "The Moon Is Blue." A sexy dish from the New York stage, she's different enough looking, and has the theatrical experience to make her click and big.

**Byron Palmer:** Current picture, "Tonight We Sing." Here is *Twentieth Century-Fox's* entry in the "he-can-sing" classification. He's another you can put your money on,

too, because he's not only dark, tall, handsome, young, rich—but also wise.

**Michael Pate:** Current pictures, "Face to Face" and "Houdini." Tall, distinctive looking, he may fall into the character-actor classification, for he has definite ability.

**Marisa Pavan:** Current picture, "What Price Glory." Pier Angeli's nineteen-year-old twin sister, dropped by *Twentieth*, she hasn't quite Pier's haunting loveliness but she has marked dramatic talent.

**Rex Reason:** Current picture, "Salome." Here's another of the lucky guys, with a studio solidly behind him, *Columbia*, in this case. Brown-haired, blue-eyed, unmarried, traveled, well-educated, lots of sex sock, he looks like Mr. Stardom.

**Glen Roberts:** Current picture, "Girls in the Night." Young husband of *Paramount's* young Joan Taylor. Originally a football UCLA star, came to Hollywood as a writer, but his height, handsome face got him in front of the camera. If brains and charm count, Glen is in, but def!

**Georges Saurel:** Current and debut picture, "South Sea Woman." Here's the type of dark, intelligent, charming Frenchman whom Hollywood glamour girls like Lana Turner have already discovered. Unmarried, not quite thirty, his slight accent probably won't be a handicap—not when balanced against his sex appeal.

**Marjorie Steel:** Current picture, "Face to Face." Wife of the very rich Huntington Hartford, who produced "Face to Face." Marjie of the very pretty face and curvaceous figure, proved she is a sensitive actress, too. She'll bear watching.

**Betta St. John:** Current picture, "Dream Wife." She's also in "All the Brothers Were Valiant" and "The Robe." *M-G-M* had her, and in less troublesome times, would certainly have kept her, because this frail, beautiful brunette can sing, dance, act and look enchanting.

**Carlos Thompson:** American debut picture, "Fort Algiers." Not since the Gable discovery days has *M-G-M* gone so over-

board on any personality as on Thompson. Studio is solidly in back of him from executives to messenger girls, who sigh as he passes. Six feet two, green-eyed, young, unmarried, a singer, a writer, a fine actor, there seems to be no way he can miss.

**Patricia Tiernan:** Current picture, "Battle Circus." A good looking girl, and a good actress, the brutal fact remains that nobody at *M-G-M* can remember her despite her having been in June Allyson's picture. Bad career sign, that.

**Bobby Van:** Current picture, "Small Town Girl." A kid born to show business, he started blowing a horn, advanced to Broadway musical comedies, is now *M-G-M's* red-hot hope for comedy stardom. Tall, with a funny face, he's cute.

**Milly Vitale:** *Columbia* found Milly in Italy, to which she returned after she played opposite Kirk Douglas in "The Juggler." Pretty and blonde, Milly will probably stick to foreign pictures.

**Joan Vohs:** Current picture, "Fort Ti." A twenty-three-year-old blonde, with a fine figure, Joan is the wholesome type. And you count up on the fingers of one hand how many girls of that description click in the long Hollywood run.

**Chris Warfield:** Current picture, "Take the High Ground." A handsome Los Angeles college man who wouldn't take the studio "No!" for an answer, Chris has a superb singing voice, six feet of height, blue eyes, brown hair, and now finally an *M-G-M* contract. He's socially sought after, which helps all careers.

**Dennis Weaver:** Current picture, "Column South." *U-I* had Dennis under contract for a long stretch, but dropped him recently in face of the Hudson-Curtis-Gentry competition. A good actor, he possibly isn't handsome enough.

**Joan Weldon:** Current picture, "The System." *Warners* seldom handles the careers of girl stars well, but with any casting wisdom (which she hasn't had so far) Joan should make the top. A statuesque brunette with flashing blue eyes, just out of her teens, Joan sings magnificently and can act besides.

**Cara Williams:** Current picture, "Girl Next Door." She's pert and pretty and Mrs. John Barrymore, Jr., but even at that. Cara has been around Hollywood so long she probably won't make the top grade. Too bad, because she acts well.

**Natalie Wood:** Current picture, "The Star." Not under contract currently, because she's in that in-between of child star not quite grown up. But watch her, for potentially she's a beauty and she has always been a great actress.

And that completes the list of new faces for this year. The stars of tomorrow are in this group of just-getting-started newcomers. So help *your* favorites along and send in your ballot which appears on page 52. All ballots must reach *PHOTOPLAY* no later than August 8, 1953.



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PP 8-53





# That's Hollywood For You

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



For Addams, no dominating Adam



Lawford—a seaside Beau Brummel



Stewart—a dream at night



Brando in his perfect part

ROBERTA HAYNES is one of the most promising sexlings in movietown . . . I hesitate about seeing a Joe Pasternak movie because he once boasted "my pictures don't have villains in them." . . . Of the many Tarzans, Lex Barker has the best mate: Lana Turner! . . . Give any actor a trench coat and he believes he's giving a great performance as a private-eye . . . On love, Dawn Addams says: "I want to be swept off my feet by a man I can dominate."

*I know that Marilyn Monroe doesn't take her reputation for glamour seriously but Zsa Zsa Gabor, who hasn't as much, does . . . Peter Lawford changes his swimming trunks four times a day at State Beach, which is really Schwabs-by-the-Sea . . . I can remember when the audience used to throw things at the performers; now it's vice versa . . . Performers with names like Tab, Piper, etc., have to convince me they are performers . . . Richard Burton is his own favorite actor.*

Glamour-package Elaine Stewart is wrapped in a transparent lace nightie for sleep . . . I'm amused by the fact that the same people who approve of John Wayne hitting a lady in a movie, disapprove when they read that his ex-wife accuses him of hitting her . . . Why do I keep believing Britishers Deborah Kerr and Greer Garson don't care too much for each other?

*Kathryn Grayson doesn't need 3-D to reach into the audience . . . Marlon Brando should play a football player in a movie . . . To me, Ida Lupino is always tense . . . Van Johnson, whose red socks are now his trademark, washes them himself . . . I can remember "Movies Are Better than Ever." Now it seems they're trying to prove movie screens are bigger than ever . . . All English actors are supposed to have good diction, even if you can't understand them . . . I Love Lucy as much as the next fellow, but I'm getting awfully weary of reading about Lucy and Desi. Let's have an intermission! . . . In his book "It Takes More than Talent," Mervyn LeRoy fearlessly states: "As far as I'm concerned, I never made a movie that I regretted doing." . . . Beautiful Ursula Thiess just isn't sexy to me.*

*Joan Crawford knits while she's looking at a movie and never drops a stitch—just a few remarks . . . I think blondes look cuter in pigtails than brunettes . . . You don't have to believe it, but Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh often entertain each other at home by playing chess . . . Lauren Bacall sleeps in pajamas or in nothing. She is a firm believer in pillow talk . . . I'm anxious for the next Judy Holliday movie on any type of screen . . . If I were in charge of a studio, I'd sign Gina Lollobrigida, the best dish to come out of Italy since spaghetti.*

Rita Hayworth always wears underwear, and with plenty of lace on it . . . Hollywood is a ringside table at Mocambo and it's also standing in line not far from the Mocambo picking up that unemployment check . . . Marie Wilson to a pet-shop clerk who suggested she measure her dog for size before buying him a sweater: "Oh, I can't do that. It's intended as a surprise." . . . Lamas and Dahl merely sitting in a night club is the best floor show in town.

*I think there's a ring of truth to Brandon De Wilde's impression of Hollywood: "The people are strange. They all seem to have fronts and no backs, just like the sets." . . . Tom Jenks claims the movies are still learning their A, B, C's. They're up to 3-D . . . Mickey Spillane was puzzled too when he told me that Jack Stang, who is the model for Mike Hammer, plays the role of a gangster in "I, The Jury," and is beaten up by Biff Elliott, who plays Mike Hammer. I answered, that's movies!*

I'm never really surprised by anything an actor does. Don't forget it was an actor who shot Lincoln . . . Hollywood is a glamour girl sitting at home watching TV because each fellow is afraid to phone her thinking she has a date . . . I don't get excited over every new singer with a hit record. Bing and Judy are still my favorites and they haven't had a smash hit record for a long time . . . Lana Turner's theory is that a woman should look her best in bed . . . Now that he is back, I think Vittorio Gassman ought to stick around, get acquainted with his child and maybe make a movie with his wife, Shelley.



## Casts of Current Pictures

**ALL I DESIRE—U.I.** Directed by Douglas Sirk: *Naomi Murdoch*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Henry Murdoch*, Richard Carlson; *Dutch Heineman*, Lyle Bettger; *Joyce Murdoch*, Marcia Henderson; *Lily Murdoch*, Lori Nelson; *Sara Harper*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Russ Underwood*, Richard Long; *Ted Murdoch*, Billy Gray; *Lena Engstrom*, Lotte Stein; *Peterson*, Fred Nurney; *Colonel Underwood*, Dayton Lummis.

**BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, THE—Warner.** Directed by Eugene Lourie: *Tom Nesbitt*, Paul Christian; *Lee Hunter*, Paula Raymond; *Prof. Elson*, Cecil Kellaway; *Col. Evans*, Kenneth Tobey; *Capt. Jackson*, Donald Woods; *Jacob*, Jack Pennick; *Corporal Stone*, Lee Van Cleef; *Sgt. Loomis*, Steve Brodie; *George Ritchie*, Ross Elliott; *Sgt. Willistead*, Ray Hyke; *Nesbitt's Sec'y*, Mary Hill; *Doctor*, Michael Fox; *1st Radar Man*, Alvin Greenman; *Dr. Morton*, Frank Ferguson; *Dr. Ingersoll*, King Donovan.

**COLUMN SOUTH—U.I.** Directed by Frederick de Cordova: *Lt. Jed Sayre*, Audie Murphy; *Marcy Whitlock*, Joan Evans; *Capt. Lee Whitlock*, Robert Sterling; *Brig. Gen. Stone*, Ray Collins; *Joe Copper Face*, Ralph Moody; *Lt. Chalmers*, Palmer Lee; *Menguito*, Dennis Weaver; *Lt. Posick*, Johnny Downs; *Corp. Biddle*, Russell Johnson; *Vaness*, Jack Kelly; *Sgt. MacAffee*, Bob Steele; *Keit*, Raymond Montgomery; *Lt. Fry*, Richard Garland; *Primrose*, James Best; *Chavez*, Rico Alanix; *Sabbath*, Ed Rand.

**CRUEL SEA, THE—Rank, U.I.** Directed by Charles Frend: *Ericson*, Jack Hawkins; *Lockhart*, Donald Sinden; *Ferraby*, John Stratton; *Morrell*, Denholm Elliott; *Bennett*, Stanley Baker; *Baker*, John Warner; *Tallow*, Bruce Seton; *Watts*, Liam Redmond; *Julie Hallam*, Virginia McKenna; *Elaine Morell*, Moira Lister; *Doris Ferraby*, June Thorburn; *Tallow's Sister*, Megs Jenkins; *Yeoman Wells*, Meredith Edwards; *Phillips*, Glyn Houston; *Tonbridge*, Alec McCowan; *Wainwright*, Leo Phillips; *Signalman Rose*, Dafydd Havard; *Gracey*, Fred Griffiths; *Sellers*, Laurence Hardy; *Carslake*, Sam Kydd; *Gray*, John Singer; *Broughton*, Barry Steele; *Polish Capt.*, Gerard Heinz; *Norwegian Capt.*, Gerik Schjelderup; *French Capt.*, Gaston Richer; *Scott Brown*, Andrew Cruickshank; *Raikes*, Barry Letts; *Allingham*, Kenn Kennedy; *Asdic Operator*, Harold Goodwin.

**DANGEROUS WHEN WET—M-G-M.** Directed by Charles Walter: *Katy*, Esther Williams; *Andre Lanet*, Fernando Lamas; *Windy Webbe*, Jack Carson; *Ma Higgins*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Gigi Mignon*, Denise Darcel; *Pa Higgins*, William Demarest;

*"Junior" Higgins*, Donna Corcoran; *Suzie Higgins*, Barbara Whiting; *Greta*, Bunny Waters; *Joubert*, Henri Letondal; *Pierre*, Paul Bryar; *Stuart Frye*, Jack Raine; *Egyptian Channel Swimmer*, Richard Alexander; *Old Salt*, Tudor Owen; *Mrs. Lanet*, Ann Codee.

**FRANCIS COVERS THE BIG TOWN—U.I.** Directed by Arthur Lubin: *Peter Stirling*, Donald O'Connor; *Maria Scola*, Yvette Dugay; *Tom Henderson*, Gene Lockhart; *Alberta Ames*, Nancy Guild; *Dan Austin*, Larry Gates; *Salvatore Scola*, Silvio Minciotti; *Garnet*, Lowell Gilmore; *Chief Hansen*, William Harrigan; *Evans*, Gale Gordon; and *Francis*, *The Talking Mule*.

**GREAT SIOUX UPRISING, THE—U.I.** Directed by Lloyd Bacon: *Jonathan Westgate*, Jeff Chandler; *Joan Britton*, Faith Domergue; *Stephen Cook*, Lyle Bettger; *Red Cloud*, John War Eagle; *Major McKay*, Stephen Chase; *Uriah*, Stacey Harris; *Ahab*, Peter Whitney; *Joe Baird*, Walter Sande; *Jake*, Clem Fuller; *Gist*, Charles Arnt; *Heyoka*, Rosa Rey; *Sgt. Manners*, Ray Bennett; *Lee*, Lane Bradford; *Sam*, Jack Ingram; *Stand Watie*, Glen Strange.

**HOUDINI—Paramount.** Directed by George Marshall: *Houdini*, Tony Curtis; *Bess*, Janet Leigh; *Otto*, Torin Thatcher; *Mrs. Weiss*, Angela Clarke; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Stefan Schnabel; *Fante*, Ian Wolfe; *Schultz*, Sig Ruman; *Dooley*, Michael Pate; *Mrs. Schultz*, Connie Gilchrist; *Warden*, Malcolm Lee Beggs; *White-Haired Man*, Frank Orth; *Inspector*, Barry Bernard; *Sims*, Douglas Spencer.

**JUGGLER, THE—Columbia.** Directed by Edward Dmytryk: *Hans Muller*, Kirk Douglas; *Ya'El*, Milly Vitale; *Detective Karni*, Paul Stewart; *Yehoshua Bresler*, Joey Walsh; *Daniel*, Alf Kjellin; *Susy*, Beverly Washburn; *Rosenberg*, Charles Lane; *Emile Halevy*, John Banner; *Kogan*, Richard Benedict; *Willy Schmidt*, Oscar Karlweis; *Mordecai*, John Bleifer; *Sarah*, Greta Granstedt; *Papa Sander*, Jay Adler; *Dr. Traube*, Shep Menkin; *Dr. Sklar*, Gabriel Curtiz.

**LET'S DO IT AGAIN—Columbia.** Directed by Alexander Hall: *Constance Stuart*, Jane Wyman; *Gary Stuart*, Ray Milland; *Frank McGraw*, Aldo Ray; *Chet Stuart*, Leon Ames; *Lilly Adair*, Valerie Bettis; *Courtney Craig*, Tom Helmore; *Deborah Randolph*, Karin Booth; *Nelly*, Mary Treen; *Mover*, Richard Wessel; *Mrs. Randolph*, Kathryn Givney; *Mr. Randolph*, Herbert Heyes; *Willie*, Maurice Stein; *Pete*, Frank Remley; *Hal*, Don Rice; *Gas Station Attendant*, Don Gibson.

**MOON IS BLUE, THE—U.A.** Directed by Otto Preminger: *Donald Gresham*, William Holden; *David Slater*, David Niven; *Patty O'Neill*, Maggie McNamara; *Michael O'Neill*, Tom Tully; *Cynthia Slater*, Dawn Addams; *Television announcer*, Fortunio Bonanova; *Cabdriver*, Gregory Ratoff.

**SANGAREE—Paramount.** Directed by Edward Ludwig: *Dr. Carlos Morales*, Fernando Lamas; *Nancy Darby*, Arlene Dahl; *Martha Darby*, Patricia Medina; *Dr. Bristol*, Francis L. Sullivan; *Felix Pagnol*, Charles Korvin; *Dr. Roy Darby*, Tom Drake; *Harvey Bristol*, John Sutton; *Gabriel Thatch*, Willard Parker; *Judge Armstrong*, Charles Evans; *General Darby*, Lester Mathews; *Dr. Tyrus*, Roy Gordon; *Captain Bronson*, Lewis L. Russell; *McIntosh*, Russell Gaige; *Priam*, William Walker; *Billy*, Felix Nelson; *Crowther*, Voltaire Perkins.

**STALAG 17—Paramount.** Directed by Billy Wilder: *Sefton*, William Holden; *Lt. Dunbar*, Don Taylor; *Oberst Von Scherbach*, Otto Preminger; *Stosh*, Robert Strauss; *Harry*, Harvey Lembeck; *Hoffy*, Richard Erdman; *Price*, Peter Graves; *Duke*, Neville Brand; *Schulz*, Sig Ruman; *Manfredi*, Michael Moore; *Johnson*, Peter Baldwin; *Joey*, Robinson Stone; *Blondie*, Robert Shawley; *Marko*, William Pierson; *Cookie*, Gil Stratton, Jr.; *Bagradian*, Jay Lawrence; *Geneva man*, Erwin Kalser; *Triz*, Edmund Trzcinski; *German Lieutenant*, Harold D. Maresch; *The Crutch*, Jerry Singer.

**TAKE ME TO TOWN—U.I.** Directed by Douglas Sirk: *Vermilion O'Toole*, Ann Sheridan; *Will Hall*, Sterling Hayden; *Newton Cole*, Philip Reed; *Rose*, Lee Patrick; *Corney Hall*, Lee Aaker; *Mrs. Stoffer*, Phyllis Stanley; *Ed Dagget*, Larry Gates; *Ed Higgins*, Forrest Lewis; *Petey Hall*, Harvey Grant; *Bucket Hall*, Dusty Henley; *Louise Pickett*, Ann Tyrell; *Felice Pickett*, Dorothy Neumann; *Chuck*, Robert Anderson; *Mike*, Lane Chandler.

**YOUNG BESS—M-G-M.** Directed by George Sidney: *Young Bess*, Jean Simmons; *Thomas Seymour*, Stewart Granger; *Catherine*, Deborah Kerr; *King Henry*, Charles Laughton; *Mrs. Ashley*, Kay Walsh; *Ned Seymour*, Guy Rolfe; *Ann Seymour*, Kathleen Byron; *Mr. Parry*, Cecil Kellaway; *Edward*, Rex Thompson; *Barnaby*, Robert Arthur; *Mr. Mums*, Leo G. Carroll; *Lady Tyrwhitt*, Norma Varden; *Robert Tyrwhitt*, Alan Napier; *Young Bess* (age six), Noreen Corcoran; *Danish Envoy*, Ivan Triesault; *Ann Boleyn*, Elaine Stewart; *Kate Howard*, Dawn Addams; *Mother Jack*, Doris Lloyd; *Archbishop Cranmer*, Lumsden Hare; *Sir William Paget*, Lester Matthews.

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## Bachelor on His Own

(Continued from page 47)  
embarrassment. The jet's fixed now but, nevertheless, Tab still approaches it with caution.

"I've got the feeling that gas fireplaces are like untrained horses. You can never trust them."

Horses, or rather his horse, Out on Bail, was the one thing Tab had to give up when he made the change to bachelor living.

Tab had plenty of offers from people who wanted to buy him, but he hesitated to accept because he was reluctant to sell unless he could be sure the horse would be well taken care of.

"I have to sell Out on Bail," Tab told Judy Powell, the lovely gal he's been dating for about two years. "I hate to do it but I can't keep him *and* the apartment."

Judy is a terrific rider herself and had ridden Out on Bail many times.

"Any offers?" she asked.

"Plenty, but I don't want to let him go to just anybody. I want to be sure he'll be happy with his new owner."

"What about me?" Judy asked. "You know how I feel about Out on Bail."

"I sure do," kidded Tab. "Sometimes I think you like my horse better than you like me."

"No kidding now," laughed Judy, "I've got my place in Ojai, where he can have plenty of room to run. And besides you'll be able to ride him when you want."

"Sold," said Tab.

After the deal was made Judy said, with the understanding one horse-lover has for another, "Too bad you had to give him up." And Tab, hating to admit how bad he felt, answered, "Well, you can't ride an apartment or teach it to jump fences, but it sure gives you a lot of room to move around in."

Tab's apartment, for a non-bedroom job, is a big place. Besides the fireplace it has a maple secretary in the corner, two chairs, a sofa, a studio couch and no less than six occasional tables. A pull-down bed comes out of the wall, and behind it Tab has a dressing room with plenty of space for what it takes to keep a young bachelor spruced up.

However, he did need an extra closet for his suits. He bought one, but before it came he had clothes lying all over the house—on the chairs, the sofa, the coffee table. Everywhere.

The night the closet arrived, he was making the place a mess putting the pieces together. While he was right in the middle of deciding which bolt went into what hole, the telephone rang.

The voice on the other end asked, "Will I see you at the preview of Cinerama later on?"

"Cinerama . . ." started Tab, and then, "My gosh, is that tonight? I forgot all about it. How much time have I got?"

"About twenty minutes," came the reply.

Tab hung up and set out to get dressed, but a moment later he was back at the phone calling a friend.

"I've got a premiere on tonight and it just hit me. All my black socks are at the laundry. My shirts are rumpled and scattered all over the place. I've been stepping all over my shoes putting one of those break-down closets together. And my tux is lying at the bottom of a big pile of clothes. It looks as if it went through the wars. Can you lend me anything for tonight?"

A few more calls to friends nearby, and for the next fifteen minutes people were running in and out with clothes tossed over their arms like a flock of salesmen at a Turkish Bazaar.

"This tuxedo should fit you, Tab."

And another, "Here's a shirt. But I couldn't find the studs."

And another, "I brought the socks, kid. Hope they're not too big for you."

The buddy who contributed the tuxedo also agreed to act as chauffeur. They raced down Hollywood Boulevard with one eye on the clock and the other warily on the lookout for a traffic cop who might be hiding behind a billboard.

They screeched to a stop in front of the theatre. Tab had time to race up the walk, say two words for the interviewer and dash inside to find his seat. He settled himself just as the thrilling roller coaster sequence burst upon the screen, but even that lost some of its thrill in comparison to the wild twenty minutes that had gone before.

That night taught Tab his first two lessons. First, his mom wouldn't be around anymore to remind him of his appointments; and second, he'd have to get the laundry out at just the right time so there'd always be the necessary gear on hand.

Well, the closet was built. Tab added some gold pillows to the green sofa for the sake of color. He placed a brilliant painting of a ballerina over the mantel in a big gilt frame, selected some tasteful hunting prints for the other walls and bought himself a variety of knick-knacks.

Besides the living and dressing rooms, Tab has a bathless bathroom (a stall shower substitutes), a dinette and a well-equipped kitchen.

---

*A man who is always around when you want him, usually lacks what you want.*

MARILYN MONROE

---

Tab made the kitchen his own by broiling two steaks for an invitation dinner party; and in front of the fire, he and his mom drank a toast to a bachelor's lot.

The second dinner party didn't run quite so smoothly. Tab set out to the market to buy the meat and vegetables for the little dinner he planned for himself and a young lady. But Tab doesn't yet have this business of shopping down pat.

It used to be he'd go to the market with a list and methodically buy everything his mother had written down. Now he can't figure out exactly what he needs. He just walks up and down the aisles looking at all the cans and bottles and labels and usually he ends up with one quart of milk.

This particular night he took his usual meandering path around the counters. Then a bottle of glue caught his eye. "I need glue," he mused. Next time around, he spotted some typing paper. "Gosh, I'm all out of that." On the third circuit, a gleaming can opener caught his eye.

Tab fiddled with it and looked it over.

"I don't see how it works," he said, "but I'll buy it anyhow and see if I can master it."

Tab's making a sort of private market survey of can openers. They fascinate him. He has seven at the moment.

"I'm trying to find the one that works easiest," he laughs. "I believe in kitchen efficiency."

The can opener was the final purchase. By the time he paid for everything and hit the meat counter it was closed.

"So I took the girl out to dinner. She probably was happier that way anyhow—

and besides that was a pretty good can opener."

Then there was the matter of "The Bathroom Caper" as Tab calls it—which occurred on the first morning in his new place.

Tab had a 6:00 A.M. call at the studio for his new picture, "Gun Belt." He rushed around dressing, shaving, gulping down a cup of coffee and slamming doors. He went into the bathroom to comb his hair and slammed that door too. The knob fell off. He was locked in and time was racing by. There was only one thing to do. So Tab did it. He started banging on the door and shouting for someone to let him out. Finally the guy next door heard him and opened the door from the other side.

Tab recalls this incident sheepishly. "I don't think he liked getting shouted out of bed at that hour. A chapter for a book—'How Not to Win Friends and Influence Neighbors.'"

Aside from the comic relief, Tab has slipped into the footloose life of the bachelor without too much difficulty. Of course his years in the Coast Guard and a generous supply of common sense gave him a good foundation. The details of the house run pretty smoothly.

Efficiency does the trick. Mondays, off come the sheets, all the soiled clothes go into the laundry bag and out to the laundermat they go. He has his shirts done as he needs them to keep the supply up to par. He has filing cabinets for receipts on the rent, utilities, car payments. . . .

There is a gleam in Tab's eye whenever he talks about his new car—a Ford, complete with automatic drive, convertible of course, with wire spoke wheels and a special paint job in the shade called Flamingo Red. It's Tab's first brand new car of his life and it's his pride and joy. When he bought it he said to his mom, "I'll get you a new one too."

"No," said Mrs. Hunter, "you taught me to drive in the one you have now and I'm used to it."

So Mom has "Beetle." But one of these days, Tab says, he's going to buy her a new car anyhow.

Tab can be found driving the new convertible at the oddest hours. Perhaps that's one of the nicest things about living alone. In the years of a man's life when every train whistle is a call to wander, when every mountain is the gate-post to an unknown land, it's nice to shake some of the dust off your feet, even if it is 3:00 A.M.

Tab likes to drive down to the beach and along the shore road with the top down and the radio playing ballads or a good symphony. It's almost as though the highway turns into a strip of dream.

Now that he's living alone, Tab can indulge other vagrant whims at odd hours. He can read as late or loud as he likes.

Besides his other regular expenses, Tab includes his ice-skating lessons as general overhead. At least four mornings a week, from eleven till one, you'll find him cutting fancy figures at the Polar Palace on Van Ness Avenue in Hollywood. He's always been keen on the silver blades and has competed in amateur ranks since 1949.

One morning at the rink, Tab was inscribing some counter figures, and at the same time a lovely young skater named Georgiana Sutton was finishing up the same type of maneuver. Back to back they bumped. And bump, they fell to the ice. Tab turned around with a frown. The frown turned to a smile as he recognized Georgiana, whom he hadn't seen for several years.

"It's a little cold down here. How about



a hot cup of coffee to warm us up a bit?" Over coffee they talked and discovered that both were interested in finding skating partners for an up and coming competition. So now Tab and Georgiana spend a good many hours each week polishing up the technique they hope to show in the United States Pair Figures Competition under the auspices of the United States Figure Skating Association.

Should Tab and Georgiana come out on top, they'd like to go to Europe and enter the World Competition.

Another item of overhead is the dramatic lessons Tab takes from Jo Grahame. He considers the lessons a must, for he wants to keep improving in his profession, and Jo, who has coached such people as Jean Peters and Lori Nelson, is teaching him plenty.

Then there's the item of the maid once a week. She has a motherly feeling toward Tab and does a lot of little extras. There was the day she walked in while Tab was in the midst of ironing. He was standing there in his shorts, wrestling with the iron, trying to whip a pair of denims into shape.

"What are you trying to do?" the maid laughed.

Tab looked up and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "I'm pressing my denims," he answered.

She walked to the ironing board and lifted the trousers up. "The seam," she indicated, "is not supposed to run catty-cornered from the pocket."

"I know. I thought I was getting it straight."

"You go straight into the living room and read a book or something, and I'll press these," she chuckled.

Tab was glad to escape from the coils of the iron and retreated to his desk and accounts.

After rent, utilities, skating lessons, and coaching, Tab has about twenty dollars a week to spend on incidentals and such.

The things grouped under "incidentals and such" have a way of mounting up and he finds he can afford only one date a week—unless he's invited to a party or spends an evening at the girl's home or in his own bachelor's haven.

All in all, it's worth it. The extra expense and the trifling annoyances. And little by little, the routine falls into place so that the apartment becomes a real place to live in. For friends. For long gab fests. For reading aloud.

Full as the schedule seems to be, Tab spends a few hours now and then with his oil paints. He's just a dabbler and admits it. His first painting was a winter scene. He called himself Grandpa Hunter after that. Then he painted the Eiffel Tower from memory of his trip to Paris a couple of years ago.

He finished up with some purple horses. That was his only attempt at modern art.

"Judging from the comments of my friends, purple animals aren't very popular this year."

But he only paints for laughs and to fill a few idle moments. It's an outlet for energy. And in a place of his own, a guy can clutter the corners, if he wishes, fill the hours with learning and growing.

His place can be filled with laughter and talk, or it can be a quiet retreat to think and plan in. And above all, it can give him the sense of personal strength—a feeling a man needs, and wants and revels in. It makes the voice a little surer, the thinking a trifle clearer, marks the moments of dreams and prepares the way for the time when the place won't be a bachelor's den any longer, but a home for a family that will be dependent on him. And when that time comes, Tab will be ready for it.

THE END

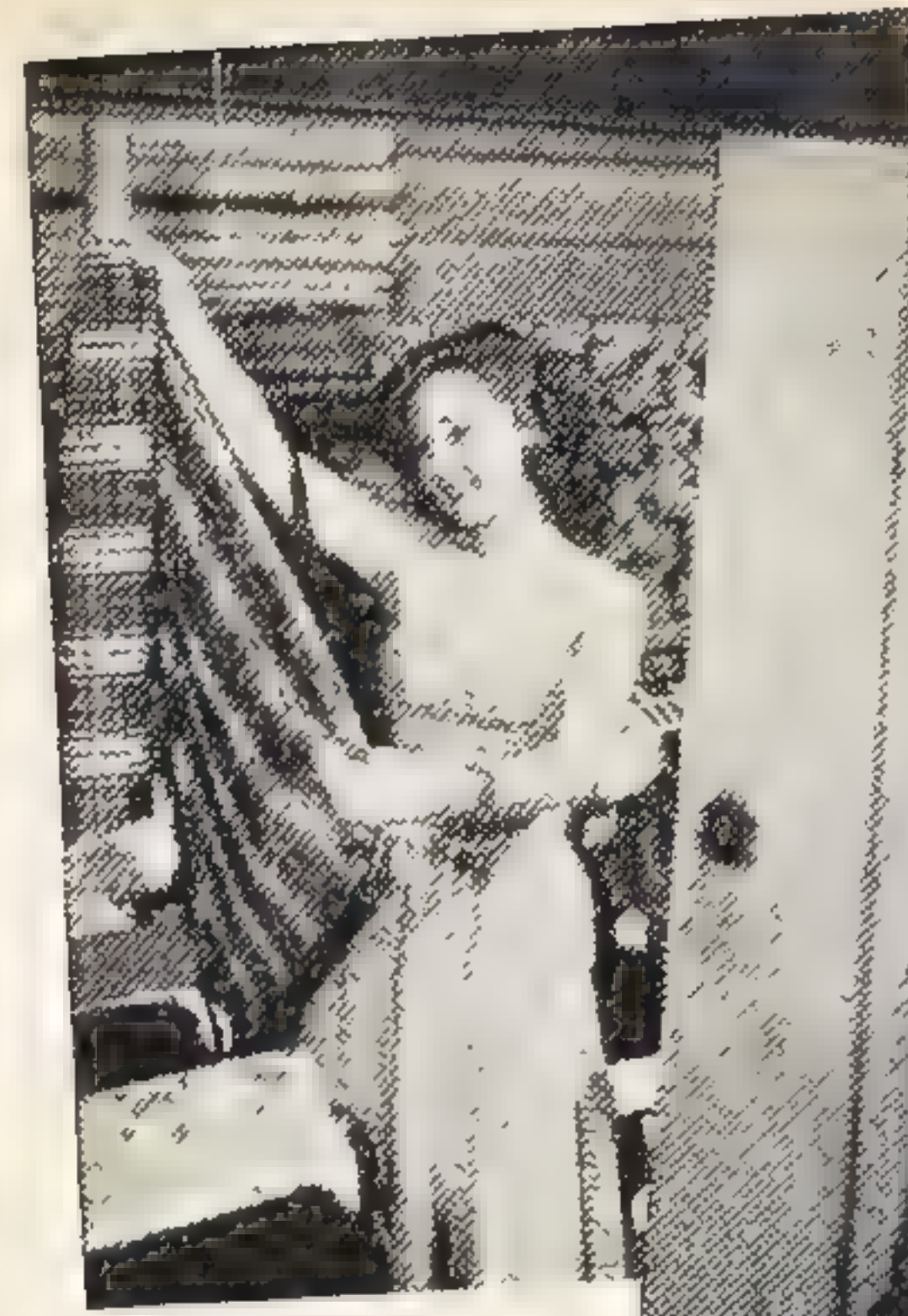
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| 5. Alan Ladd         | 55. Wanda Hendrix     | 110. Jerry Lewis         | 151. Marisa Pavan             |
| 7. Gregory Peck      | 56. Perry Como        | 111. Howard Keel         | 152. Marge and Gower Champion |
| 8. Rita Hayworth     | 57. Bill Holden       | 112. Susan Hayward       | 153. Fernando Lamas           |
| 9. Esther Williams   | 60. Bill Williams     | 115. Betty Hutton        | 154. Arthur Franz             |
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| 14. Cornel Wilde     | 65. Jane Powell       | 120. Arlene Dahl         | 156. Oskar Werner             |
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| 25. Dale Evans       | 79. Dan Dailey        | 135. Jeff Chandler       | 164. Hildegard Neff           |
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| 27. June Allyson     | 86. Farley Granger    | 137. Stewart Granger     | 166. Zsa Zsa Gabor            |
| 29. Ronald Reagan    | 88. Tony Martin       | 138. John Barrymore, Jr. | 167. Barbara Ruick            |
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| 35. Sunset Carson    | 95. Joan Evans        | 143. Pier Angeli         | 172. Robert Horton            |
| 36. Monte Hale       | 103. Scott Brady      | 144. Mitzi Gaynor        | 173. Dean Miller              |
| 46. Kathryn Grayson  | 104. Bill Lawrence    | 145. Marlon Brando       | 174. Rita Gam                 |
| 48. Gene Kelly       | 105. Vic Damone       | 146. Aldo Ray            | 175. Charlton Heston          |
| 50. Diana Lynn       | 106. Shelley Winters  | 147. Tab Hunter          | 176. Steve Cochran            |
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# Deep in the Heart of Hollywood

(Continued from page 65)

quiet charm of the house. Redbarn Early American; 2,000 square feet. Not pretentious, but not crowded—just cozily roomy.

This is Audie Murphy's home . . . the one he and Pam planned for, hoped for, looked for and finally found. Audie says, "Every time I think of paying for it, I get cold chills." But he grins at himself, "Once people start wanting a home, it's bad. You can't leave the temptation alone. The only cure is to get one, if you want any peace."

To Audie and Pam, this house will always represent Christmas. Not only because that was when they moved in, making it the nicest Christmas gift either had ever had. Pam says, "With all the beautiful decorations and the lights, the street looked so lovely." It's possible this house will mean Christmas even to Terry. Several nights he was allowed to stay up after curfew and toddle outside to look over the cheery, gay lights shining on the neighboring lawns.

When the Murphys were married on April 23, 1951, a small apartment seemed sufficient. By the time Terry arrived, like a timely income-tax exemption, on March 14, 1952, they had leased a house for a year. The house, described by Audie as "probably the oldest one in Los Angeles County," was on a steep hill. Pam used to lug an assortment of groceries, Terry, and his pram or his walker up that hill. She learned to balance them all nicely; but getting the car up the incline into the garage was a feat she never quite mastered with ease. Then Terry turned out precocious; he was walking at the ripe old age of nine months. "Terry," says Audie, "would sure as heck have fallen off that hill by now."

Now, the Murphys are home. But when Audie sighs, "Home at last!" it's a tossup whether he means the Redbarn Early American house, or the fact that he's there to enjoy it. Between public appearances for the studio and locationing for pictures, he estimates that he's away a good half of the time.

Both he and Pam have adjusted themselves to the fact that his absences are a necessary part of his work. As usual, the Irish in Audie is equal to the situation. To the studio's claim that not only the public, but also the exhibitors, love to see him, Audie says, "Sure the exhibitors love me; I'm a two-bag man! By the time I'm through shooting up all the villains, the audience has gone through two bags of popcorn each."

Although they haven't finished furnishing the house yet, it is assuming the air of a home that is lived in. Audie says ruefully, "All I know about furniture is that it costs money." He leaves that part of it to Pam, just nodding agreement to her own tastes.

Typically, Audie is more concerned with the outside than the inside. Like the matter of Murphy's Chinese Driveway. Being unpaved, the driveway became a mudhole every time it rained. Audie decided to cement it. The neighbor across the street had the cement mixings, plus a wheelbarrow. It seemed simple. "It'll take me an hour," Audie estimated. It took four. Finally, when the walk was laid out, Audie had to rush to get to a horse show.

On the way, he suddenly remembered something. He had meant to put the baby's footprints in the cement! He stopped to phone Pam. Terry's footprints were firmly imprinted—just as the stars' are in the forecourt of the famous Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Audie may be Hollywood's least typical movie star. But it's typical of his

sense of humor that instead of Grauman's he has Murphy's Chinese Driveway right in front of his own home.

On the joys of becoming a home owner, Audie says, "The more I look, the more I see to do." The nice, deep back yard has a redwood fence around it. But about fifty feet of the property is outside the fence. He's looking forward to a breathing spell when he can enclose that, too. Then it will be a perfect spot for Terry and the Weimaraner, who is just two months older, to share and grow up in. Weimaraners are a rare and highly developed breed of German dog. It happens to be John Huston's hobby to breed them in this country, and he presented Audie with a pup after they made "Red Badge of Courage." Audie has never been without dogs in his life, even if he never owned a genuine Weimaraner before. You might call this one a sophisticated version of the hounds he hunted with in Texas. Besides boy and dog in that back-yard annex, Audie is also planning to plant a few lemon trees.

All that may have to wait a while. But mowing the front lawn, which is sizable, is a weekly chore for Audie. While he's away, he has a deal with a gardener to take over, but only for the lawn. "At least," he says, "if the back yard has to wait for me, nobody sees it till I can get to it."

Terry, toddling along, really tries to help with the mowing. And when the newsboy tosses the daily paper on the lawn Audie says, "Will you pick up the paper and take it in to Mother?" He does, then comes back with a look that says he is very pleased with himself.

You'd think, with the time Audie spends away from home, that a baby might feel his daddy is a sort of stranger. It works out exactly to the contrary. There seems to be a bond between those two that encloses just the two of them. Terry, being a friendly fellow, will let anyone hold him. But let Audie come by, and he'll squirm right off your lap on his sturdy legs to reach him. What's more, he has reddish hair and blue eyes that promise to take on the determined grey glint of Audie's.

While on his last personal appearance tour—the one he returned from to find Terry waiting, if asleep, at the airport—Audie called home every other night. Once, Pam decided to put Terry on the phone. First he said into the mouthpiece, "Da-da-da-da?" and then, from force of habit, "Cookies?" He knew the voice was coming from the phone, but even after Audie hung up he would cock his head to listen, then look all around the room to wonder where, actually, he might be hiding.

Although Terry stayed up past his bedtime the night Audie returned, he resumed the regular schedule next morning right on time. At 7:30 A.M. sharp, there he was standing by the bed. He doesn't wake

Audie by shouting or calling; he just pats him on the cheek until he opens his eyes. Then they turn on the radio, to get the news and some music, to which Terry keeps time with his feet and his fists.

In the kitchen, right after he's had his orange juice and cereal, Terry proves that he is a chip off the old block. He disdains crying, but if he doesn't get outdoors fast enough, he starts to fret, pouting out of the kitchen window in no uncertain terms.

The male palship between these two naturally calls for doing stunts together. At a very early age, Terry would squeal delightedly while Audie swung him by the heels. At the more advanced age of four months, he just hung on with two fingers for more of the same. Lately, he's graduated to a more daredevil stunt. He likes to stand on the mantel and jump into Audie's arms.

But there's no leaping before he looks for Terry. "A hambone already," chides Audie. "Likes an audience. And he makes sure anybody who might be in the room is looking before he jumps." But it's possible that it's Audie who gets the biggest wham out of their newest stunt—horseback riding. "I just put him on the saddle in front of me," chuckles Audie, "and away we go."

Naturally, Pam takes all this calmly. At least, she has learned to hide the impulse to hold her breath while all this man stuff goes on.

Audie's viewpoint is, "Children make a nicer person out of you. Anyway, it works out that way for me." On the other hand, there is something in Audie that children and animals respond to. He explains, "I treat them as equals."

Audie's horse, who is two years old, makes his home mostly on the back lot at Universal-International. "I'd like him to be in pictures with me," says Audie, "but I don't think he's quite ready." So in his current Technicolor Western at the studio, "Tumbleweeds," Audie is riding what he describes as an old Indian pony called Lightning, the same pony he rides in "Column South."

Audie says, "It's hard to find a good name for an animal," so he hasn't registered either dog or horse yet. So far, the horse has been "Flying John." He'd like to call the Weimaraner "Long John"—after Long John Huston. With the dog's Teutonic antecedents, it has occurred to Audie that translating it into "Langer Johann" would make a flossy Kennel registry.

Upkeep and training of animals takes time, attention and money. Audie claims, "A woman doesn't understand these expenditures." Actually, he knows that Pam does understand that animals are as much a part of his life as breathing, so that's good enough for her.

Pam has had her feet pretty firmly planted on the ground since giving up her job as hostess for Braniff Airways to marry Audie. Being from Texas herself has helped hurdle some of the problems, the first of which was settling down to being a homebody from her own pretty glamorous sky career. Then, too, it's tough on a young marriage when the husband has to be away so much. But Audie and Pam had almost a year to get to know each other, after they met in Hollywood, before they married. It's Pam who *should* be the lonesome one, but it's Audie who sighs, "Home life? I enjoy what there is of it!"

For Pam's part, she's too busy keeping up with Terry Michael Murphy and running the house to brood about problems. And, as things do that are given time, everything seems to be working out just

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August 7



fine and dandy for the Audie Murphys. Right now, Pam has a maid in just twice a week for the heavier work. But they're looking ahead to building an extra bedroom for a maid. That way, there will be no problems about a baby sitter, and Pam can get out more for some social life.

"But we're in no hurry," says Audie. "The house is furnished enough so we don't have to sit on apple crates any more, at least." The den is cozy enough to keep anyone from being lonely. The living room is large enough to hold a satisfactory number of people. And there's a full dining room—which was Audie's major specification concerning a house. "A breakfast nook," he says, "is fine for breakfast. It's even all right for dinner for just the two of us. But if there is anyone else, I want to sit down at the table in a regular dining room."

The truth is that Audie and Pam are living their personal life as if they were citizens of maybe Great Falls, Montana—one of the stops on Audie's recent tour—or even of Kingston, Texas, where Audie was born.

But if the Murphys have managed to stay off the Hollywood social circuit, the Hollywood limelight has at times caught up with them. At first, when Audie would make an appearance at a studio party by himself, eyebrows went up. By now, that's not a juicy question mark any more. People know they couldn't get a baby sitter, and Pam had to stay home.

Of the two, Pam is, in fact, the more gregarious. She likes to go out and mingle with people, even if Audie's idea of recreation is fishing, hunting—anything, so long as it's outdoors. But if Pam sometimes has to baby sit while Audie makes a necessary public appearance, turnabout is only fair play. He takes his turn at baby sitting when Pam gets that gleam in her eye that means she hasn't seen a movie in too long.

The Murphys have been too busy getting their home life set up on an even keel to have acquired a Hollywood social life. To Audie, "friends" aren't people you know casually, but people who mean something to you. He has friends whom he goes hunting with in Bakersfield, a short drive from Hollywood. Both he and Pam have many old friends back in Texas. And with Audie's three sisters and two brothers there, they are looking forward to taking Terry "home" to introduce him to the fact that he's unofficially a Texan. Terry actually is named for Audie's closest friend, Hollywood's famous physical culturist, Terry Hunt.

Audie Murphy was twenty-nine on June 20. In looks, he seems younger; but he has an inner dignity that gives him the poise of someone who has lived much longer. In many ways, he has already lived a great deal more than many men do in a lifetime; and he has achieved the distinctions that have come to him on his own.

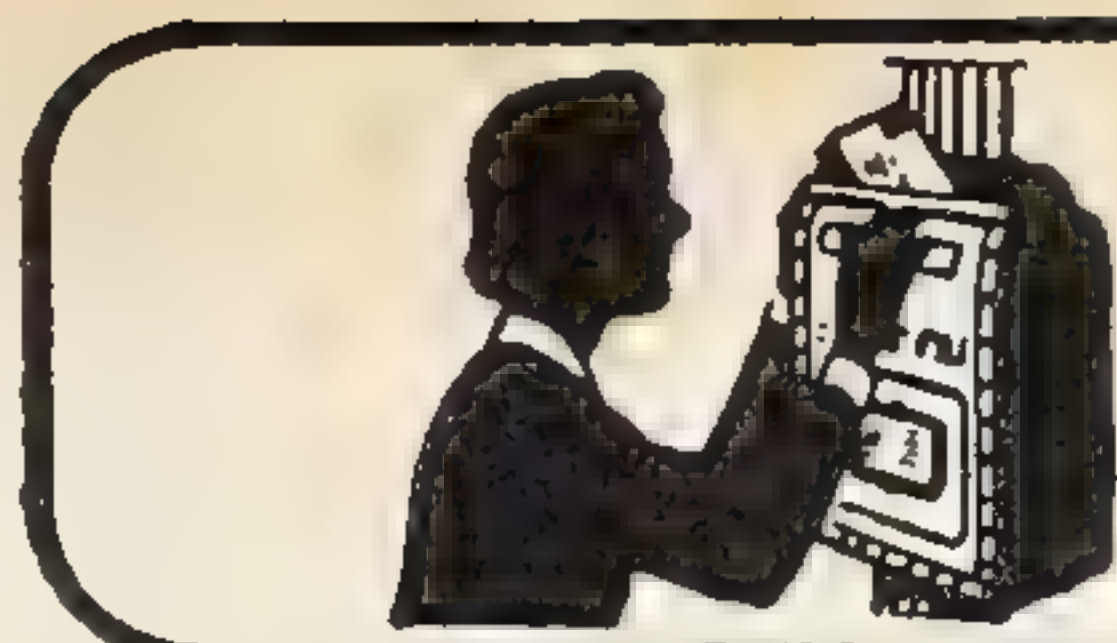
Certainly, there was nothing in his background to indicate when he lived with his sister in Farmersville, Texas, that he would become famous as a double celebrity—both a war and a movie hero.

When he left his home town for a movie offer from Bill Cagney, there were some who threw up their hands and asked, "What will Hollywood do to that boy?"

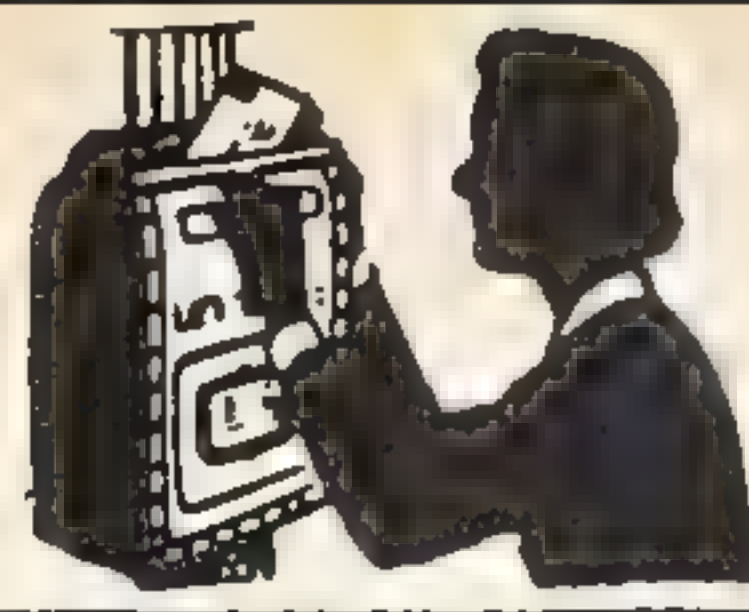
That question has been answered. Audie has proved he's able to take care of himself on the cinema battlefield, too. And others get a pretty solid feeling around him. It's something like the way they felt about him in the Army.

"When Murph had his men in the front lines," one comrade-in-arms states, "we in the rear felt it was safe to go to sleep!"

THE END



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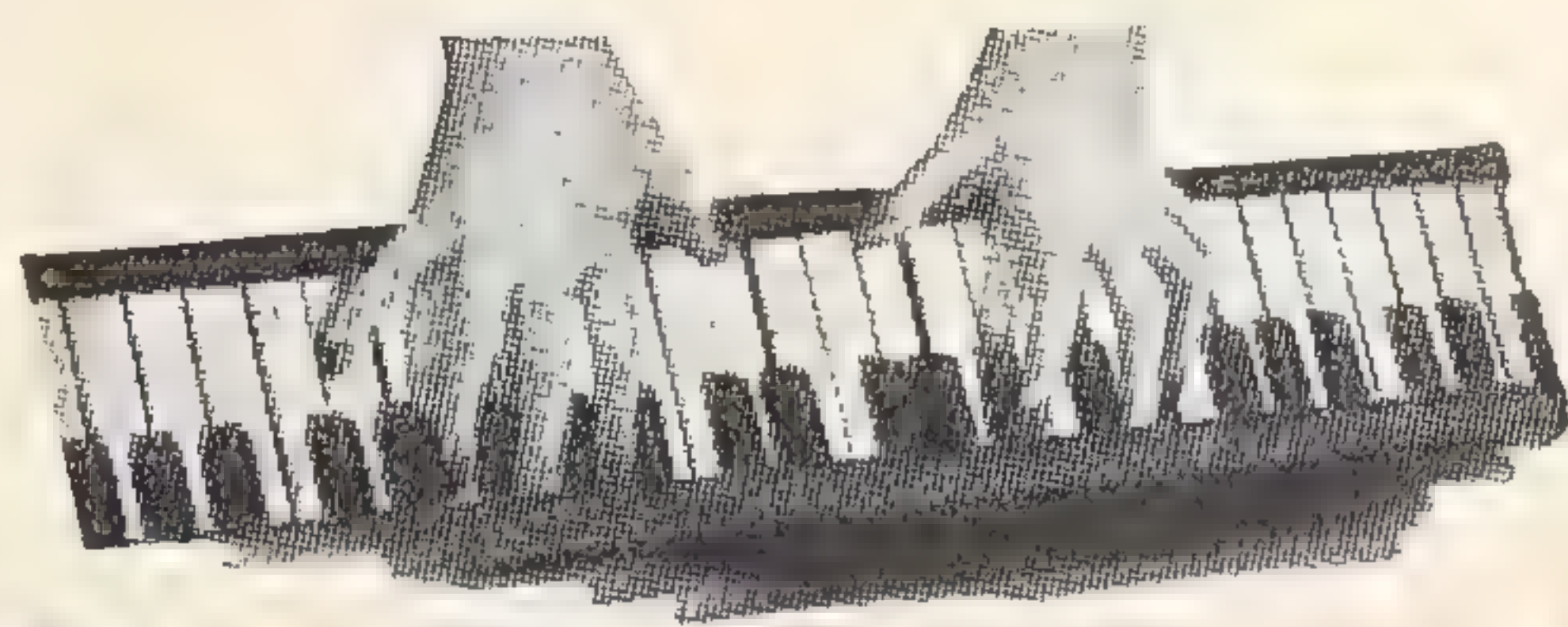
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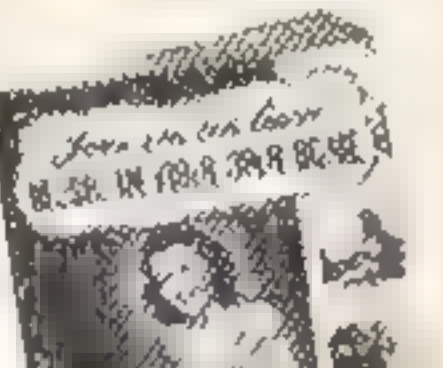
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Lana Turner may be "handcuffed" to Lex Barker, but when he had to return to Hollywood, she hot-tempoed in Madrid on her own before work on "Flame and the Flesh"



Gary Cooper has himself a ball in Paris with Gisele Pascal, denies another romance, says he's married!



Here's how: Lita Calhoun helping Rory forget work and Betty Grable

he had painted his favorite shade of coral. . . Pier Angeli's twin, Marisa Pavan, is teaching Richard Egan how to order food in her native tongue at Romeo's Italian restaurant. . . In Paris, Gary Cooper denied rumors of a romance with French actress Gisele Pascal, by reminding everyone he is a married man! As Cal recalls, he wasn't exactly unmarried during the Patricia Neal episode. . . Before Lex left Lana in Europe to return to Hollywood and a movie commitment he placed a pair of miniature gold handcuffs on her charm bracelet—as a gentle reminder!

**Short Snorters:** Red Skelton to Mary Wickes on the "Half a Hero" set: "I saw a picture that was so sad, every carburetor in that drive-in movie was choked up!" . . . Betty Grable and Harry James, enjoying a rare night out, were asked to pose for a picture; "Who do you think we are," kidded la Grable, "Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis?" . . . Jack Benny trying to talk Fred Allen into living in Hollywood: "But Jack," cracked Mr. Vinegar Puss, "I can't find one of those Beverly Hills homes with a built-in psychiatrist!"

**Girl Scout:** Virginia Mayo, who is so grateful to Warners for rescuing her from Danny Kaye in those early Goldwyn musicals, was reluctant to announce she was expecting her first baby in November! Fortunately, with two unreleased Mayo movies, the studio has nothing to worry about. Beaming Mike O'Shea says he

hopes his new daughter will have Ginny's beauty and disposition. Ginny says, "I pray that our son will have his father's blue eyes, and red hair *and* freckles!"

**Home Fires:** Mrs. Rory Calhoun has the cutest sense of humor in Hollywood. When she visited Twentieth recently, her handsome husband was doing a hot love scene with Betty Grable. Later, when Rory arrived home, incense was burning, soft seductive music was playing and Lita greeted him dressed alluringly, ready for a cheek-to-cheek dance.

**May and December:** Those loud moans and groans coming from U-I's fan-mail department are caused by Rock Hudson's admirers (and like Durante he's got a mil-l-l-ion of 'em). They don't like his dating Mrs. Gary Cooper because of their age difference. Rock's fans are also afraid that he might become too sophisticated. Relax everybody, it's merely a mild friendship. . . Dig this one if you can! Marlene Dietrich, exuding glamour, was at the Beachcombers with youthful Craig Hill.

**Friends and Foes:** Word drifts back from Honolulu that Frank Sinatra and Montgomery Clift became such buddy-buddies on the "From Here to Eternity" location they ignored the rest of the company to the point of rudeness. . . With super-sexy beefcake boys trying in vain to date Marilyn Monroe while Joe DiMaggio was in Bermuda, she showed up at Chasen's with

Donald O'Connor and spent a charming evening in his charming company. . . Anne Baxter's unsuccessful attempt to revolutionize her personality hasn't discouraged Jeanne Crain. Her skin-tight gowns, plunging necklines and close-clipped tangerine colored hair-do are something to see.

**Old Acquaintance:** Way back when they were University Players at Falmouth, Massachusetts, Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda struck up a friendship that's endured through the years. Recently, "Hank" was playing in "Point of No Return" at the Los Angeles Biltmore Theatre. The Stewart twins happened to be having their second birthday, so godfather Fonda tore out to Beverly Hills between matinee and evening performances and helped Judy and Kelly cut themselves a piece of cake.

**Did You Know:** That Bob Mitchum not only sings Negro spirituals that are out of this world, but, along with Dok Stamford, he recently composed "Hi, Mr. Cotton Picker," a sensational novelty number. . . That M-G-M took all the "pink" out of Lucille Ball's hair because it didn't photograph well in Technicolor for her movie "The Long, Long Trailer" . . . That Doris Day could retire on the money she's refused because she will not endorse cigarettes, beer, or any product that she doesn't actually use. . . That the thieves who ransacked Rory Calhoun's Ojai Valley ranch overlooked valuable jewelry and stole, of all things, a stuffed moose head!



## I Never Knew Debbie!

(Continued from page 45)

maybe a souped-up jalopy when he's growing up; and later maybe a good set of golf clubs.

In my case, my younger sister Frannie was as good as a brother in many respects. She could run as fast as I could; pitch a ball like Bob Feller; and how she could ride a bike!

No matter how good she was at sports, however, you could look at her, and without any imagination tell that she was a kid sister, not a kid brother! And everybody knows that kid sisters are completely useless! At least there was a time when I thought so.

When we were still in our teens, for example, we didn't see eye to eye at all. Specially on the subject of boys and girls. Since I was older than Frannie, I got interested in girls before she got interested in boys. Man, I thought girls were great! Fact is, still do! (Though now I'm devoted to only two: my beautiful wife, Joyce, and our baby daughter, Gail.)

However, when I started getting interested in girls, Frannie was still wrapped up in playing baseball and football with the guys on the block. No doubt about it, if she'd been a boy she would have made a great running-back at USC. She was interested in boys, all right, but only so far as their athletic prowess was concerned. She liked it fine when they made passes—so long as they were of the football variety.

I used to make myself real obnoxious by teasing her about the guys we played ball with. It was a sure way of getting her goat. Our conversations went something like this:

"Say, Tubby-next-door thinks you're pretty keen," I'd begin. (Truth was that Tubby-next-door always complained about Frannie. Said he didn't want to play with anybody's pug-nosed kid sister. I really think he was afraid of her 'cause she used to throw the roughest blocks.) Even so I'd say, "Tubby-next-door thinks you're keen."

Frannie, thinking I was going to pass along a compliment on her football ability

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would light up like Fourth of July and pop back with, "Really?"

"That's right. I think he's got a crush on you." That always came as an out-and-out insult to Frannie. You'd think I was accusing her of having two heads.

"Oh! Boys . . . !" she'd explode. "You ruin everything!"

"Nothing wrong with boys," I'd brag. "They just like girls. I think girls are pretty swell myself . . ."

"You know what I think," Fran would blaze. "I think you're a square. And that goes for all boys, too!"

Since that time there's been a small-type change in Frannie's attitude toward the opposite sex. Nowadays, when she comes home from the studio (the kid comes in so tired I don't think she works down there—I really think she plays football), there's usually a date waiting for her in the living room. It happens nearly every day, so I guess you could call it the waiting room, but some guys spend so much time in there they should call it a living room.

At any rate, since I'm elected to entertain the date till Frannie is ready, I've had a chance to meet up with some real fine guys. Now when I ask her if she remembers the time she thought boys were squares, she just laughs and says, "Oh, Bill. I never said that! Did I?"

Yep, things have changed.

As a kid sister I guess you could say Frannie was usually trying to be of some use. There was the time, right after I'd gotten married, that I told her my wife was expecting a baby.

The only reason that Fran was the first one I told was because she was the closest. I had just picked up this information myself in a casual conversation with my wife. The fact that I was in a state of shock may have accounted for my slurred speaking voice as I ran through the house shouting, "Father! Father! I'm going to be a father!"

I remember the news gave me a combined feeling of both surprise and pride. I felt as if I'd swallowed a quart of my favorite fudge-ripple ice cream (but I wasn't prepared for the shock the chills gave me). At any rate, I was just busting out to tell someone. And as I wildly ran through the house, it was Frannie I first bumped into.

In all fairness to Frannie, I'll have to take the blame for what happened. After all, I was the excited one, but when she heard the news she practically got on the air with it. No kidding—broadcast it from one end of town to the other! The problem was that the way she said it you'd think the baby was due any minute!

Well, Joyce's parents hadn't heard the news before. When they got it third-hand from the neighbors that their Joyce was expecting a baby any minute, you'd think they were having a convention at our house. The dog was barking, the phone was jingling, the door bell was ringing, cars were pulling up in front, and to top it off, Mom got home from the Red Cross and Pop came in from work. We had to explain to them that nothing had really happened while still answering the phone and running to the door to let Joyce's friends in. Naturally when they heard the news they had all rushed over.

Talk about excitement, we had an earthquake until everyone finally got the idea straight. We were going to have a baby, all right—but it was still some months away!

Of course, Fran's career was pretty well under way before I was drafted, though at the time she looked upon it as a lark. And then I came home from the Army to find her taking her career very seriously. Obviously it paid off, for the famed Aba

Daba pool (which grew from the hole in the backyard) was one of the first results.

"I thought I was just a flash in the pan," she explained the change to me, "and maybe the studio was only kidding with that movie stuff. But when I actually saw myself on the screen—I knew it was for real. Boy, I started to work then!"

And she did! She took dancing lessons, singing lessons, acting lessons; she had more kinds of lessons than Mrs. Carter has pills. If you mentioned career to her then (or now for that matter) you've had it! She's really hipped on doing her best. As she says, "I've been lucky to get this break; now I'm going to work as hard as I can to justify people's faith in me."

She even began to take our criticisms earnestly, and I think this was a sign of the seriousness to come. Being big brother, I had to keep her in line. For instance, there was her attitude toward her own performances. "Oh, Bill," she'd say morning after one of her previews had been shown, "did you see the picture last night?"

"Picture?" I'd repeat, like she wanted to know if I'd had the measles lately.

"Yes, you know, the preview. 'The Affairs of Dobie Gillis.'"

"Oh, that! Sure, I saw it."

"Well, did you like me?"

"Oh, were you in it?" I'd say, ducking in the nick of time to miss the sofa pillow winging across the room. Like I said, Frannie always had a good pitching arm.

Since I've always thought she was great and never told her so, I don't intend starting now.

I also learned on my first trip home that Frannie was just as hard-working at home as she was at the studio. She started doing some camp entertaining and hospital touring, spreading a little sunshine wherever she went.

I can remember coming in as late as 2:00 A.M. to find the light on under Frannie's door. She was answering the letters from the guys in the hospital. After working all day, I call this pretty great. But she was serious about this part of her new life; and a new life it was. Frannie had changed—but I hadn't realized how much until I went away from home.

Besides taking her work seriously, she began to take an adult view of the world around her. Some of those trips to the hospitals hit her pretty hard. (Especially the recent trip to Korea.) Frannie was and still is anxious to do everything in her power to make the guys in the Services happy. The letter writing is an example. Another is the record buying she does in answer to requests from GI's in overseas hospitals.

She even drives guys back to camp. Me, that is. When my leave was up once she drove me back to the base (about 400 miles). Funny thing about it was that Mom and Pop came along, too. Since I didn't have any place to bunk them (Joyce and I lived in a one-room apartment off base), the three of them bedded down in the back of the family car. Talk about comedy. When I got up in the morning I looked out of the window to see how they were faring. Only fair, I'd say.

Heads, arms, legs, feet, all stuck out the car windows; their red eyes half-closed in a desperate struggle for a minute's sleep. Those cars just weren't built for more than two sleepers—especially with athletes like my kid sister along. She sleeps going in three directions at once.

But she got me back to camp—in fact, my kid sister has a way of doing what she sets out to do. Maybe that's what has changed my mind about her. Why, now I couldn't trade Frannie for anything! Not a bike, not a jalopy, not even a good set of golf clubs!

THE END



## His Lady Carries a Torch

(Continued from page 48)

Hollywood. Primarily, he would tell you humorously, as "the youngest Civil War Veteran." And impartially so—having fought in the films—and repeatedly—on both sides. As he is fighting again in "Brady's Bunch," a post-Civil War picture, at Universal-International now. In addition, he's Hollywood's most famous Native American of all time and all tribes. "You are Cochise," Elliott Arnold, author of "Blood Brother," wrote on the book's fly-leaf for him. The words have proved as prophetic as they were complimentary. Yet the producers of "Broken Arrow" once studied him quizzically. They were having a little trouble, they said, trying to visualize him—a typical All-American—as an Indian. "But what," he asked them, "could be more typically American than an Indian?" He, of all people, should have known. The grandson of an immigrant—Jeff Chandler.

Jeff's family came over on a crowded boat teeming with a medley of accents. There were his grandmother, Sarah Shapiro, his mother, Anna, uncles, aunts. His grandfather, Max Shapiro, had come a little earlier to make a place for them. He set himself up in a little butcher shop in Brooklyn, and he found and furnished an apartment and proudly had it all ready and waiting. In it were the most advanced wonders he could afford in the new land—steam heat, a coal range, a sewing machine. "Mama, a machine that sews all by itself."

And for young Ira there was the gift of being born here—of growing up within the warmth of the Lady's torch.

From the age of three, when his parents separated, Ira and his mother lived with his grandparents, and he grew up under the guidance of the wise old man.

His grandfather hoped that some day young Ira would want to be a Rabbi. But from childhood on, Ira had his own ideas. He would be an actor, he said. As his mother, Mrs. Anna Shevelew, laughs now, "When he was four years old—Ira would parade around with a hot water bottle in his belt, a broom over his shoulder, and carrying a can opener—and inform us he was being a 'hobo.'" He was always doing imitations too, mostly of Groucho Marx. He had an ear for music, and before long his mother was taking him to see Broadway shows—then wondering how to get her happy but sleeping "star" off the subway and home again.

Even then, his were determined dreams. Every Saturday his mother gave him a nickel to pay his way to the movies—this seven-year-old's biggest thrill. One Saturday when his mother got home from work, she was surprised to find young Ira waiting on the steps for her. "Didn't you go to the movies?" she asked.

"No—I had something more important to do with my nickel today," he said.

"More important? But what?"

"Go upstairs and you'll find out," he instructed soberly.

There she found one red carnation, and with it, lovingly scribbled for the morrow, "To my Mother on Mother's Day—and this ain't nothin' yet."

His first set-back occurred when he lost his chance at a big part in the grammar-school musical because his voice was changing. "I could sing the high part and the low part—but I couldn't manage the middle," Jeff says, with a wince even now at the memory. "I wound up stage managing instead," he grins.



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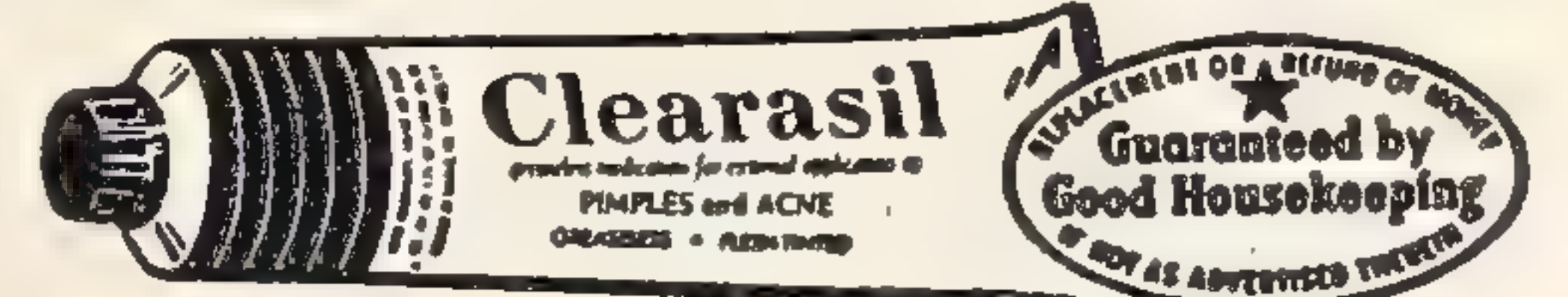
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broken-hearted that night. And right then and there I swore—" Jeff laughs, giving it the full melodramatic treatment. Then he adds slowly, "but it took me a long time to get here." Remembering just how long. . . .

Too long, as life—and death—willed it, for his grandfather to share in the happy day. He was bed-fast with cancer when Ira was thirteen, but he did have the happiness of hearing his grandson deliver a speech as moving as any he would ever make later on the screen—an emotional tribute following his confirmation. The Synagogue was next door to their apartment, and the earnest boy in the new dark suit knew that through the open window his grandfather could hear every word. And every word was from Ira's heart.

On this day of manhood, he wanted to acknowledge how much his mother's and all his family's love and kindness meant to him. He wanted to thank his grandfather for all the good things he'd taught him, and for his own future—because of all of them. The proud old man listening felt a great sense of peace. He was a good boy, Ira. He would be all right. He would do fine. Go far.

Today Jeff's fulfilling an immigrant-American's faith in him. And all the reasons why are reflected in his face and physique. In the feeling he inspires of solid inner strength. In his humor towards himself and his grave awareness of all others.

Jeff believes that size is a big help in Hollywood. "That first entrance coming through the door is challenging. I frightened people into giving me jobs. A big guy walking in makes 'em look up. This happened to me in radio, too. The man behind the desk is startled into thinking, 'Say, if this guy can act, he might be pretty good.'"

Virility and height are important. But Jeff's bigness, those who know him well can tell you, is measured in terms of tolerance and thoughtfulness and understanding. If there's no housekeeper and Marge, his wife, has to do all the work—he worries. If his agent, Meyer Mishkin, has the flu—Jeff's on the phone to his house at least twice a day. When Martin and Lewis do a television show, the first congratulatory wire they get is Jeff's. Often, when he's away on location, he calls friends long distance saying, "I just wanted

to hear what's new—tell you I miss you." He's also concerned about his fans. Jeff's probably the only star who, on a day off, spends the time from 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. dictating warm personal notes to fans, answering their questions and advising and encouraging them. To a girl in West Virginia who asks about becoming an actress, he gives the names of various drama schools and their prices and says, "It's a wonderful ambition, Marie. May all your dreams come true." He rejoices with a boy who's been stricken with paralysis over any new feeling of movement that returns. ". . . your last letter was exciting! What joyous news—that the feeling's come back in your wrist again. Thanks for writing me about it and making me part of your happiness. . . ."

It was Jeff's thoughtfulness that won Marge's attention when they first met in New York. "I was just visiting there. I'd been ill and I was feeling a little lonely, and Jeff was so protective and kind. I was a little overwhelmed. We talked about the theatre and I just mentioned something about once going completely blank on the stage and forgetting my lines—right in the middle of 'The Swan.' Two days later a pair of little swan-shaped earrings arrived. It was so personal and so very thoughtful—I was quite impressed. But that's Jeff," says Marge, "now I know. . . ."

Now, of course, as Jeff would be the first to point out humorously, she knows many other things about him too. That at home he's a casual relaxed kind of character who prefers to remain that way—casual and relaxed and at home. That, although he's always going to take her to catch the headliner at the Mocambo or Ciro's, somehow they never get there. That since Marge is feverishly taking tennis lessons he's going to go out to the court on Sunday and work out with her—but they never make it. As she says, "Jeff's a spectator sportsman." He loves to watch—preferably while stretched out in the sun in his own backyard with his own daughters, six-year-old Jamie and three-year-old Dana, busily at play nearby. He plays a great game of baseball, loves to bat the ball and reach up and mitt a wild one—as long as somebody else does the running for him. "I'm the artistic type," he explains lazily.

Marge knows now, too, that her hus-



Garden furniture by Deeco

Jeff Chandler's a casual relaxed kind of character—loves to stretch out in the sun in his own backyard, with wife Marge, daughters Dana and Jamie near at hand



band's a dream man about admiring a smart new suit or her latest hair-do. That in the food department, he likes his beets cold instead of hot and canned peas, instead of fresh. That he has an aversion to gushy people, and that if he's cornered at a party and Marge doesn't happen to catch his restless unhappy look and move in for the rescue, she'll be greeted later with "Where were you?"

"Marge knows me pretty well. That's the price she has to pay for living with me," he says. But in all fairness to himself, and contrary to any rumors in the past, Jeff is quick to say he's never raised any objections to a wife having a career. "I've never minded Marge's working. On the contrary I've encouraged it." As he points out, he's hardly a man who would deny women the rights and freedoms they've fought for. "She just finished the second lead in 'Dangerous Crossing' with Jeanne Crain and Michael Rennie, at Twentieth Century-Fox. I like Marge to work—if only so she can appreciate how hard I work," he grins.

Jeff is a very thoughtful and affectionate parent—and his daughters' ever-willing audience when they put on their "shows". He totes in the chairs for himself and Marge, and helps with the sound effects while Marge brings them "on" at the piano. Using the fireplace as a stage background, Jamie announces, "I'm going to do a ballet." Then Dana follows, imitating Jamie doing a ballet. They do duets together too on the Roy Rogers theme song, "Happy Trails to You." And their proud parent says, "Amazingly enough, sometimes they sound real good." He would be the last to deny them self-expression even if they didn't. The memory of a little boy who "hoboed" for another appreciative audience in a Flatbush living room is very vivid.

But play-acting is only a small phase of the children's lives. Both their parents are concerned with their religious understanding. "They must know all religions," Jeff and Marge agree and they take them to churches of various beliefs. And every Sunday Jeff reads a few pages of the Bible aloud to them.

Jeff feels a quiet deep anger at intolerance or injustice of any kind. Today he's still searching for his own answers, and he won't be hurried into accepting a substitute. He is, as Jerry Lewis says, "the most honest guy you'll ever know." And beneath the Hollywood war paint he's one of the most sentimental too.

But he also has a dead-pan humor which can relieve any situation and often, he would say, at the wrong time. He turns a phrase well—and usually at his own expense.

These days, Jeff is worrying less and laughing more. And suffering less too at his own previews. When a picture's sneaked, he and his agent, Meyer Mishkin, have always arranged to get away from the crowd and meet later for coffee and comment. By now, they have a routine. They shake hands gravely. Then, "Well, what do you think?" asks Meyer. "Well, it'll make money," says Jeff.

But money-maker that Jeff is, he's still having trouble convincing Hollywood that he can play comedy or do musicals—even with his agent insisting that when Chandler croons, it will be as earth-shaking as when Garbo talked. So sincerely does Jeff project himself into a part, that producers have difficulty ever visualizing him in any other. Ever since the first time he played Cochise, he's been trying to get his clothes back on. But to his agent's, "He'd be great in drawing room comedy," producers would shake their heads. They just couldn't see him that way. So strong was this feeling, that



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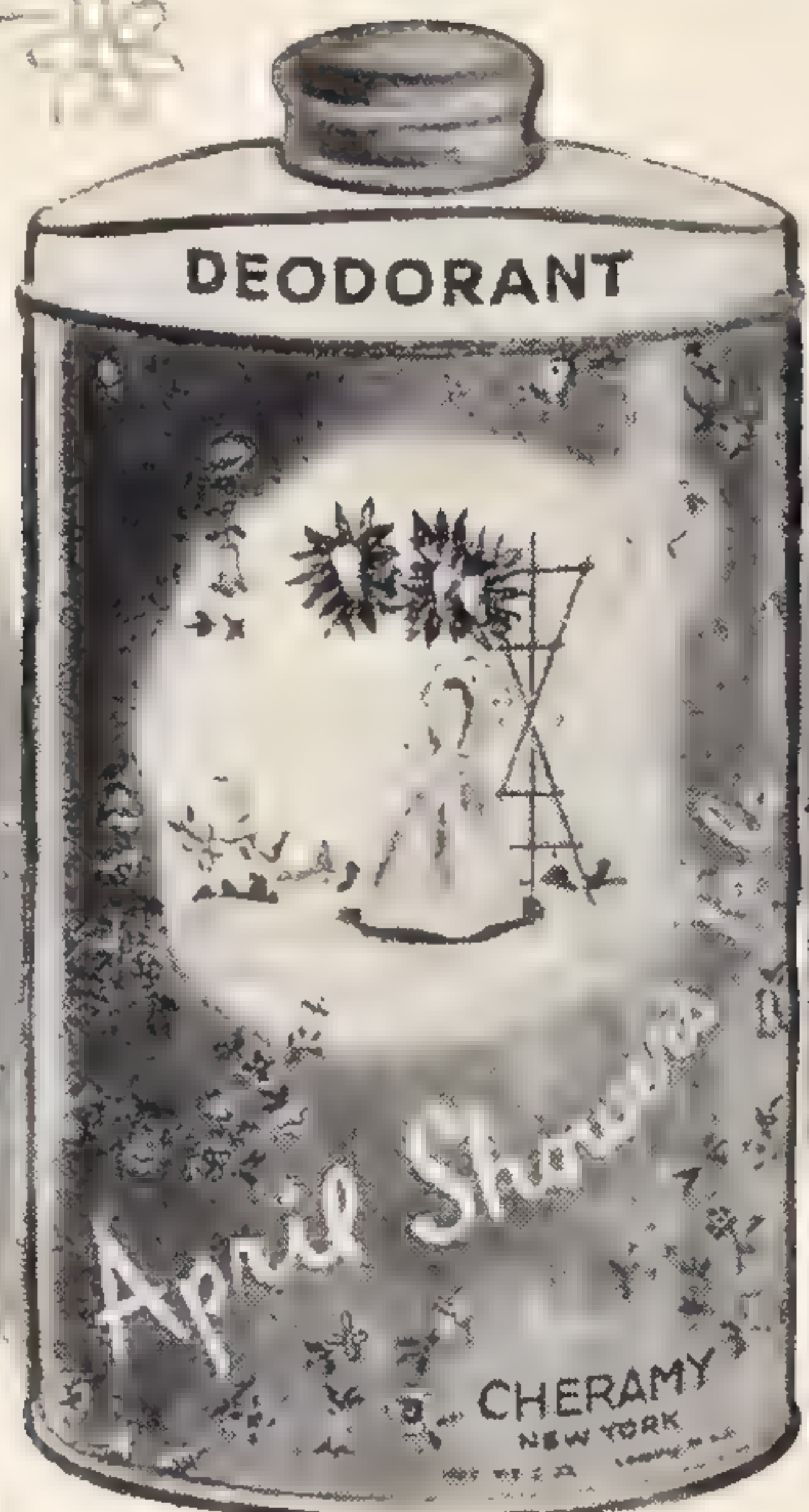
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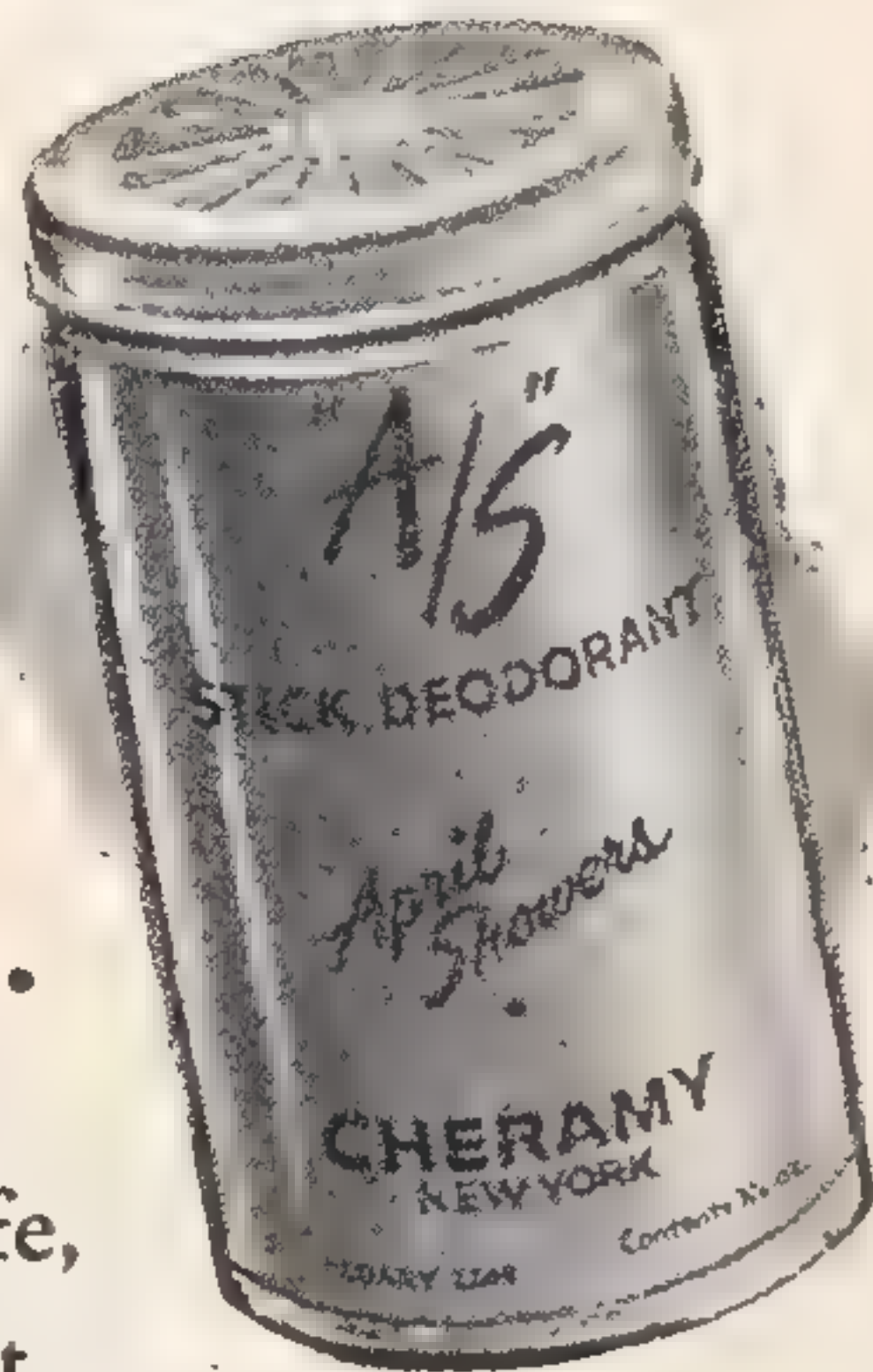
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PERFUMER

throughout the first rushes of "Because of You," Jeff, surrounded by executives admiring him in his elegant modern clothes, kept asking anxiously, "How do I look? How do I look?"

Getting this picture, Jeff says, was an accident. "Also," he adds simply, "Loretta Young was lighting candles for me." The part was actually already cast, when Jeff met Director Joe Pevney in the street at U-I one day and heard him talking enthusiastically about the script. "Anything for me?" asked Jeff.

"Too bad the lead's already cast," the director said. "You'd be so good in it. You probably wouldn't want it though. It's a smaller part than the woman's." A smaller part than Loretta Young's? Who cared? Just give him a crack at it.

"Do you mean that? If we can fix it, will you do it? You won't back out?" At first the studio didn't want him to do the role. As Jeff says, a little embarrassed at just how to put it, "They didn't think the part was... big enough. But I waited it out while Loretta would light another candle..."

This emotional role is Jeff's favorite to date—and, strangely enough, the one he found easiest to play. He grins at the incongruity of the picture, as he says, "The physical stuff is really hard for me. The fighting, the running, the jumping on horses, or climbing a cliff. I have a fear of height, anyway. I get dizzy..."

But height in Hollywood—no matter how high Jeff goes, or how long he remains there—couldn't dizzy his own sense of values nor inflate them. A student of underacting, his greatest underplaying is of himself. And sincerely so. "The gimmick in motion pictures is to have a personality that projects. There are fine actors who aren't working. But if you've got a personality that projects—you're in. You can't take too much credit for that. It's something you're born with."

He's a fan of many other stars. As he puts it, "It was like taking lessons for me—just watching Loretta Young work." And today Jeff and his agent, his fighting ally since the night they met backstage when Jeff was playing a supporting role on Lux Radio Theatre, keep passing the buck back and forth between them. When he's swamped by fans clamoring for autographs, his agent says, "Big movie star," kidding him. "You did it," says Jeff. "You helped," Meyer reminds.

Theirs is a rare loyalty, as big agencies who've tried to buy Jeff away have found. And of Chandler, Mishkin says, "He has virility, vitality, a tremendous dignity. All

this, and he can act too." He's been sold on Jeff since he saw him in a play when Jeff was going to Feagin's Dramatic School in New York. Mishkin, then a talent scout for Twentieth Century-Fox, says "I was impressed by this tall gawky young kid and his wonderful voice, but at that time the studio was looking for pretty boys—and he didn't fit the picture."

Years later when they met at the radio rehearsal, Mishkin recognized him. "I know you—but as Ira Grossell," he said. Jeff couldn't get over it. "But that was years ago! Why would you remember me?" That night Jeff went home and told Marge—"I've finally found the guy I think I'll go places with." And Meyer told his wife, "I met a guy named Jeff Chandler today. I believe he'll be a big star..."

At present, they're crusading to convince Hollywood that Jeff can sing. Jeff, who describes himself as an "Eastern-style singer... no guitar," admits he'd love to do a musical—"and there's some talk about it... mostly on my part." However he does have a "handshake agreement" with Sonny Burke of Decca Records to make a record for them "some day when we have time." Me? I've got all the time in the world. They're busy.

Whether in Flatbush or filmland, Jeff's as down-to-earth as a guy can be. He lives in an unpretentious white Colonial house, with an enclosed yard for the children's play and a last year's convertible in the driveway. Like others who rent, the Chandlers keep drawing up blueprints for the dream home they plan to build. They have a lot—in the Sherman Woods section of the San Fernando Valley.

"We go out and look at our lot longingly, and we walk up and down, pacing it off. Ours is the only vacant gap in the midst of all the homes and lawns and flower gardens there. And I can see the neighbors watching from their windows and wondering, 'Isn't this guy ever going to build?' Movie star that I am," he grins.

Not that he would be anything else, out of choice. Acting is his life and his legacy. "I can't think of myself as anything but an actor. This is what I always meant to be. Hollywood is where I always meant to be..."

"Today is a lot of dreams come true," Jeff says slowly.

Not only his dream, but those of others very dear to him. Including a devoted elderly immigrant, who didn't live to see it—but who died full of faith that in his grandson, Jeff, his own dreams of all that America means would be fulfilled.

THE END

## WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

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In color I want to see:

ACTOR:

ACTRESS:

(1) \_\_\_\_\_

(1) \_\_\_\_\_

(2) \_\_\_\_\_

(2) \_\_\_\_\_

I want to read stories about:

(1) \_\_\_\_\_

(3) \_\_\_\_\_

(2) \_\_\_\_\_

(4) \_\_\_\_\_

The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are:

(1) \_\_\_\_\_

(4) \_\_\_\_\_

(2) \_\_\_\_\_

(5) \_\_\_\_\_

(3) \_\_\_\_\_

(6) \_\_\_\_\_

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Send this ballot to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.



## Be Happy, You're Lucky!

(Continued from page 35)

off the throne of England—and they lived happier ever after!

Or if you want a younger, closer-to-the-home example, Dick Powell is one of the richest, most intelligent, nicest men in Hollywood. Did a tall, beautiful, madly-dressed doll get him? You know better. He belongs to a wonderful gal with a sense of humor and a big heart, June Allyson.

Shaw said it originally. "Youth," he said, "is so wonderful that it shouldn't be wasted on the young." I can't top that, but as one girl to another I want to say—why waste your youth? Get wise to the great special gift that Life has given you, or that God has given you, if you want to put it that way. And I do want to put it that way.

Part of the reason I am sounding off at this particular time is those terrifying headlines in the papers, telling about high school kids taking dope.

Shocking as these headlines are, overwhelming as the figures on addiction prove to be, you and I have the blessed assurance that in terms of the teen-age population of this country, they are still small.

But the very fact that the marijuana habit can exist—or worse, the heroin habit—is a ghastly symptom of the unhappiness too many teenagers are experiencing.

Such a habit is the ultimate end in self-deception. It is the absolute summing up of wrong values. It not only drags its victims down into a living hell, but often their families and friends too.

The pathos of these addicted girls is that they aren't "bad." The touching thing is that they, and their families, have to pay such a killing price just because they have their values all wrong.

These unwise girls want a momentary thrill, a purely physical thrill, which, when it wears off, will leave them in such agony as to be almost unendurable.

To a less exaggerated degree, these are the same girls who want ice-cream sodas more than they want a trim figure, the same foolish girls who will go into debt to get some silly new "dress line" from Paris, which the boy who is dating them will probably never notice.

*Today will take care of itself if we are building a foundation for tomorrow.*

WILLIAM HOLDEN

Now before you girls start yelling that teen-age boys, also, go on the weed, I'll agree with you. And teen-age boys can be unhappy. But I think they are unhappy in less desperate ways, usually, than girls. And I believe that is because their values aren't so silly. You'd think a boy was stark raving mad if he went around moaning that he couldn't be happy if his hair wasn't a certain shade, or his nose a certain shape, or his clothes up to the last gasp.

But we girls do that. When I was fourteen and broke my leg and had to give up dancing as a career, I couldn't have been more wretched. I thought life was all over for me. But that's how I discovered I could sing.

When I was fifteen and "in love" for the very first—and I was sure the absolute last—time, I thought my life was unendurable because my mother wouldn't permit me to see that boy morning, noon and night.

My mother said, "I absolutely will not let you go steady with any boy until you

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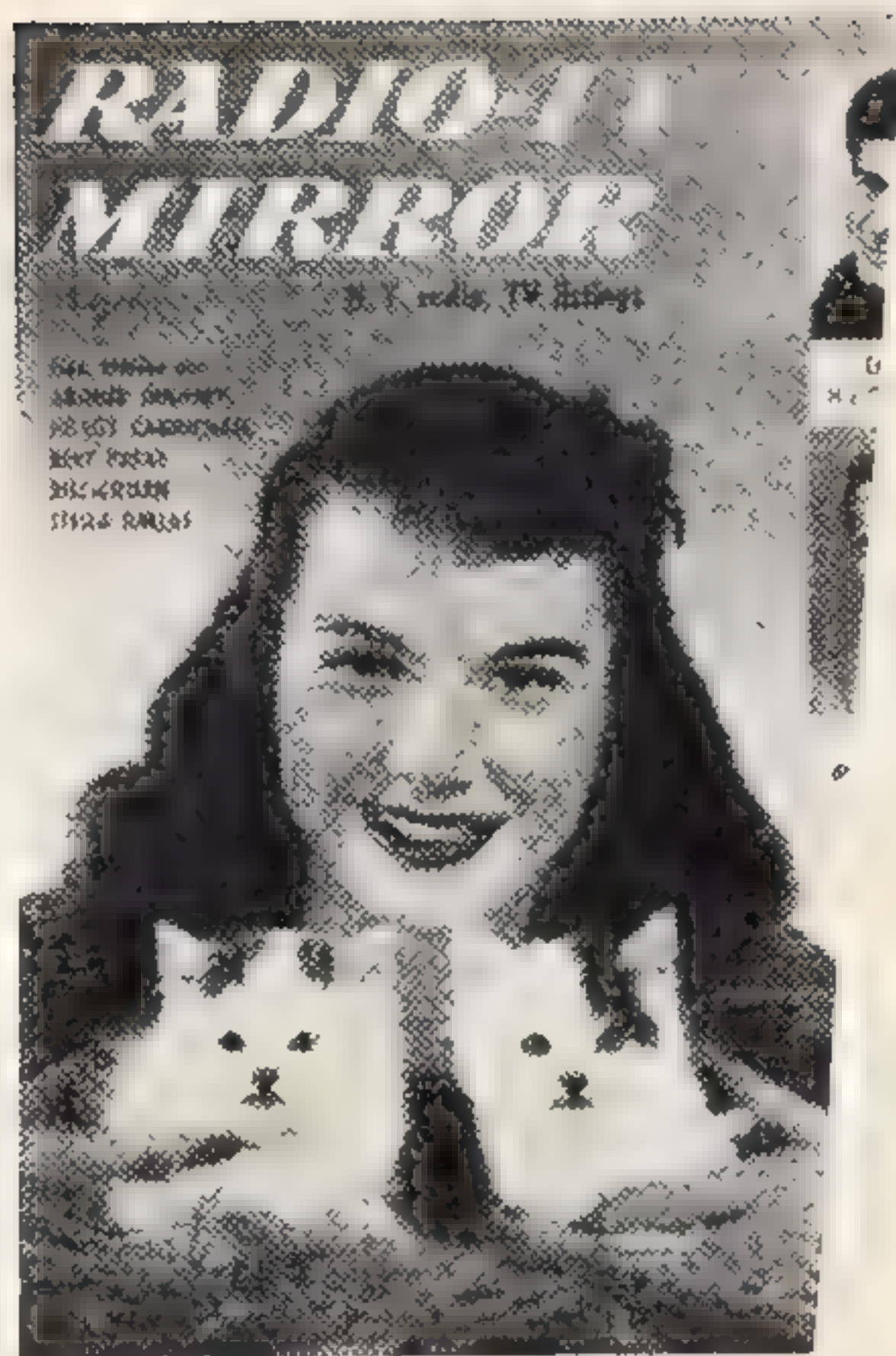
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are at least eighteen." I thought then that she was cruel. I know now that she was right.

Memorize this truth: The thing that you want to do secretly, or any act or deed you want to do surreptitiously, isn't the best thing for you. In contrast, think of those wonderful words in the marriage ceremony . . . "in the face of God and this company." The right things you will always want to do that way. That's how you know they are right. When God and those nearest and dearest to you are looking on, you begin on a sure foundation.

When you want to do the opposite—hide away, lie, pretend—it's wrong, no matter how much you rationalize the real reason to yourself.

When we are growing up, we fool ourselves. We tell ourselves, as an alibi, "I'd be more popular if I were prettier" or "better dressed." Or "had a nicer home."

Alibis! Blaming our own lack of real values on things outside ourselves. But the girl who says to herself, "If I used my brains more, I'd be more popular," you can count on the thumb of one hand.

It took me ages before I realized that to go out every night was idiotic. Now I know that my happiest evenings are spent at home with my family. It's just a case of growing up.

For example, when I first got into movies, my job represented security for me. It meant I could take care of my son, myself and my mother. Now being in movies has become a much more wonderful thing to me. I see it is my duty to entertain people. That's my place in life, and if I can bring a little joy to all kinds of people, my mission is accomplished. Incidentally, that's one reason I like to do "family" pictures. I love families. And I love to think of bringing happiness to families, all the way from grandma down to junior, who has just got his first chemistry set.

Once I sang a love song in a night club with the tears running down my face. That's because I had lost a love that was very important to me. It was a cold, winter night in New York. My son was away from me, with my mother, because I had to work all night, sleep all day and couldn't afford to support us in New York.

I felt so sorry for myself. I told myself I had given "everything" to that love. I would, I told myself, "never love again."

The thing you have to learn about love is that it is inexhaustible. The more love you give, the more love you still have.

When you aren't yet sixteen, you haven't

the experience to distinguish between quantity and quality. You haven't, I mean, unless you are a lot smarter than I was at that age. Your aim is to be a popular girl. I don't blame you for that. But what do you mean by popular? Are you getting quality or quantity?

The kids who go after the "kicks" are usually giving too much to get too little. Does that make sense? To have six boys dating you, will you hide out in the backs of cars, or dark streets, doing things you'd never do in the light of your own living room at home?

Stop kidding yourself. Find your real values.

You are you. That seems like a simple statement, but think about what it really means. God in his wisdom has made no one else in the whole world who is just like you. You are utterly unique. So why don't you develop your own uniqueness in conformance with His overall plan?

When I see beautiful girls like Hedy Lamarr or Ursula Thiess, I'm amazed I'm on the screen. When I see an actress like Shirley Booth, I ask, "And I get by with acting?"

Then I go home at night, and I see my husband, my son, and my mother. I want to get down on my knees in prayers of thankfulness. And I do. Because if between the lines of what I'm saying here, you come to the conclusion that I feel you should have an active faith and religion, you are right.

God made us in His image. Knowing all, seeing all, He is here to guide us if we will only trust Him. When He let you be you, let you be the center of your own universe, He gave you your greatest opportunity.

If you sell yourself cheaply you are the person you are hurting. Maybe it sounds dull to you, when you are sixteen, to counsel you that you might better stay home with a good book than go out with a cheap boy. But it's true. Think of it this way: Do you know everything about any one subject in the world? Or do you know one thing about every subject?

Of course you don't. Nobody does. But every single thing you learn puts you that much ahead. And every kindness you do puts you that much ahead, too.

Stop kidding yourselves, kids. The world owes you nothing—but it gives you everything. And you owe it everything. The more you give it, the more you'll have.

(Doris Day will soon be seen in Warners' "Calamity Jane") THE END



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## Piper and Rick

(Continued from page 41)

one another as they might wish. Therefore, in lieu of my unsuccessful attempt to secure your telephone number, I took the liberty of writing this note, hoping that you will contact me.

"As ever, Rick Eller."

Piper's emotions swung backward in a great arc and she wasn't a glowing young movie star anymore, a girl with glorious red hair and gardenia-white skin, and beautiful custom-made clothes. She wasn't "Piper Laurie" out in a big, smash hit like "Golden Blade." She wasn't a young celebrity who had been to Tokyo and Mexico and the front lines in Korea.

No. At sight of his writing, at sight of Rick's name, she was dumpy little Rosetta Jacobs again—a plump little girl with freckles on her nose and braces on her teeth. She was back in that dusty old school library again, stealing love-sick glances at the handsome profile and the coal-black hair and the magnificent shoulders that constituted Rick Eller, the most popular boy in his class.

Rick Eller. He didn't even know that once, in high school, she had double-dated with him. But she had. She had been his buddy's date, and his date had been a blonde girl who sat on his lap, and she, Piper, had been madly jealous.

But now, all because of one interview, which she had given PHOTOPLAY and this writer, Rick was seeking her out; and the girlish dream, hidden way back in the most secret corner of her ardent young heart, glowed once more.

I heard Piper's news about the letter when I was, literally, taking a shower bath. The phone shrilled. I jumped out and made a grab for it, and there was Piper, talking so fast I couldn't have understood her, even if the water hadn't been running.

"What? What, Piper?" I kept shouting, and then finally I distinguished the words: "And I've got a date with Rick tonight and did you ever hear of anything so heavenly and I'll call you tomorrow and tell you what happened and good-bye."

There I was, with a silent phone in my hands, as unlikely-looking a Cupid's messenger as could be. I also had quite a guilty conscience.

Because, you see, Piper's story about Rick had all come about when PHOTOPLAY had sent me to ask her which of her romances, if any, was the real one. Her name was most often coupled then with Leonard Goldstein, the producer, but she also dated Dick Anderson, and in New York, Charles Simonelli, the U-I executive, and any one of a number of other fellows around Hollywood like Carlos Thompson, for instance. Was she, I asked her, in love?

That's when she told me about Rick. That's when she said he lived down the street from her, but didn't even know it—what with her change of name and personality. That's when she said that for all the movie heroes she had met, and all the glib talkers and all the smooth dancers, this was the boy she would most of all like to see again.

I wrote it as Piper told it to me—and PHOTOPLAY published it. But the cynical part of it is that I didn't believe a word of it. And let me make it clear that I have always known that Piper is one of the most honest kids that ever hit this town. She's honest and she's intelligent and she's forthright and she's incredibly kind. She's as modern as a ballpoint pen, and yet she is that old-fashioned thing—a lady.

Just the same I thought she'd made Rick up. Made him up, you understand, inno-

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cently, the way kids make up dragons on dark stairways, or knights in armor from some sunbeam dancing in a midsummer afternoon. Highly imaginative, wildly romantic people like Piper do that all the time.

But after her call, my own pulse began to quicken and I planned to confess and apologize to her next day. Only our phone calls missed each other that next day, and the next day after and the day after that. Piper was out on tour with "Mississippi Gambler," out on tour for nearly two and a half months.

But excited little messages from her kept reaching me. First, "Rick called me long-distance today." On her birthday, her twenty-first birthday, "Rick wired me roses today." And then, finally, "I'm home, and my first date is with Rick."

"I'll see you tomorrow for lunch," I said to her firmly.

"Oh, yes," breathed Piper, "I want to tell you all about it."

She was still too excited to eat, that next day. She ordered only a cup of coffee, and it grew cold as she talked, her dark eyes radiant, her mouth all smiles, her voice soft as a tropical zephyr.

And this is what she said, as she showed me Rick's original note, all wrinkled with being carried over miles and spotted with coffee, where she had read it over a hundred breakfasts:

"I was never so excited in my life as when I got this note," Piper said. "I was in such a state that I just couldn't even telephone Rick for two whole days. When I did, his little sister answered, and I nearly died. I could hear her calling 'Rick, Rick, Piper Laurie is on the telephone for you.'"

"Then I heard his voice. He said, 'Who is this really?' And I could tell he was excited too."

"I said, 'This is Piper.' He was being cagey. He said, 'I don't believe it.'"

"Rick, I've got your note right here." Then I asked, "Shall I read it to you?" I started to, but he interrupted me, and he apologized. He laughed, sort of nervous, and he said, "It just seemed too good to believe," and he asked me when he could see me. I said Friday, two days away. I didn't want to seem too eager. I asked him to come over to my house and have dinner with me and my folks.

"Mother and I planned one of those man-proof dinners—you know, roast beef and pie. And I started to get dressed in the middle of the afternoon. I wanted to be right on time, downstairs and looking all relaxed and casual, but simply nothing would go right. I couldn't do a thing with my hair. I tried on and took off three dresses and they all looked tacky. I must have put on ten different pairs of earrings. I got my lipstick on crooked and just as I was rubbing it off, to put it on again, the doorbell rang, echoing sharply through the house. He was right on the dot."

"Downstairs, I could hear my mother and father taking over. There was wrestling on the TV that evening and I could hear them going into the living room with Rick, to watch. I absolutely hurled on my make-up then, but will you believe it, I was so excited I couldn't open my bedroom door. My hands just whirled around the doorknob. Finally, after a lot of pulling and tugging, I did get it open. But by that time, I knew I was all flushed, and I was so thankful that it was pretty dark in the living room on account of the TV, so Rick couldn't see me too clearly."

"But I certainly saw him. I saw that he was about six feet tall—just as I remembered—and so cute-looking, with his black hair and dark eyes. He jumped up and held out a box of candy. 'Hi,' he said, 'this is for you.'"

Piper giggled. "Imagine," she said. "A box of candy. I practically haven't had a single piece of candy since I've been in movies—but I wasn't thinking of that, then. I was just thinking what utter heaven it was to be looking right at Rick, right into his eyes, really seeing him."

"Because, you see, I had never really had a direct look at him before. There in school, over absolute years, I had looked at him every single chance I got. But they were sneaked looks, you know, under my lashes, and when I was pretending to look at other things."

"Well, we had dinner. And then later, Mother and Father seemed to have something else to do. They left us alone and Rick and I talked for five straight hours."

I interrupted her. "What did you talk about?"

"Our memories," said Piper. "All the kids we'd known in school and what we had done, and they had done. I reminded Rick of the time we had double-dated, and it was just horror. Because he barely recalled it at all, while I remembered everything. I told him what a big night it had been for me, even though I was wishing I was his date, and not his pal's. I recalled how the boys had taken us to Mike, Lyman's for dinner, and then to see 'The Blackouts' and later, we'd driven up the Strip to a drive-in. But nice as it all was, I hated the evening, because of that blonde with Rick."

"It must have been one o'clock in the morning before we quit talking," Piper said, "and when Rick left, we'd made a date at my house again for three days later. We talked five more hours that time, and two evenings later, we went to the movies. I can't say that I saw much of the picture."

"The trouble was that I was back in my school mood again. I kept sneaking looks at Rick's profile and I'd find myself thinking, 'This is the way we used to be.' That wasn't quite true, but when we were kids and went to the movies, the girls would go in one group and the boys in the other. We'd pretend to ignore each other—but I used to sit there, not watching the screen, because I had to keep my eyes on Rick."

And then, almost at once it seemed, Piper was off for Korea—her second trip to this fighting front. But we talked again when she got back.

"On my return-home date with Rick," she said, "I became aware that our conversation was still about 'the old days.' We were back again in the memory department. We were still discussing the past." She paused, with thoughts of the future obviously flickering through her mind.

"It's such a tough thing for a young man today," she said, finally. "Rick has been an English major at UCLA. He is thinking of possibly taking up law, but he hasn't decided finally yet. How can he, with a year at college still to go and the draft ahead of him? He has also been investigating the oil business up in northern California, with a friend of his."

"It's a cinch for me to face my future: All I need to do is work continually to make myself a better actress, and hope that I get constantly better roles. There is no threat that the Army will side-swipe me and take three years out of my life. But with a boy like Rick. . . ." She spread out her pretty expressive hands. "You tell me," she said. "You just tell me."

I didn't, of course. I don't know the answer any more than Piper does.

But I can say for myself and for PHOTOPLAY that it was fun playing fairy godmother—fun to tie a dreamy past into a delightful present. And the future? It takes more than a fairy godmother to be able to do anything about that. THE END



## Jane Powell's Marriage

(Continued from page 37)

me when the story first made headlines.

"I'll be in Las Vegas with Janie and the children," stated Geary when I first called him to check the startling separation story.

"We're separated," said Janie—then added, not too hastily, "while I'm on tour, of course."

"What chance does your marriage have?" I persisted.

A slight pause, then, a shade too brightly: "I'd say a sixty-forty chance. We hope to be able to work it out."

Then back in Hollywood, from Geary: "No, I won't be going to Vegas." And a nurse would be taking the two children to be with their mother for a month. "But," Geary added, "she will stay in the house for a couple of days before going to Nevada." In answer to my question: "Sure, I'll be there, too."

"I talked to Janie in Toronto," he went on, "and she had a very successful show. But she'll stay in New York longer than she expected."

By the oddest coincidence (or was it a coincidence?), Gene Nelson, the man the Steffens had reportedly quarreled over, was in New York at the same time. While Jane was there, she refused to say anything to the press about her marital situation or about Gene. As for Gene, he did talk, brushing off the suggestion that the two might be involved in a romance. "After all, I've known the Steffens for years. I knew Geary long before I knew Janie. Just because we made a movie and were working very close together, people come along with all these rumors. I don't even read the papers any more. Why don't they just leave me alone?"

But Gene slipped in a contradictory statement of his own, providing (intentionally or unintentionally) an easy out. "If they keep it up," he said, "they'll drive Janie and me together. If that's what everybody's saying anyhow, we might as well..."

Yet out in Hollywood Geary was insisting, "I absolutely think our marriage has a good chance. Of course, I'm the optimistic type, while Janie has always been a conservative."

And then, like Gene, he turned bitter: "If any other man and wife have a spat, nobody knows it. We quarrel, and the whole world screams. I'm more in love with Jane than ever."

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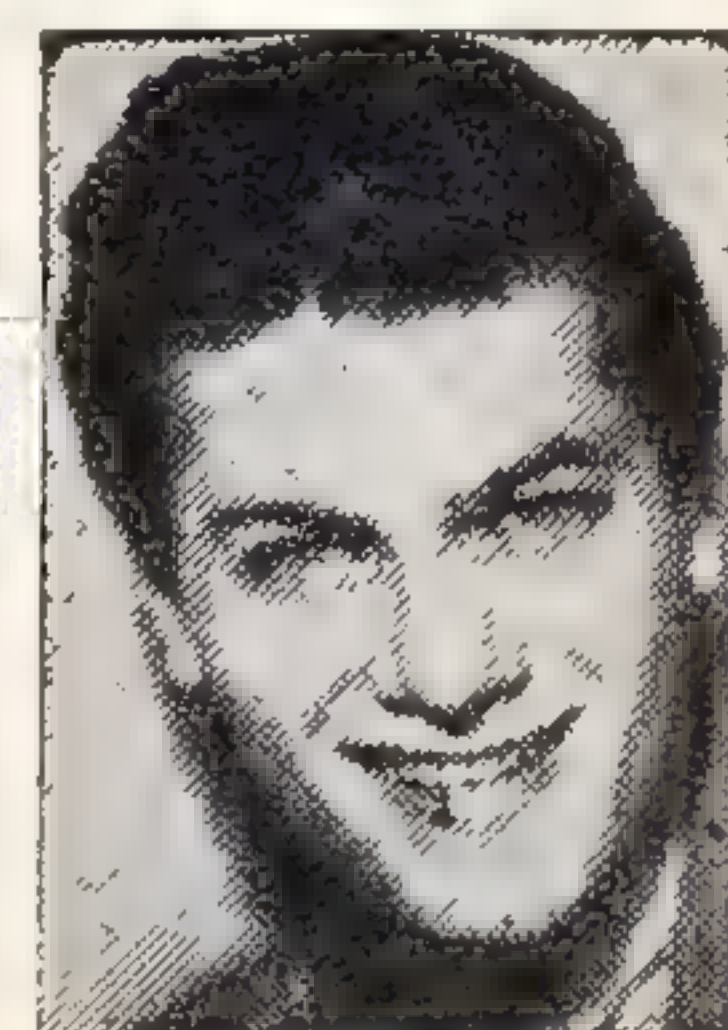
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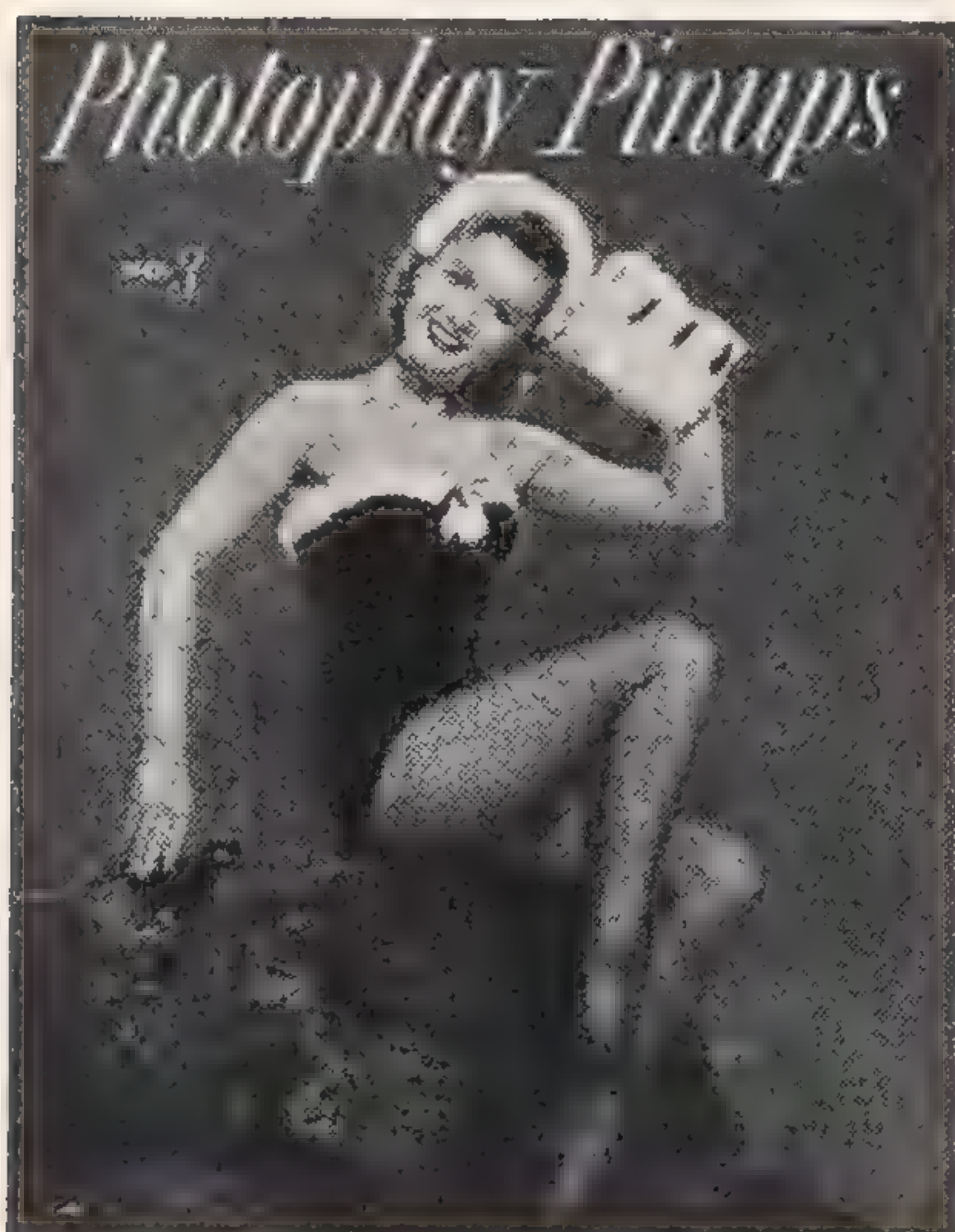
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swer to that question must wait. But if she is, she has not been showing it. Though Geary and the children did accompany her to Las Vegas for her personal engagement there, Geary did not stay long. Shortly after he left, Gene Nelson arrived—on a holiday. He and Jane made no secret of the fact that they were seeing each other regularly.

And Geary? During this period Jane said, "I have the greatest sympathy for him. But I want to be happy."

Proust, the French author, wrote that the tragedy of all love lies in the fact that one is always more in love than the other. If the woman is more in love than the man, he gets bored. And the opposite is equally true. On face of it, and by their own admissions, Geary has always been more in love with Jane than she with him.

Jane is quiet; we used to think of her as almost the mousy type; she hates anything on the sensational side. When producer Joe Pasternak made her dye her mouse-colored hair for a picture, she was terribly unhappy, and wanted to re-dye to the natural color as soon as the picture was over. And she did, though the blonde locks went much better with her blue eyes, especially on the screen. In spite of her outward docility, Jane has shown tenacity and determination to succeed from the time she was a teenager.

She was always so sensible. Janie dated very few boys before Geary. And when she fell in love with him, she was in no rush to marry, unlike Elizabeth Taylor, who has always had to translate a desire into an accomplished fact right off the bat.

"I make more money than Geary," Jane told me so sensibly at the time. "So we'll wait until he can pay his way. That's how he wants it." And that's the way it was. They rented a small house at the beginning, and Geary paid the rent. I believe Janie paid for some of the food, but that was all. She was able to save most of her four-figure-a-week salary.

Geary had been an ice skater when he met the pretty movie star of his dreams. (Gene Nelson's also a graduate of the ice shows.) With marriage ahead, Geary got down to basic facts and landed a job with a big insurance company. Like any other adoring wife, Jane drummed up business for her husband, but he didn't need her help; he's a worker. Then came the babies, and Jane looked like a little dream on a cloud, always chic, at every party with her husband, proud of her approaching motherhood.

And her career flourished in spite of the quiet domesticity that some people might have called humdrum. They say in Hollywood that any publicity, no matter how sensational, is good for your career. It certainly has worked for Marilyn Monroe, Lana Turner, Errol Flynn and Ava Gardner, to mention a few who increased in star stature because of (or in spite of) lurid press coverage. But Janie didn't seem to need it. And her marriage was a great thing for this town. When headline seekers made Hollywood a synonym for Sin, we could point proudly to Jane and Geary, as normal as Nantucket, as peaceful as Podunk, as happy as hallelujah.

What happened? When did the maggot get into the woodpile? (Ugly words for an ugly surprise.) Exactly two days before the Metro announcement, Jane and Geary were celebrating her twenty-fourth birthday at Ciro's—seemingly happy. But a tip-off should have been seen in the presence of Gene Nelson, who had recently separated from his wife Miriam.

Though Gene wouldn't give any reason for the break-up in his own household, he insisted that it had nothing to do with Janie. "The trouble started about a year ago," he said, "after a trip to New York.

And for a whole year we did our best, but it just didn't figure. Miriam's a wonderful girl; she deserves the best of everything. Maybe I can't provide it."

Except for Gene's own statement, to date there have been no denials of the stories concerning his role in the Steffen crisis. But no one can hurt a marriage if it's a happy one. So the trouble must have started before Jane went to Warners to make "Three Sailor and a Girl." Jane was the girl; Gene was a sailor; and he was acting like a sailor who is really home from the sea.

I kept hearing reports that Jane was falling in love with the blond, good-looking dancer. But she was happily married, wasn't she? So I told off the people who told me. Later, I heard that Miriam had stormed onto the set to have a few strong words with Janie. Then came the news that Janie had fainted a couple of times while making the picture, and a fantastic story that Geary had socked Gene during a heated argument. But I still wouldn't believe there was anything wrong with her marriage. I wouldn't have believed there was trouble if I'd seen it with my own eyes and heard it with my own ears. And I still didn't go for it, even when Metro confirmed the rumors.

For the record, Gene later said that he, too, was surprised at the announcement. "While we were making the picture, I wasn't aware that Jane had any marriage problem. You don't discuss that sort of thing over lunch. It's very regrettable, but I think the Steffens have a chance to patch it up. Their difficulties aren't as serious as ours." As for the fact that the Steffens' separation came so soon after the Nelsons', Gene dismissed this as "an amazing coincidence," adding resentfully, "And people jumped on it in great style!"

However, when Janie herself talked to me and admitted there had been great difficulty, without saying why or what, I decided to find out Why and What.

Now I'm not a psychiatrist, but I've been around in Hollywood a long time, and that practically makes you one. This is the way I see it. Before she married Geary, Jane was very close to her mother—because she wanted to be, and because the studio preferred it that way. I remember how unhappy she was, and how reticent, when her mother and father separated. Before she was married she bought them a beautiful house in the valley, complete with pool. Every weekend all the starlets and their beaux gathered there.

You never saw Jane in a night club. She never knew how the other half lived or loved, never even took a peep through the wall. But she was curious, like all normal girls. She was always very controlled and serious, but I should have guessed that still waters were running a little deep when she begged Joe Pasternak to put her in a picture where for once she wouldn't be the sweet young thing. Joe just laughed and pointed to the way Deanna Durbin's career declined when she began playing women of the world. According to Joe, she should have remained wide-eyed and wondering on the screen until her middle twenties at least. When he finally allowed Jane to be kissed on the screen, what a fuss! It was a scene with an adolescent boy, although Jane would have preferred to rub noses with a sophisticated movie Romeo.

Okay, so she marries and she's no longer a baby and she can have romance in her movies. Most young actresses in Hollywood marry early to escape family dictatorship, but not Jane. She loved her parents and she loved Geary.

On the early personal-appearance tours, Geary used to go with her. But in the past two years he hasn't been able to



leave his work. He's been doing too well. Besides, someone had to stay home with the baby and keep the home fires burning. So there was Jane, a famous star, an attractive girl, on her own for the first time in her life. And it was fun to be admired, nice to hear she was beautiful and had a great singing voice. Now she was seeing how the other half carried on. It was exciting. And it seemed a little bit of a letdown to be the same old dependable Janie when she returned to Geary's loving arms in Hollywood.

She'd always been thrifty, never given parties, even made some of her own dresses. But now she wanted beautiful clothes, furs, and a new, grander house. It was ironic that Geary moved her into the new, big mansion when their marriage was at its shakiest. They were happier a year and a half ago when they bought the smaller home. But along came another baby—and another outlook.

The second child very often changes a woman. (We sometimes forget that a movie star is also a woman.) After having two babies so close together, you yearn very intensely to be slim, chic and admired again. It happened to me, and I've heard it from a lot of other women. So Jane wanted her fling.

But maybe she'll learn that in the long (or short) run, a good home and an adoring husband mean more than the excitement of a quick romance—especially in Hollywood, where you must have something peaceful to come home to after the spotlight has tensed you to the screaming point.

Perhaps that's the trouble. Jane never screams. She's always quite controlled, and it's hard for me to visualize her in a yelling session with Geary. Though Geary's the easygoing type, he gives the impression that he could fight like a lion for what he really wants. And he wants his wife.

He took her to the plane for the trip East, when everyone was linking Jane with Gene Nelson in their columns. Another man would have been embarrassed, but Geary smiled through the stares. And Jane went with him to the airport when the midget British car he is agenting arrived by plane. She posed for pictures there, and gave Geary his first order. He called her every day in New York—without asking whether she was dating Mr. Nelson. It couldn't really be easy for Jane to untie the knot, and she would have had to be really bored with her boyish husband to divorce him. He not only loves her, but he's crazy about the kids. And a poor boy who has the guts to

marry a movie star has the energy to hang on to her.

Besides, property-wise it would be very difficult indeed to break up the marriage. In his quiet, efficient way, Geary has done pretty well financially; for every two dollars Jane has invested, he's put up one of his. Together they own two apartment houses, and they're in the middle of building a third. Of course, the laws of California give Geary fifty per cent of Jane's big income. (She's reached the high brackets since her marriage.) And the business of dividing this sum would be very headache-making.

But more important than money or property, there are the children. For an idea of the heartbreak that would be involved in deciding the question of custody, Janie might consider Gene Nelson's patently unhappy words, while the future of little Chris was still in doubt: "At first, I thought of making it fifty-fifty, but I don't want to split up the kid's life. That way, he'd be yanked up every six months and have to get used to new friends, a new school, new teachers, a new family. I'd like to take him right now, only it wouldn't be fair to him. But I want complete visiting privileges!"

It isn't pleasant to picture Jay and Suzanne Steffen at the center of such a controversy. I don't think Janie could, like Ingrid Bergman, leave a child behind to go off to any new romance. On the other hand, they're Geary's kids, too, and he wouldn't surrender them easily. Besides, Jane told him rather recently that she wanted six children. And there's this cute story: When Pasternak was plotting "The Student Prince" for Jane, he called her to ask, "First tell me, are you going to have another baby soon?" Jane turned the phone over to Geary, who shouted, "Yes!"

Not so long ago, Janie gave an interview in which she stated, "My husband and children will always come first." Of course she meant first in relationship to her career. But it was even more reasonable to put her husband ahead of a fast friendship with a guy who didn't have the right to woo her in the first place.

So here it is on the line: tranquility, home, husband and children, versus the kind of restless seeking for happiness that has kept Lana Turner and Ava Gardner on the run for years. It is up to Jane to choose. And we hope that she will finally make the right decision. But she's got to get off that betting machine. You don't talk of marriage in terms of sixty to forty. It's either an all-out thing—or nothing.

THE END

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## Too Busy for the Blues

(Continued from page 43)

tends to be on the serious side, and the humor that creeps into it is quiet and delightfully subtle. He holds up amazingly well under the continual pressure exerted on him by his busy schedule. But although the famed O'Connor energy is still there, he appears to be trying to hide the fact that he is, underneath the facade of the successful entertainer, an extremely tired young man.

It is small wonder. In the past year he has made three movies (the average for an established Hollywood actor); he has formed a music publishing company with his sidekick, Sidney Miller; he has contracted to make recordings for Decca, and approximately every five weeks he has starred on the Comedy Hour, a stint requiring a grueling month of rehearsals for each show.

On top of this, his personal life is in a turmoil, resulting from a separation from his wife. It is not the first time Gwen and Donald O'Connor have gone their separate ways. The nine-year-old marriage has survived several temporary rifts, some of them lasting only a week, others stretching into a month.

Neither Gwen nor Donald will discuss their troubles, and the consensus of opinion seems to be that while the two are still in love, their temperaments are such that they cannot live together peacefully.

Many comedies have been written for both stage and motion pictures that revolve around a married couple who worship each other yet are scrapping perpetually. It can be funny in a play or a film. But it is far from amusing when it happens in real life. Donald and Gwen have suffered a lot of heartaches. Their first serious quarrel came in the spring of 1948 when they had been married four years; another followed in the fall of that same year. The year 1950 saw another rift, and 1952 began a series of spats. Each successive separation took a little longer to mend, and it can be assumed that while their earlier reconciliations were made possible by the resiliency of their extreme youth, the more recent rhubarbs are a much greater strain on both. Possibly they are beginning to look on their troubles with more maturity and are trying to find a middle road that will make their marriage more secure.

As this is being written they have been separated more than three months, making the most serious rift thus far, but it is the hope of everyone that rumors pointing to another reconciliation may be true. Both are well liked by all of Hollywood, and both have mutual friends rooting for a permanent reunion.

Donald himself will make no statement concerning the situation, and the reason for his silence is a thoughtful one. "This is a business that is built on sensationalism, and it's also one in which the performers are looked up to by the young kids in America. For some reason, they tend to pattern themselves after their favorite entertainers, so a guy in my position has a lot of responsibility. I can't make a statement about my marriage because I myself don't know how things will work out. If and when the situation has settled down and cleared, then I'll have something to say. I'm not an impulsive guy—I don't go around saying one thing one week and something else the next. When I know what the score is, I'll let other people know. Until then, the most sensible and logical thing to do is to keep quiet about it. That's the least I can do for kids who might be so affected that they'd get the idea that it's smart to split up a mar-

riage. It isn't. Nobody knows that better than I do."

Donald has often been referred to as an example of the typical American youth. ("I don't get it," he says. "The average American boy is six feet tall, and look at me.") And this is undoubtedly the reason he feels so strongly that any personal acts of his own might influence others. His consideration of his responsibility under the circumstances is remarkable, and rare. A great many people in Hollywood conduct themselves like lunatics on a binge in a monkey house, with neither a thought nor a care for the impression they are giving the youngsters who have regarded them as heroes and heroines. It's fair to say, however, that most of these are people who came to success in movies later in life. Those who grew up backstage, such as Donald, feel a greater debt to their fans.

O'Connor's whole life has been influenced by show business and its responsibilities, and he feels he is lucky because of it. "I grew up learning a trade, and I learned it from the bottom up. It became natural to me, so that today going into a dance is a part of me, like one of my toes. When you grow up with a career, you build not only your stage personality, but your own true personality is affected by it every step of the way."

A lot of bitterness and heartbreak have gone along with his remarkable career. As a child he spent both the light and dark hours on stages of countless theatres, both drab and elegant, contributing his bit to the family's vaudeville act. Success seemed to come when at twelve he was signed by Paramount Studios to appear as a child actor in "Sing You Sinners" with Bing Crosby. He made many movies there, and one at Warner Brothers, but like all child actors, he eventually reached an age where there were no parts for him. He went back to vaudeville with the family, and then his brother Billy died, and Donald stayed with the act.

In 1942, when he was sixteen, he made a new start in movies, and once again the spotlight pointed him out as an important find for the screen. In two years at Universal Studios he became a headliner whose future promised great things. He had fallen in love with Gwen Carter and despite the fact she was only seventeen and he eighteen, he began thinking seriously of marriage. It was decided for him when the United States Army invited his membership. He and Gwen were married, and that same night he left for his designated camp.

Two years later he climbed into civilian clothes once more, and trotted happily to his home lot, Universal. At the time, Universal was merging with International Pictures, and no one at the studio was quite sure of future plans. One thing they were sure of—they didn't know what to do with Donald O'Connor. His fame had held fairly well, inasmuch as he had slaved through eleven movies in the last year before he went into the Army, and the last film of that batch was still showing at the time of his release. However, new faces had come onto the scene while Donald was doing his stint, like so many returning actors, he found it impossible to pick up where he had left off. The studio paid him his contract salary but had no work for him, and so Donald took off on a series of personal appearance tours. He did this for two reasons. The first was that he is a born trouper and can't stand idleness. Show business is in his blood and to Donald, no bookings mean no contentment. The other reason was financial. He



not only had a wife to support, but a new baby daughter, and his salary as Pvt. O'Connor hadn't added up to exactly a lush existence for the family.

It was his first experience with big money in two years—the salary from the studio and the income from the tours, and Donald threw money to the four winds. He bought a house, he bought automobiles, he took his wife to a fur shop and his mother to a jewelry store. He lavished gifts on everyone and the following March was stunned by a staggering tax bill from Uncle Sam. He just didn't have the money, and for a while it seemed he might have to sell the house, the first and only home he and Gwen ever had together. The situation was saved by the trust fund into which had gone fifty per cent of his earnings as a child actor. The taxes were finally paid and Donald put himself on a flat allowance of fifty dollars a week for spending money, a figure he hasn't changed despite the recent boom in his career.

During that first year out of the Army he lost some self-confidence. He still had talent, but if the studio didn't seem to want to put him to work, it left him without direction and with considerable, understandable bitterness. "Francis," the movie about a talking mule, changed all that. The picture was immensely popular and put Donald solidly back on the silver screens of the world. It grossed tremendous profits and the studio, now consolidated and ready for planning, went ahead with a batch of sequels to the first "Francis" movie. The latest is "Francis Covers the Big Town." Donald became so closely associated with the pictures that strangers frequently addressed him as Francis.

But like all sequels they gradually dwindled in quality, and Donald was beginning to wonder if he and the mule would be making movies together twenty years hence, when Jimmy Durante asked Universal-International if Donald could appear on his Comedy Hour show. The timing was perfect. Donald's bit on the program was such an immediate hit that the sponsors began negotiations to give O'Connor his own show. He not only got it, but the new surge of his popularity opened the eyes of movie producers at other studios. He was loaned to Twentieth Century-Fox for "Call Me Madam" and to M-G-M for "Singin' in the Rain" and "I Love Melvin." At U-I he did "Walking My Baby Back Home." This fall he will make "White Christmas" at Paramount, re-joining Bing in a movie after fourteen years.

The letters pour in from older people who remember him on stage with his family when he was knee-high, and from the new younger generation, the kids who don't recall his movie career in the pre-war days. To keep up the pace, Donald puts in six and sometimes seven days (and nights) a week. He tries desperately to save Sundays for himself, to give him a chance to take his six-year-old Donna to an amusement park or the lion farm. There is a great bond between the father and daughter, and Donald says with a slight smile, "I think I can safely say that she really likes her mother and father."

Sundays are the only days he has time to get out in the sun. He is perhaps the palest performer on record, as the overwhelming majority of daylight hours are spent inside offices, sound stages, recording studios and theatres. When he does get some time off he goes in for golf, and sometimes will spend a few hours boxing in a gym to keep himself in condition. He tries, however, to go outdoors whenever he has the opportunity, and in the winter has grabbed a few short weekends for skiing. He is a natural athlete, as are most

dancers because of their muscular coordination and sense of timing, and annoys friends when he picks up a racquet or bat or football and without any training betters those who have spent months in practice. Last winter he had three whole weeks to himself and spent so much time wondering what to do with himself that at the last minute he could squeeze only six days for a trip to Honolulu. His hesitation was perhaps because he likes so well to stay at home. Surprisingly enough, many of his friends are not in show business. He likes people and feels he can learn something from everyone, and talking shop is not his idea of a stimulating conversation.

The nervous type, he stays thin as a stick, and after ten years he weighs less than he did when he went into the Army. He watches his diet carefully, not from a weight standpoint but strictly for health. He drinks quantities of milk and orange juice, and eats sensible meals always well garnished with fruits, red meats and raw vegetables. If he slips up on sleep or food he is bedded by flu or some other bug, and the precious lost time frets him more than the illness itself. Others in the entertainment world, busy as they might be, wonder how Donald does it. Most of his activity is no doubt fueled by nervous energy, and no matter how physically tired he may be he always works to the hilt. When whipping up skits for his show with Sidney Miller and Sidney Kuller, he gets so enthusiastic that the writers sometimes have to slow him down. "I get in their hair," he says. "Sid Kuller looks at me and says, 'You're pressing, you're pressing'—which is a polite way of telling me to shut up."

When he is aware he's too tired, he has the common sense to refuse new assignments, and last year cancelled two television shows. But when he feels tiptop he

*It's real nice to be important, but  
it's real important to be nice.*

TONY CURTIS

can't seem to get enough work. "I'd like to go on the Comedy Hour every four weeks instead of five, but picture commitments take up too much time."

The show takes up the majority of his time and he tries to make it a well-rounded presentation with varied sets designed to please all types of people. He worries at criticism, no matter how small it might be. He worries about whether slapstick is still funny to people, he worries awake and asleep about every dance step, every dialogue bit in the show. Once in while a little thought creeps into his mind—"Let's play golf. Why are you beating yourself? Come on, the sun's out!"

"But, you see," he smiles, "I can't do it. I'm building to something. I'm trying to reach the point I've been striving for. Things have been happening fast and furious, and it may be tough right now, but when I've built my career in TV and pictures to where I want it, I can slack off a little."

Enough people have told Donald that he has already reached the top, but he can't believe that it's true. Now the O'Connor needs only two things—repairs on his home life, and somebody who can convince him that he can play golf on a Tuesday without worrying. His fourth comeback has brought him back to stay.

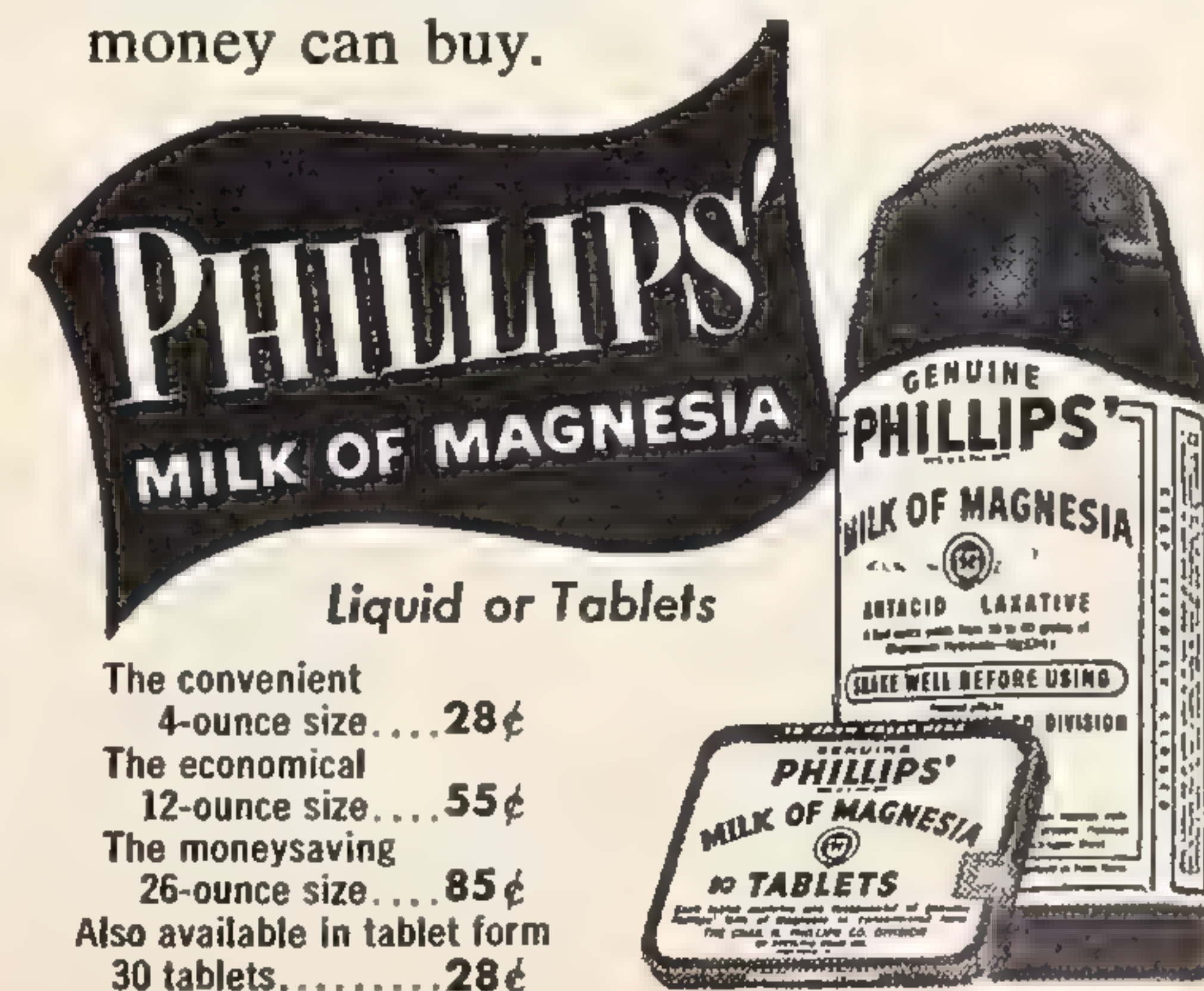
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## My Kind of Guy

(Continued from page 33)

That's because nothing bothers him. He's a boy who seems to have spent his whole life being happy. And it's catching. When you're with him, you find there's an amusing side to almost every situation. If there isn't, he'll invent one.

The speech I'd overheard couldn't have been more ridiculous. Bob was the fellow who'd beat the morning sun to the studio one day to help a near-stranger with a screen test. I was the stranger. Well, practically. We'd met only a short while before. He didn't have to help. But he realized that the test was an important one for me. So he mentioned that he'd played the scene several times and knew the lines and action. After that, he casually volunteered to be on the soundstage at the crack of dawn when the cameras started rolling. And after that, if R. J. Wagner had said the word, I'd have fetched him an axe and gladly put my throat on the block. A matter of sheer gratitude.

Bob has an uncanny way of being around when he's needed. I remember our first encounter... Funny, the way people are sort of drawn to one another. It happens in movies most of the time. Boy notices girl. Girl sees boy. Their eyes meet. Eventually, he strolls across a crowded room, lights two cigarettes and hands her one of them. There follows some sparkling dialogue and background music.

In our case, the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary qualified nicely for the crowded room. It was packed. I was new on the lot and didn't know a soul. And I wanted to see a friendly face so badly that I was about ready to go home to my mother's. Then I saw Bob. He was looking at me, and our eyes met—right on schedule. Of course, that's about as close as we came to the script. I don't smoke and he's usually out of cigarettes anyway. "Hello," he said.

"Hello," I said.

I wouldn't call it terribly sparkling dialogue, and dishes were clattering in the background. But when he smiled, the room seemed a much finer place.

We weren't formally introduced until several days later. Mike Connolly, of **PHOTOPLAY** and **The Hollywood Reporter**, did the honors on a Twentieth street corner. When Mike said goodbye, Bob walked me to my car. I climbed in. But I wasn't going anywhere. Not in that car. The battery was dead beyond reviving. Wagner, to the rescue, walked me to his car and gave me a ride to my front door.

As far as I was concerned, Bob's actions were more character-revealing than his words could have been on our first real date. It was Academy Award night. As is the custom on such occasions, the studio had provided a car and driver, and we were off to the **Pantages Theatre** in a downpour of California dew. En route to and from the car, Bob seemed to have one mission in life. That was seeing that my brand new evening gown didn't get drenched. He worried far more about it than I did.

We were the first out of the theatre when the event ended. Limousines rolled into view, picked up their passengers and rolled away again. As we stood there, Bob spotted a group of fans waiting for autographs. Everyone was in a hurry and the kids weren't having much success. Bob took one look at their disappointed faces, borrowed a pencil and suggested that we go over.

Two hours later we were still there. We weren't sure what had happened to our car. Boy-movie-star could have sent any one of five other people to find it, and

saved himself a soaked tuxedo. And I could name ten other stars who would have done just that. But not Robert. Out he went. Back he came—wet, victorious, with auto.

We went on to a party at one of the more exclusive—and expensive—**Beverly Hills** restaurants. Half-way through the evening, we discovered that we had monstrous appetites in common and slipped over to a quiet corner table for scrambled eggs. When the bill came, I found that R. J. can sometimes carry consideration too far. I caught a glimpse of his face as he eyed the check, and pulled out his wallet. Then I caught a glimpse of the check. Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, it read. Bob was going to pay it without a word. I could tell he was thinking that words on such high finances might be embarrassing to me. "This I can't see," I told him firmly. "Scrambled eggs are scrambled eggs. In my kitchen or in **Beverly Hills**. Let's get the waiter."

We got the waiter. Turned out there'd been a large-type mistake. "Thanks, Terry, girl," said Robert. "Thanks a lot." Next day, he sent me a dozen eggs—all painted gold—and a frying pan.

In a short time, Bob and I have been through a lot together... the least of which was a platter of eggs... and I've come to know him pretty well. He's my kind of guy, this R. J. Wagner, and I hope I can say it without starting another wedding rumor. But if I made a long list of admirable qualities—qualities all girls look for in a man—Bob would illustrate each of them.

Take friendliness. Bob likes people. When you walk into a room with him, you're greeted by at least three-quarters of the population. He has a genuine interest in everyone he meets. On a picture, he knows every name and a number of life histories. And he's no snob. To R. J., a prop man is as important as an executive.

I remember one man who stopped by our table in the commissary. Bob introduced us, but I didn't catch the name. When he left, I asked about him. "He's awfully nice," said I. "Has he worked in many of your pictures?"

"I work in his pictures," said Bob. "That's Mr. Skouras. He's the head of the studio."

Another thing about Bob and people is that he'll defend someone to the death if that someone's been raked over verbal coals. "Now wait a minute," he'll begin. "We don't know the whole story..."

He's one of the most understanding men I've ever known. And when you're in the picture business, understanding is something you can use. Now I'm recalling a night in Florida when we made personal appearances at one of the theatres. We'd worked hard that day, and I had a six o'clock date in the make-up department the following morning. You might say I was slightly tired. "Let's go out and see the town," suggested a member of the cast.

"What about it, Terry?" asked Bob. "Think you can make it?"

I confessed that I couldn't take another step unless it was toward home, and I felt like a heel about having to say it. As a matter of fact, on other dates I've been called a heel—well, killjoy—for having said it... but never by R. J.

Whenever I talk about Bob, the word consideration keeps turning up. The fact that he's considerate is as good a reason as any, I guess. And any number of his fans will tell you the same—particularly two little Floridians. We were sitting in the patio of the **Casa Marina Hotel** in Key West and Bob saw these fellows peeking through the fence. They wanted auto-



graphs. Bob located a pen, some paper, and then made the rounds of the cast collecting signatures. Before he returned to the fence, he disappeared for a moment. He was next seen on his way back to the fans—with Coca Colas as well as autographs for each.

Another incident I think about with a certain amount of horror. We had a date to shoot pictures one afternoon. Bob arrived early and remained until the very end. He had a lot of jolly things to say—went through his entire stock of hysterical quips. However, he neglected to mention that he was coming down with flu. We were practicing jujitsu at the edge of the dock when he went into the water. He came up laughing. But the next day wasn't so funny. The company doctor put him to bed. The dunking had been a great help. "Me and my jujitsu," I wailed to him over the phone. "Why didn't you tell us you were sick?"

"The photographer came a long way to get the pictures," he explained patiently. Then his voice took on a teasing tone. "Terry, he said, 'the papers keep printing that we're in love. What'll they say when they find out you threw me into the ocean. That wasn't very romantic of you, Terry.'"

"What else could I do?" I came back.

"Everytime the man focused the camera, you'd wrap a towel around my face."

"Serves you right for stealing that scene yesterday."

We were kidding. I hope that "Twelve Mile Reef," is only the first of a long line of movies in which we'll be appearing together. We like working together, and with us, it's a fifty-fifty matter. The better he is, the better I am. And vice versa. The play's supposed to be the thing—and who are we to argue with Shakespeare?

We didn't even try to argue with the columnists when the announcements of our "marriage plans" came out. The company press agent was kind enough to make the denials for us. To this day, we're not certain how the story got out. But it really got around. Whenever we made a theatre appearance, the first question from the audience was, "When's the wedding?"

Bob had a neat answer for that one. "Let Terry tell you," he'd say.

This line was my introduction. He'd exit laughing and wait in the wings while I'd try to think up some quick dialogue.

Well, at any rate, I guess those feud rumors got lost, when the copy took a romantic turn. It's enough to drive a columnist right out of her mind, I guess. Sorry, lady.

THE END

## I Have a Terrible Time

(Continued from page 57)

enclosed space and Pati seemed highly amused. "Where are the dogs?" she asked. Then she whistled, and they came bounding over our neighbor's fence to nuzzle us.

When I was sixteen my father invited some of his friends over to our house to watch me ride. He told them I was big stuff, that I could handle a horse like a cowpuncher. To prove him right I appeared on the scene dressed like a city kid's dream of a cowboy. I wore the biggest chaps in the history of the West, and my tooled leather boots boasted spurs with rowels as big as sun dials. Then I mounted the horse. He saw my leg coming up over his starboard side, looking like nothing he'd ever seen before, and spurted off before I had a good seat. He dumped me in the middle of Sunset Boulevard. It was Sunday, and the heavy traffic came to a dead stop in order to watch this idiot (me) chase his horse all over the Boulevard. I wasn't doing a very good job of chasing, either, because I'd never walked in rowled spurs and they kept tangling with each other and pitching me on my face.

It's been like that as far back as I can remember. When I was sent to school in rubbers, the sun would shine brightly all day long. I went to other kids' birthday parties and spilled hot chocolate on their mothers' lace tablecloths. When I was twelve I went fishing for the first time. I didn't want to go—I didn't think I'd like it, and I was right. So of course nobody caught any fish except me. They all sat there on the boat, drooling with envy, while I kept reeling in the fish and wishing I could cut my line or even, as the day wore on, jump overboard.

Something that annoys my wife is my penchant for flying from one new hobby to another, never quite finishing the first one. There are lamps all over the house that I've made, but none of them is completed, and there's one in particular that I wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. I'm convinced it will blow up some day, and Pati always gives me a rather grim smile before she turns it off at night.

She says if I learned something while I

was digging into these hobbies it wouldn't be so bad, and I guess she's right. During the past months I've been interested in wrestling, so interested that I've been working with professionals. Before I knew anything about wrestling, or how to fall, I never got hurt. But last week I proved Pati's point for her. A couple of guys and I were fooling around in a gym, and I suggested we try a layout. This is a trick where two men hold each other's wrists and a third guy comes flying through the air and lands on their locked hands. We thought we had it all figured out, but when the third man landed, our arms were pulled downward by his weight, and the other guy and I were thrown together with such force that you could hear our heads collide a mile away. All next day, on the set of "Mission Over Korea," I had a splitting headache.

In the days when I was crazy about photography I built my own dark room in the house. When I was developing simple jobs, I always remembered to keep the door shut, but the minute I'd completed a tricky chore I was so proud of myself that I figured I'd done the impossible and nothing more was required. So I'd open the door, full of joy, and let the light flood into the room to ruin everything. Even when I went to South America on tour, I pulled a boner. I flew over the Andes Mountains, for the first and probably last time in my life, and figured I might as well give my friends at home the benefit of my expert photography. So I snapped merrily away, and all the time I had the finder clear, filled with breathtaking scenery, but my lens was not. End result: blank film.

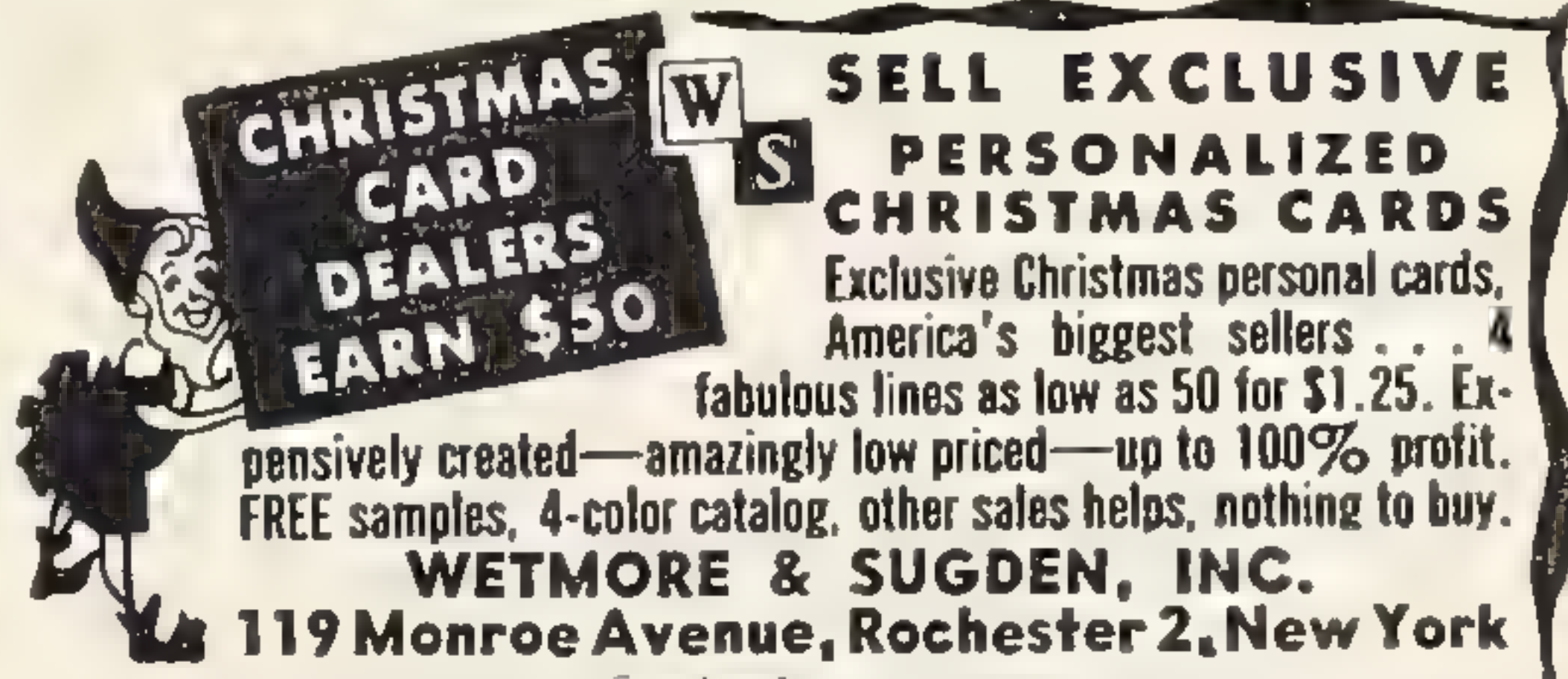
Once I tried skiing. Pati and I went up to Big Bear, and when I got to the top of the tow lift, and looked down I didn't like what I saw. The ski trail below me was worn to a solid sheet of ice. I was standing there figuring how I could get down gracefully, when a little kid about nine years old shot past me like a bazooka shell. It shamed me into thinking seriously of going downhill without the aid of the police and fire departments, and then I saw that the boy had fallen. One ski was sticking up in the air at an extremely



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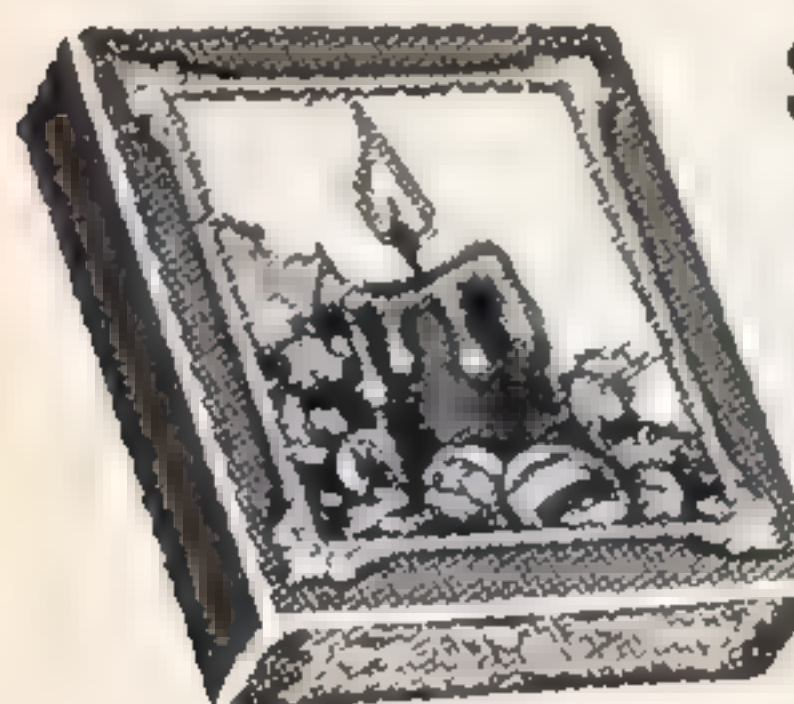
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odd angle, and I was sure he had broken a leg. There were some other skiers standing around, but nobody seemed disposed to go down and help the kid. So I took a deep breath and pushed off. By the time I got fairly near him all the heroes from the top of the hill had swooshed by me and were waiting. It was a neat little knot of people, and they were squarely in front of me. I tried to fall down, I tried everything I could think of to stop myself but I kept on going, yelling for everybody to get out of the way. Three yards past the boy, I took a spectacular spill, with an audience, as usual. The boy was fine, just tangled up. But me, I wrenched my ankle. That was the last time I've been on skis.

I'd always thought I'd like to try hunting. So one fine day a friend and I went up to Ojai, and, armed with shiny new shotguns, tramped into the wilderness for what I expected to be an exhilarating day. The first thing we saw was a bear, and because I was hunting and had a gun, I shot him. Almost immediately a member of the mounted patrol was at my elbow. "Bears aren't in season, Bud," he informed me. "They're not out of season exactly either, but they're not the thing to shoot right now. If you take him away, I'll forget the whole thing." My friend and I spent the rest of the day removing the three-hundred-pound bear from the premises, a chore which took six hours and all our energy. By the time the mighty hunters had lugged him back to the car there wasn't enough pelt left to make a cap for my little son Russell, let alone a hearth rug.

A few years ago, I bought a sailboat and a pal and I decided to sail from San Pedro to my house in Malibu. By five o'clock, with little wind, we had got only as far as the point where Sunset Boulevard meets the Coast Highway. So we decided we had better anchor the boat and swim ashore and phone our wives to drive south and pick us up. This was all very well thought out, except for the fact that we had to remove our denim pants in order to swim. At the hour when everybody was leaving for home, we walked out of the surf onto the beach, across the wide parking area, and across the highway to a gas station that had a telephone. For this jaunt we were dressed only in our underwear, and if anybody knows what shorts look like when they're soaking wet and stretched down to the knees, I don't have to describe the spectacle any further.

My sailing days ended when nobody told me that an anchor pin should be soldered. I had already lost two thirty-dollar anchors by tossing them overboard without any pin at all when at long last I tossed one with a pin, but one not welded to the anchor. This time the boat went aground and was broken to pieces.

Maybe it's because I get absent-minded but mostly it's because I obey my impulses and jump into things without sufficient thought. When I see something I want very much, I'm afraid if I don't buy it immediately, somebody else will. As a result I buy the first car I see and then later stumble on ten or twelve that are much more beautiful... and that work.

It was the same way with the house we bought. I took one look at it and decided that was for us. There were three acres and a tremendous swimming pool and a view over the valley that was great.

"Let's grab it before somebody else does," I said, and did, even though we had to buy it on a shoestring. Right up to and including moving day, I was painting the place. That morning Pati asked me to be sure to turn on the heat about five so that by the time she brought the

baby over at seven o'clock the house would be warm. She and Russell arrived promptly at seven, and the house had all the warmth of Grant's tomb. Pati assumed the expression of an aggrieved wife. "Why didn't you turn on the heat?"

"But I did," I said, and that's when we found out that the heater didn't work. I went out and found one for \$700 that I bought right away. (I was afraid somebody else might buy it if I didn't.)

Three days after we moved in, we noticed the water in the pool was about seven inches lower than it had been when the house was up for sale. It turned out that the previous owner had filled it every day with a garden hose while we were negotiating purchase. So we had it sandblasted and relined and when the bill arrived I lost my enthusiasm for the pool.

In the two years we've lived here, we've had insurance coverage for everything—except the things that have happened, which include wall-splitting earthquakes. I sometimes wish I could get insurance to cover my bad judgment. The premiums would necessarily be high, but they would pay off for things like the time I decided to save money by renting a tractor myself. I wanted to scoop off about a foot of dirt and clear a few dead stumps along one side of our property. I was given an estimate of twenty to thirty dollars for the job. It would cost only twelve dollars to rent a tractor, I learned, so I went into town and got myself a tractor. I had assumed there'd be a trailer to haul it, but there wasn't, so I jogged along Ventura Boulevard at the smart pace of six miles an hour.

This brought me home within two hours, and then I had to take down part of my fence to get the tractor inside. This done, I gave her the gun, intending to finish the job in short order. The stumps wouldn't budge. It had looked easy when I'd seen it done in the movies, but somehow I wasn't getting anywhere. Right under my nose was a brass plate which clearly said, "Do Not Run Except On Level Ground." Our property is as level as the side of a pyramid, so instead of heading west I found myself going north. Within fifteen minutes, I was so far away I couldn't even see the spot I wanted to start to work.

Four hours after I had set out from the house feeling like a pioneer, I was back asking the man who had rented me the tractor to come and help. He did a beautiful job, but he took off five feet of sod instead of one foot. It cost me sixty dollars, and it took Tim and me two whole days to smooth off the ground.

Tim is the man who helps around our place, and if I'd listen to him, a lot more would get done in a lot less time. One day I decided we should move a long water pipe 300 feet over to the corral, and Tim promptly got a car jack and slowly but surely was moving the pipe in the desired direction. Then I had to put in my two cents. I figured I'd get it done in a lot less time if I used a big piece of timber as a lever. In one minute I moved the pipe twenty feet and was quite proud of myself until the next heave, which broke the pipe in five places.

Of course, I have a lot to be thankful for; my life with my family on that hill-top is a darned sight better than the days I put in as a bachelor or as Private Derek of the U. S. Army. And I don't claim that with every sunrise I'm faced with a new batch of obstacles. Many of my days are good ones from start to finish. But in this sample collection of my bumbling, I hope I've proved that I don't float through life on a lily pad.

THE END



## Together Again

(Continued from page 24)

reservations were secured and then canceled. And each time Shelley grew more impatient for Vittorio's return. She was not upset by the whispers in Hollywood that Vittorio wasn't ever coming back.

She was home alone one evening when the jangling of the phone startled her; she reached for it absently. There was no hurry, there was still plenty of time. Only there wasn't—it was a telegram. Vittorio had arrived in New York, would be in Los Angeles at 8:00 P.M., instead of 11:00 P.M.

Shelley carefully donned a new blue linen with pearl and rhinestone trim, a Howard Greer original, combed her hair, and carefully lipsticked her mouth. She was surprised to note that her lips trembled, but was sure she was completely calm when she headed for the airport.

Then at last she was tumbling out of the car, dashing through the waiting room. The plane was in, people were milling about, someone, "tall and dark and handsome," was waving wildly . . .

The hair she had so carefully combed was tousled now, and most of the lipstick was on Vittorio's face. Shelley wiped at it energetically, conscious of photographers and reporters. She and Vittorio both still find such a reception embarrassing—all the more now, with this feeling of strangeness suddenly upon them. Shelley mopped at his face again—"I wanted him to look his best for his first pictures," she explained—and he caught at her hand. Their eyes met—and they knew it was all right. Time and distance were erased. The separation had never been.

"People act as if we wanted to be separated," Shelley exclaims indignantly, "but this was a very important time for Vittorio. He gets financial support from the government for his repertory company, and he would never have gotten it again if he had walked out on them. And see how things have worked out—if I had not listened to my doctor, had insisted on going to Italy, I might have lost my baby. She was two months premature as it was, and the winters in Italy are very cold, they don't have the facilities—"

One thing Shelley was determined on, during all the weeks of waiting, and that was a second honeymoon. She hadn't had a first—married in Juarez, Mexico, they had had to leave almost immediately for New York, where Vittorio made his first American picture, "The Glass Wall." Now, he had been gone so long, there had been so many delays, the latest caused by the fact that when at last his theatre closed, M-G-M sent him all over Europe for location scenes for "Rhapsody." And now, too soon, he would have to report to the studio.

Time was her enemy, Shelley thought. There would be little enough at best. This went through her mind that night as she beamed at the newsmen, the cameras, and clung to her husband's arm. She looked soft and dreamy-eyed, like a girl in love, which was exactly what she was. There was so much to talk about—if only she could get him away!

But once more, Shelley was doomed to disappointment. After one night at home, they did get away, to Laguna, where they planned a lazy time on the beach. But after their first dinner there Shelley noticed with alarm Vittorio's flushed cheeks, and insisted on taking his temperature. It was 101°. "Okay," she said quietly, "home we go."

At least they could pretend to be away, ignore the telephone, forget the persistent questioning of the press. But some questions must still have rung in their ears: How does it seem to be together again?

What are your plans? How long will Vittorio stay this time? What will happen when he has to go back to Italy? Do you really think you can make your six-months-here, six-months-there plan work? And back of them all, the important question: Can this marriage possibly last?

"Of course our marriage has greater hurdles to get over than the ordinary ones," Shelley says earnestly, but with a sparkle in her eye and a lilt to her voice, "but to me, those very hurdles, the differences between Vittorio and me, make our marriage more interesting! Nothing could be more romantic than the way we fell in love, but the important thing is that we approached our marriage in an adult way, did not let ourselves be carried away by the romantic aspects."

The baby, whose hold on life was so precarious at first, is healthy and adorable. She looks perhaps more like her daddy than her mother, with what Shelley calls "slanty" eyes and dark hair. Ordinarily a rather solemn baby, she gave her parents a thrill when she first saw her daddy and after regarding him seriously a moment, broke into a wide grin—"just like on cue," Shelley laughs.

To the accusation that Vittorio made use of her to get to Hollywood, she gives a straightforward answer. "People have it in reverse," she says. "He did not want to come to Hollywood at all, but he wanted to see me, and I was here! He did not at first even want a Hollywood contract, but his very reluctance won him one he couldn't refuse."

"As for money, I have been living on his, not he on mine. After all, I haven't been working for a year! Money isn't too important to either of us," she says.

"Naturally, we don't agree on everything—we wouldn't be quite human, would we, if we did? But you'd probably be surprised how much we do agree, on all important things."

Readily admitting to being jealous at times, she goes on to say, "Not of the people he works with, but of gals at parties sometimes—the ones who pay too much attention to him. Vittorio gets jealous, too—but not of Farley. He likes Farley."

The question of Farley came up because just before Vittorio came home, Shelley went out night-clubbing with her former boy-friend. With her usual directness, Shelley explains that it had been a long time since she had been anywhere, she was bored, and she was bitterly disappointed because Vittorio had been delayed once more. "But Vittorio knew about it—he was in Paris, and I talked to him that day. In fact he suggested that I go ahead."

That there will be more problems, no one, least of all Shelley, will deny. But she says quietly, "We are adult—and any marriage requires compromise. I believe it is the woman who should give in—that is part of her duty as a wife."

That is the Shelley no one knows. The Shelley who runs when her baby whimpers in the next room, who worries because her husband has lost thirty pounds, whose face lights up so beautifully when she says "Vittorio" or "Vittoria."

"Maybe," she says softly, "people will understand that we try to solve our problems intelligently, that our marriage is more important to us than anything else—maybe they'll understand that we've got a few hurdles to get over, but we'll get over them all right because we are two people in love—so very much in love!"

One thing's for sure, Shelley Winters—Mrs. Vittorio Gassman—means this with all her heart. THE END

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# BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 10



A—Adults F—Family

**AMBUSH AT TOMAHAWK GAP**—Columbia, Technicolor: Lively, gory Western. Ex-cons John Derek, John Hodiak seek hidden loot. (F) July

**BLUE GARDENIA, THE**—Warners: Unsurprising mystery. Anne Baxter's a murder suspect; Richard Conte, Ann Sothorn save her. (A) June

**BRIGHT ROAD**—M-G-M: Gentle story of a "problem" boy (Philip Hepburn) and an understanding teacher (Dorothy Dandridge). (F) June

**BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON**—Warners, Technicolor: Slow but amiable tune-film of love and family problems after World War I. Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Billy Gray. (F) June

**CALL ME MADAM**—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Magnificent musical. Ethel Merman's terrific as a lady ambassador; George Sanders, Vera-Ellen, Donald O'Connor charm you. (F) June

**CINERAMA**—Cinerama Productions, color: No story, but plenty of excitement. Amazing new technique using a huge curved screen is now showing in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles. (F) January

**COUNT THE HOURS**—RKO: Acceptable suspense yarn. Held for murder, John Craven's cleared by wife Teresa Wright, lawyer Mac Carey. (F) June

**CRY OF THE HUNTED**—M-G-M: Mild action tale. Barry Sullivan as pursuer, Vittorio Gassman as fugitive are both sympathetic. (F) June

**DESERT LEGION**—U-I, Technicolor: Innocent thriller. Ladd's in the Foreign Legion; Arlene Dahl's a Shangri-La princess. (F) June

**DESERT RATS, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Crisp, expert war film. Richard Burton defends Tobruk against Rommel (again James Mason). (F) June

**DESERT SONG, THE**—Warners, Technicolor: Gordon MacRae, secret leader of an oppressed desert tribe, duets with Kathryn Grayson in a nice old-fashioned operetta. (F) July

**DESTINATION GOBI**—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Ripping adventure yarn, rich in humor, good acting, fine scenery. Widmark leads a Yank weather unit in wartime Mongolia. (F) June

**FAST COMPANY**—M-G-M: Trim, gay race-track comedy, with trainer Howard Keel and horse-owner Polly Bergen feuding, romancing. Heiress Nina Foch chases Keel. (F) July

**5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T., THE**—Columbia, Technicolor: Wildly imaginative but clumsily executed musical fantasy. Little Tommy Rettig dreams he's jailed in a weird castle. (F) July

**GIRL NEXT DOOR, THE**—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Tuneful, likable love story of artist Dan Dailey, singer June Haver. (F) July

**GLASS WALL, THE**—U.A.: Unremarkable chase drama, shot in New York. Vittorio Gassman's a D.P. aided by Gloria Grahame. (F) July

**HOUSE OF WAX**—Warners; 3-D, WarnerColor: Standard chiller distinguished by depth. Maniac Vincent Price runs a gruesome museum. (F) July

**I BELIEVE IN YOU**—Rank, U-I: Tender, convincing English movie. Probation officers Cecil Parker and Celia Johnson help two young delinquents, who fall in love. (A) July

**IT HAPPENS EVERY THURSDAY**—U-I: Cheery, homespun story starring Loretta Young and attractive John Forsythe as a couple who buy a broken-down small-town newspaper. (F) July

**JAMAICA RUN**—Paramount, Technicolor: Lurid murder mystery. Skipper Ray Milland's opposite lovely Arlene Dahl, plantation-owner. (F) July

**LAW AND ORDER**—U-I, Technicolor: Ambling Western. Marshal Ronald Reagan comes out of retirement to lick Preston Foster. (F) June

**LILI**—M-G-M, Technicolor: Delicate, charming romance-with-music. Leslie Caron's a delight as a shy waif who works for the dour puppet-master (Mel Ferrer) of a French carnival. (F) May

**LONE HAND**—U-I, Technicolor: Neat, likable open-spaces melodrama. Little Jimmy Hunt thinks Pop Joel McCrea has turned bandit. (F) June

**MA AND PA KETTLE ON VACATION**—U-I: Funny, good-natured hokum gets the Kilbride-Main team tangled with a Paris spy ring. (F) May

**MAN IN THE DARK**—Columbia, 3-D: Unpretentious crime film with novelty value. Edmond O'Brien's an ex-crook fighting amnesia. (F) July

**MAN ON A TIGHTROPE**—20th Century-Fox: Sly, picturesque, suspenseful tale of a small circus' escape from Red Czechoslovakia. Top portrayals by Fredric March, Gloria Grahame (A) June

**NEVER LET ME GO**—M-G-M: Slow-starting but adventure-filled at the finish. American newsman Clark Gable smuggles his Soviet bride, Gene Tierney, out of Russia. (F) July

**OFF LIMITS**—Paramount: Bob Hope and a meek new Mickey Rooney join the MP's to provide a lot of laughs, a few slack spots. (F) May

**PICKUP ON SOUTH STREET**—20th Century-Fox: Rough, rowdy, entertaining crook-spy yarn. Richard Widmark's a pickpocket involved with Jean Peters, unwittingly a Red courier. (A) July

**PONY EXPRESS**—Paramount, Technicolor: Weak Western. Charlton Heston, Forrest Tucker help the first riders carry the mail. (F) July

**PRESIDENT'S LADY, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Susan Hayward and Charlton Heston as Rachel and Andrew Jackson in the exciting, highly emotional story of a famous marriage. (F) June

**RAIDERS OF THE SEVEN SEAS**—U.A., Technicolor: Routine swashbuckler. John Payne's a privateer; Donna Reed, his captive. (F) July

**REMAINS TO BE SEEN**—M-G-M: Slaphappy burlesque murder mystery, co-starring Van Johnson and singer-heiress June Allyson. (F) July

**SALOME**—Columbia, Technicolor: Lavish, well-made, superficial Biblical epic. Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger look handsome; Charles Laughton, Judith Anderson show their skill. (A) June

**SCARED STIFF**—Wallis, Paramount: Up-to-standard Martin-Lewis farce has the boys battling fake ghosts on Liz Scott's behalf. (F) July

**SMALL TOWN GIRL**—M-G-M, Technicolor: Jane Powell's the girl; Farley Granger, the spoiled big-city kid in a listless musical with pleasant songs and dances. (F) May

**SOMBRERO**—M-G-M, Technicolor: Romance in Mexico, with a muddled story, brilliant settings. Ricardo Montalban tops a star-rich cast. (A) June

**SPLIT SECOND**—RKO: Tense action story. Escaped convict Steve McNally captures Keith Andes and Jan Sterling as an A-blast looms. (F) June

**STORY OF THREE LOVES, THE**—M-G-M, Technicolor: Arty episode film, highlighted by one strong suspense story with Kirk Douglas and Pier Angeli as daredevil aerialists. (A) June

**SYSTEM, THE**—Warners: Sentimentalized racket-busting story with no punch. Frank Lovejoy's an implausible gambling boss. (A) May

**TITANIC**—20th Century-Fox: Taut, skillful dramatization of a real event. Aboard the doomed luxury liner, Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb are an estranged couple, Bob Wagner and Audrey Dalton are young romancers. (A) July

**TONIGHT WE SING**—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Classical numbers outweigh the slim story of impresario David Wayne and wife Anne Bancroft. Ezio Pinza's impressive. (F) May

**TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY**—Warners: Deft sentimental comedy—"Going My Way" with football, John Wayne and Charles Coburn. (F) June

**VANQUISHED, THE**—Paramount, Technicolor: Unconvincing meller-drama. Confederate vet John Payne defeats his town's ruthless boss. (F) July

**WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE**—Paramount, Technicolor: A Martian invasion with stunning special effects, negligible human angle. (F) June



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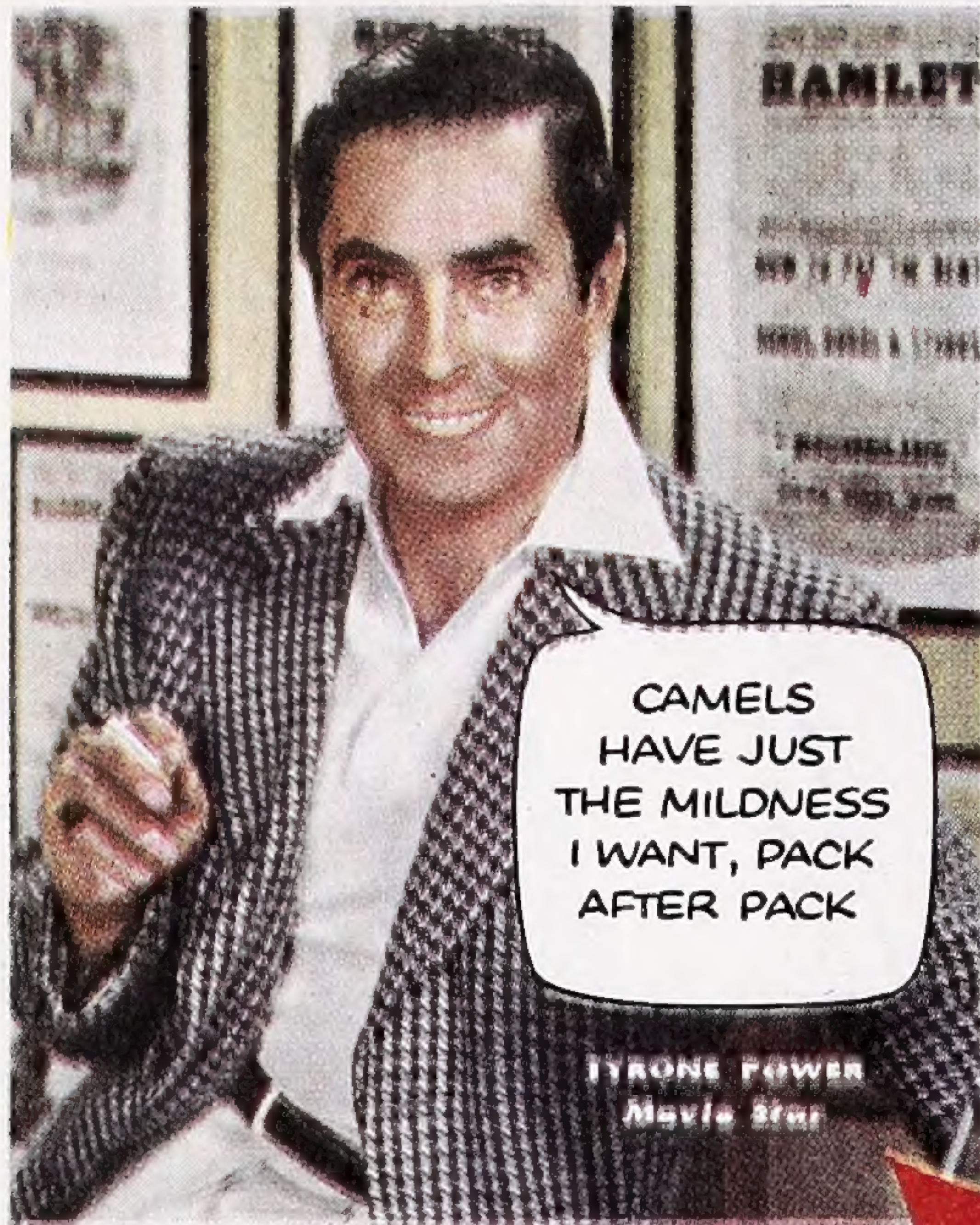
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